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BIRTH CONTROL AND THE MORAL LAW

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I

THE pronouncement of the Lambeth Conference on the artificial control of conception is a recognition of a great change in public opinion on this subject. By a majority of about three to one the representatives of all the churches in communion with the Church of England have refused, for the first time, to condemn the practice absolutely, and have conceded that the morality of the action depends on the motive, which is a matter for the individual conscience.

It is perhaps worth while to remind Americans that this Conference of 320 bishops, gathered from every quarter of the world, had almost the dignity of a General Council. It included not only the white representatives of the United States and of the British Commonwealth of Nations, but Indians, Chinese, Japanese, and Africans, whose ability and sense made a good impression on their colleagues. It received deputations from almost all the other episcopal churches, including the great Orthodox Church of the East, the Church of Origen, Athanasius, and Chrysostom. An alliance, with full mutual recognition, of all the episcopal churches, except the Church of Rome, seems to be in sight. The Report of the proceedings of the Conference, a dignified and on the whole a courageous document, will repay perusal by all who are interested in religious questions.

The cardinal problem of civilization, H. G. Wells has told us, is the question of births. Hitherto procreation has been unregulated and haphazard. Sometimes the results of natural selection have been eugenic, as they must have been while such great races as the Greeks and Romans were being formed. Sometimes there has been a counter-selection ending in the disappearance of the higher stocks and the decay of civilization. In primitive societies numbers are kept down and the weak eliminated by war, famine, and pestilence, often supplemented by infanticide. These rough methods are ceasing to be operative. In modern civilization almost every department of human activity is being brought under rational and social control. War has been formally renounced as an instrument of international policy. Famine and pestilence no longer decimate the white races, and nature's failures are carefully protected and encouraged to propagate their like. Is it possible any longer to exempt the growth and the quality of the population from the scope of rationally directed effort? Can procreation remain any longer outside the

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sphere of moral obligation? Is there any self-adjusting provision of nature whereby the optimum number of citizens can be preserved in a society which has decided that none shall starve? To ask these questions is to answer them. The population question is an important branch of social ethics.

There are still some — a rapidly dwindling minority — who would forbid any consideration of the subject on the ground that all interference with procreation is contrary to the will of God or the law of nature. A Roman Catholic controversialist has blamed the bishops for condemning adultery, while condoning 'a greater sin,' the prevention of conception. It is difficult for anyone who does not accept the authoritative declarations of the Roman Church to understand this position, though a fundamentalist might appeal to the injunction 'Be fruitful and multiply,' uttered when the population of the globe consisted of two persons, and to Genesis XXXVIII, where Onan is punished, not, however, for 'spilling his seed,' but for refusing to have a child by his brother's widow. These arguments are out of date, and in the discussion which follows I shall take the position of the bishops, that control of conception cannot be condemned absolutely, without regard to the motives which lead men and women to adopt it.

There is no doubt that the movement has, in popular phrase, 'come to stay.' In half a century the birth rate in England and Wales has fallen from 36 to 16.3, the figure for last year. There is hardly a civilized country, except Japan, in which there has not been a very steep decline. The Roman Catholic countries are not really an exception. France and Belgium have very low birth rates, and Austria since the war has joined the nations where population is artificially restricted. In Vienna the deaths now exceed the births. Very high rates prevail among the Poles, the French Canadians, and the Irish; but this is not so much the result of their religion as of their readiness to perform rough labor which races with a higher standard refuse. They can therefore find work for their large families, and Scotland, France, and Germany are uneasy at the steady influx of low-grade workers, who displace native labor. The most startling exception to the general decline of natality is in the Slav countries, Russia and Bulgaria, where the birth rates are still round about 40 per thousand. Here again we see the connection between a very low standard and fecundity.

II

It is impossible to discuss the morality of limitation from a purely individual standpoint, or to lay down a general rule. Conditions vary greatly in different countries, and in the same country at different times. The optimum population may be larger than the present total, or (when the unemployed are maintained out of public funds) it may be considerably less.

Let me take my own country as an example. In the nineteenth century, England was the workshop of the world. Having a long start of its rivals in mechanical appliances, and being able to import as much food as it required in exchange for its manufactures, it could support a rapidly increasing population while actually raising the standard of living. This growth was effected without a very high birth rate, by steadily reducing the toll levied by death. In the year of my birth, 1860, the death rate was about 22 per thousand; at present it is usually between 11 and 12.

The state of things which made almost unchecked increase possible was

obviously transitory, and it has now passed away. We have lost our pre-eminence in manufacture; political pressure has forced up the costs of production to an uneconomic level; we are unfairly handicapped by the high tariff walls which foreign nations, and even our own Dominions, erect against our goods; our emigrants are excluded from some lands which once welcomed them; we are staggering under a prodigious weight of taxation; and the pernicious system of the dole, introduced after the war to stave off revolution, is sapping the independence of our workers, and making what may be called the *rentier* habit of mind universal. Offer to an unemployed man an easy job, such as sweeping a lawn, at thirty-two shillings a week, and he will probably answer: 'What? Me work for six shillings a week? I have a right to twenty-six for doing nothing!' To these troubles must be added the great displacement of labor by machinery, and the entry of women in very large numbers into the ranks of wage earners. So far as I can see, we shall never be able to find employment for anything like the forty-eight million who now inhabit these islands, and the optimum population at present is probably not more than forty million.

If I am right, we shall be driven to limit our numbers in one way or another, and this can be done peaceably only by a general use of birth control. It is true that the bishops prefer another remedy — namely, total abstinence from marital relations. (The old notion that there are 'safe times' in every month is now discredited.) The bishops can hardly have thought that their suggestion is practicable, except for a small minority. A *mariage blanc* is generally an unhappy one, and frequently ends in disaster. The bishops ought to have remembered Saint Paul's prohibition of such experiments, except for a short time, and for purposes of self-discipline.

The real alternative to birth control is abortion. The extent to which this crime is practised all over the world is known only to a few. Miss Elderton, who was commissioned by the Galton Institute to investigate social conditions in England north of the Humber, found reason to believe that a majority of married women of the artisan class in many parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire attempt to terminate pregnancies by artificial means. The chemists, at the time when she made her inquiries, sold a great variety of drugs, reputed to be abortifacients. Most of these were probably of little use; but a preparation containing lead, which was bought on easily scraped plasters, frequently caused miscarriages. More violent methods were also resorted to.

Other investigators in France and Germany report that an enormous number of births are prevented every year, either by drugs or by illegal operations. These operations are somewhat dangerous, and in England, if death results, the operator may be tried on a capital charge. Nevertheless many practitioners make a living in this way; and I was told the other day by the High Sheriff of a county in the west of England that juries will not convict on this charge unless a life has been sacrificed. 'Half of them,' he said, 'do not believe that abortion is practised; the other half have resorted to it in their own families.' The German writer Max Hirsch, in his learned book on birth prevention in all its forms, regards the United States as the country in which abortion is most prevalent, and connects this fact with the legal obstacles which are there placed upon the use of contraception. Writing before the war, when the population of America was much smaller than it is now, he estimates the

number of embryos destroyed as two millions a year. This number appears to me incredible; and as, from the nature of the case, the estimate must be founded on guesswork, I have no scruple in setting it aside. But no one who has gone into the evidence can have any doubt that abortion is practised to a vastly greater extent than is generally realized.

III

If, then, we are justified in choosing the lesser of two evils, we must allow that if the increased knowledge of contraception has the result of diminishing the destruction of lives that have already begun, it should be encouraged as in every way better than its alternative, and we shall not approve of the check placed by the British and American governments on the communication of this knowledge by the medical profession. The agitation for the removal of this embargo in Great Britain has hitherto been foiled by politicians, who are afraid of losing the Roman Catholic vote; but the time is not far distant when the poor will be able to acquire this information as easily as the rich. Already various contraceptive appliances are openly exposed for sale in the chemists' windows, so that it is easy to make too much of the silence imposed on medical officers of health.

The fear is often expressed that, if the knowledge of these new methods were made accessible to all, births would be restricted beyond what the interest of the country demands. This notion is less unreasonable than a comparison of the crude birth rates and death rates might suggest. It is true that a birth rate of 16, with a death rate of 11, still gives a margin of increase which might be inadequate in a progressive and half-filled country, but which is quite sufficient in a society so unhappily situated as Great Britain since the war. This, however, is not the right way to look at it. The crude death rate is misleading, because there is still a great preponderance of young lives, with a very low death rate. If we disregard the Registrar General's figures, and consult the actuarial tables used by insurance companies, we shall see that the average duration of life in England, for both sexes taken together, is about fifty-eight years, or slightly less if we allow for an occasional epidemic. This corresponds to a true death rate of about 17.6, on the basis of a stationary population. As the age distribution of the population tends to become more normal, owing to the relative diminution of young lives, the crude death rate will automatically creep up to meet the true death rate, which on the basis of a stationary population already slightly exceeds the birth rate.

No accurate prediction is possible where the figures fluctuate, but my rough calculation is that our population will become stationary, with a slight tendency to decline, between 1940 and 1945. I am a patriotic Englishman and believe in the good qualities of my countrymen, so that I have no wish to see the British race dwindling, either absolutely or relatively to other nations. But since insuperable difficulties are placed in the way of State-aided colonization, both by the self-regarding policy of Labor in the Dominions, and by the superior attractions of the dole at home, I see no help for it. We have passed our zenith as a world power, and must go the way of our precursors in colonization, Spain and Holland.

But the mention of Holland may remind us that complete freedom in the use of contraceptives does not necessarily lead to an undue fall in the birth rate. Holland, which seems just now to be in a very healthy condition,

morally as well as physically, is increasing rapidly in population.

So long as restriction is practised mainly by the educated classes, the results are dangerously dysgenic. In my country the learned professions have the lowest birth rate; the slum dwellers, and especially the feeble-minded, have the highest. The only physically fit class who have large families are the coal miners. The same is true in America, where the old American families are not only not increasing, but are dwindling rapidly. Remembering that these families are mainly of British descent, I once said, 'We did not lose America in the eighteenth century, but we are losing it now.' The British element in the United States may even come to be a decaying aristocracy.

This ruinous process is world-wide, and may herald the progressive decline of the white races, or at any rate of the Nordics. It has, however, been stayed in Sweden, where the birth rate of the educated is no longer lower than that of the handworkers. But this result seems to be caused by undue restriction in the working class, for the birth rate of Sweden is the lowest in Europe — an unfortunate fact, since there is no finer race in the world than the Swedes.

The bishops, as might be expected, extenuate their concession to the advocates of birth control by a diatribe on the culpable selfishness of those who for the sake of frivolous luxury and self-indulgence refuse to have children whom they could well afford to educate and provide for. This little sermon is quite justified. I wish, however, that they had drawn a distinction between a decision to limit the family after two or three children have been born and an agreement between a married pair to have no children at all. The bungalow habit has made childless marriages very common in England, and I do not think it is possible, except in rare cases, to justify this deliberate refusal to accept a responsibility which is at once a public duty and a source of the purest happiness. But it is not enough to inveigh against the selfishness of the well-to-do, who are probably no worse than their poorer neighbors. The chief causes of the reluctance of this class to have children are the enormous expense (from ten thousand to fifteen thousand dollars) of what among us is called the education of a gentleman, and the unfortunate custom, in all the higher walks of life, to underpay the young and overpay the old. The lengthening of life has also deferred the date at which a man may expect to inherit his father's money. This is now being rectified as the result of the iniquitous death duties, rising to 50 per cent, which are destroying all accumulations of wealth in England. Most parents make over to their children all that they can spare out of their savings, and retire into a small house in their old age. If the time ever comes (I hope it will not) when our old 'public schools' (the word 'public' is used in a different sense in America) are abolished, and all children are educated by the State, one motive for restricting births in the richer class will disappear.

IV

From the moral point of view, the most deplorable aspect of the new methods is the impossibility of confining them to married persons. For many generations one of the happiest features of civilization in northern Europe and America has been the free and innocent intercourse of the sexes, based on the knowledge that the virtue of young women is inexpugnable, or only to be overcome by the base arts of an unprincipled seducer. In the south of Europe it has been considered necessary

to forbid this freedom, and social life in those countries has been shorn of one of its graces. But now, although freedom is greater than ever before, it is unfortunately impossible to deny that it is very often abused. In New York a medical investigator, who gives his figures, is driven to the conclusion that, while young men in America are becoming more virtuous, girls are becoming much less so. The scandalous revelations of Judge Ben Lindsey about the state of morals in a state university, exaggerated though they may be, confirm this conclusion. There is much evidence that this evil is spreading in England, though I do not think that the state of things with us is so bad as that depicted by the two authorities whom I have mentioned. There has been a great decline in commercialized vice, which would be a matter for congratulation if it were not that our investigators put it down caustically as due to 'the competition of the amateur.'

This terrible fact — for so a Christian must regard it — is no doubt part of the general breakdown of traditional morality which is a feature of the post-war world. Sexual license is not only practised but avowed and justified in a manner which in the last century would have been called utterly shameless. But the knowledge that this appetite may be indulged without fear of consequences has unquestionably encouraged very many young people to form irregular connections, and some who still think it possible to check the diffusion of this knowledge by legal prohibitions are actuated by a desire to protect the innocence of boys and girls. Others welcome the repudiation of what they call sexual taboos, and look forward to a time when 'repression,' as the psychoanalysts call it, will be unnecessary.

My own opinion is that a firm line should be taken against those who in the name of a pseudo-science seem ready to advocate promiscuity. There are instincts in our nature which need to be 'repressed' (Saint Paul says 'mortified' or 'crucified'). Our nature is not harmonious to start with, and no harmony can be established by giving the rein to a mob of jarring impulses, which must be brought to heel under the control of the will and conscience, consecrated to some single and worthy end. We cannot go back to the 'pretty little rabbits with their interesting habits.' Even the most 'advanced' thinker, I imagine, does not wish to see his own daughter or sister seduced.

V

I have tried to show that the question of birth control is a complex one, which can be fairly considered only from several points of view. It is the most momentous of all the changes which have taken place in our time. For good or evil it will modify profoundly the whole future of mankind. There are some who look forward to a time when the intercourse of the sexes and the procreation of children will be regarded as separate things. We have speculations about the possibility of producing 'ectogenetic' children. Dame Nature may have her own views about these experiments. As Plotinus makes her say, 'I am not in the habit of talking.' With her it is a word and a blow, and the blow first.

In moral questions, and not least in those half-instinctive reactions which it is the fashion to call taboos and to reject as irrational, it is wise to treat tradition with respect. And yet we have many examples of the arrest of civilizations by customs which have lost any justification they may once have had. The appeal must be to the enlightened conscience of those who

have studied the questions in all their bearings. In the very difficult problem which has been the subject of this short paper, my own opinion is that we have in our hands an instrument which is capable of being turned to great good and still greater evil. It may be so used as to further the cause of social hygiene, which indeed can hardly be advanced without it. It may be so used as to secure the optimum population in every country, and to put a stop to the dysgenic selection which at present threatens the whole future of the white races. Or it may be an instrument of moral dissolution and racial suicide. In any case it has gone much too far to be checked. Those who merely denounce it are like Mrs. Partington trying to thrust back the Atlantic with her mop. We must face the problem without squeamishness and without prejudice, but with the conviction that there are established moral laws on which humanity cannot turn its back with impunity.

GENTLEMEN—THE BRITISH EMPIRE!

BY EUSTACE PERCY

I

BAD political judgments are usually not so much absurdities as anachronisms. Of all blunders committed by statesmen, history records none more monumental than the speech delivered some seventy years ago by Gladstone in which he hailed Jefferson Davis as the maker of a new nation. There was nothing inherently absurd in that idea; it was just hopelessly out of date and out of place. Out of date, because it assumed that secession from the Union in 1861 was more or less comparable with revolt against the British Parliament in 1776; out of place, because it attributed to Davis and Lincoln in America the same sort of nationalist and imperialist motives as were actuating Cavour and the Emperor Francis Joseph in Italy.

Most Americans to-day make much the same mistake about the British Empire. To them, the British Empire of 1930 is not very different from the British Empire of 1880, except for the position of the self-governing Dominions. Outside those Dominions it is assumed that Englishmen feel to-day about their Empire more or less as their grandfathers did and that their policy is the same in all parts of it, in Egypt as in India, in Kenya as in Iraq. The issue between Lord Irwin and Mr. Gandhi therefore appears as only one phase of an immemorial and universal issue between British rule and the aspirations of subject peoples.

Now all these assumptions are wrong, and they are especially wrong in regard to the feelings of the average Englishman. It is those feelings that, in the last analysis, direct British policy, and it is therefore important to examine them.

The Victorian Englishman (that is to say, the Englishman of Dickens and Tennyson, not the Englishman of Oscar

Wilde) had a childlike confidence in his 'civilizing mission.' Whether, like Mr. Stiggins, he sold 'moral pocket handkerchiefs' by proxy to the little Negroes, or, like Livingstone, was driven forth to wander over the face of the earth by a queerly compounded missionary zeal, half-spiritual and half-material; whether, like John and Henry Lawrence, he spent his life in laboring at the foundations of British rule in India, or, like Gordon, took service with foreign governments to fight Chinese rebels and Arab slave traders; whether he managed a cotton mill in Lancashire or presided over a Government Department in Whitehall — in short, whatever his incarnations, he had no doubt of his superiority or of his duty to bring enlightenment, commercial progress, and good government to the native races of the world. It is easy to satirize him; it is difficult not to admire him.

As a person Americans can understand him very well. He was emphatically not an aristocrat; he was the apotheosis of the middle classes, of the 'ten pound householder' enfranchised in 1832. His puritanism, the puritanism of soldiers like Havelock, was the puritanism of Stonewall Jackson. His faith in free trade in Manchester goods as a civilizing influence was the counterpart of the belief, cherished by many Americans to-day, that American business methods are the best cure for the ills of Europe. 'British justice' was a social gospel to him, as 'Americanism' is to Americans. And, be it remembered, he did not talk of 'the white man's burden' or try to make a high-sounding political philosophy out of his labors. 'Imperialism' of that kind was only a short-lived fashion of the eighteen-nineties, started by a weaker and more introspective generation.

What troubles Americans about this Victorian Englishman is not his curious mixture of altruism and materialism, but the strange political entanglements into which these qualities seem to have led him. As a trader he was all right, even if he packed a gun; as a soldier he may have been forced to intervene in West Africa or the Sudan to put an end to anarchy or tyranny; as a sailor he may even have been right in bombarding Alexandria; as a statesman by all means let him annex comparatively unsettled territory if he liked, as the United States annexed California. But why must he start conquering thickly populated countries and ruling strange races? This is where 'Americanism' parts company with 'British justice.' Most Americans still regard Porto Rico and the Philippines, to quote one of their leaders thirty years ago, as 'the bitter fruits of the war' of 1898; but the British seem to like these Dead Sea apples. Yet, even here, if Americans cannot sympathize with the Victorian as a conqueror, they may appreciate his methods as a ruler. Is there not something almost American about the picture, whether fair or unfair, drawn of John Lawrence by Bagehot?

> In seven years the Punjab was transformed from a native state, in which anarchy was universal and careers numberless, into a British province in which order was as settled as in Kent and nobody was allowed to do anything but make money. The hill had been bored, the swamp had been filled, and there was the engine on a level road. . . . There was a great foresight in him and great incisiveness of vision, but he wanted the aristocratic quality — a certain largeness of field and the quality of the highest genius for government, that of evoking new power. He was in fact a middle-class ruler, a workman in politics rather than a thinker, an administrator rather than a politician.

Americans can surely trace in that portrait some familiar features. In any case, there is a Roman quality in it

which Americans and Englishmen must alike respect, and which many of them may be tempted in these days to envy, for we shall hardly look upon its like again.

That is the important point about the Victorian Englishman; he is dead, as dead as Washington and John Adams in 1861. Whatever may have been his virtues or his faults, he is gone forever, taking with him his serene self-confidence, his clear but narrow views, his faith in the universal applicability of his own standards, his contentment with equal justice strictly administered, and his Roman simplification of the issues of government. To him has succeeded a generation of Englishmen who dislike conquest quite as much as any American and are quite as inclined to doubt their right or their capacity to govern subject peoples. They are not a little weary of their existing responsibilities and are very anxious to avoid new ones. In this mood they survey their Empire, they seek a principle to guide them, and they try, by the application of that principle, to discriminate between their responsibilities in different territories.

II

In this survey, the first territory on which their eyes light is Egypt. Here, before the war, Britain had carefully avoided assuming any formal responsibility for the government of the country. She had officered the Egyptian army, she had maintained a few troops of her own, she had permeated every branch of government by 'advisers' and junior officials under the control of a High Commissioner, but she had recognized the suzerainty of Turkey and the authority of the Khedive, and her only formal status was that of a trustee for the foreign bondholders and a protector of foreign citizens in Egypt. She had, in fact, set the example which, broadly speaking, the United States has followed in Santo Domingo, in Haiti, and in Nicaragua.

This informal control could not, perhaps, have continued in any case, but war with Turkey forced her to regularize her position. Egypt became an independent kingdom under a British protectorate. But this assumption of a new responsibility was speedily reversed. In 1922 the protectorate was abolished; since then the advisers have taken a back seat and most of the British officials have left. Britain has returned, in effect, to her pre-war position in Egypt, but with a difference. Before the war she prided herself on the reforms of justice, irrigation, and the like which she had introduced and administered, though always informally through Egyptian Ministers. Now she has formally committed herself to the recognition of Egypt's sovereign independence, and she has, therefore, been obliged to renounce even informal control over the Egyptian Government. She remains in Egypt only as the protector of foreign citizens and of the Suez Canal as a vital link in her Empire's communications. Within the last three years she has twice offered, once through a Conservative and once through a Labor Government, still further to regularize the position by a treaty of alliance, and on the second occasion she even offered to withdraw her troops from Cairo to the Canal itself and to hand over to the King of Egypt her responsibility for the protection of foreign citizens. She has thus practically reached the position of the United States in Cuba, reserving to herself a military instead of a naval base, but otherwise withdrawing from all responsibility and contenting herself with a purely diplomatic position.

This is what Englishmen of the present generation have done where they had assumed no formal responsibility. They are not quite comfortable about it. They feel they are deserting the Egyptian peasant cultivator and acquiescing in much political corruption and petty misrule. They do not think that a corporal's guard, even withdrawn to the Canal, is a satisfactory substitute for a judicial adviser and inspectors of irrigation. They would prefer that the British High Commissioner should still be a power behind the throne, even a dictatorial power. Hence some fluctuations in their policy. But on the whole they are disposed to regulate their conduct by the principle that, in a country where Britain has assumed no formal responsibilities, the right of that country to self-government must outweigh all other considerations.

They have, therefore, felt little, if any, hesitation in following that principle in the far easier case of Iraq, where their hold has been both much more recent and much slighter. By a recent treaty they have undertaken to support Iraq's application for full membership of the League of Nations and to withdraw their air squadrons, their only occupying force, to a base in the neighborhood of the Persian Gulf.

There is one other territory in this part of the world where Britain's responsibilities are very recent — namely, Palestine; but this obviously cannot be treated in the same way. Here Britain is the formally appointed agent of the League of Nations, not, as in Iraq, for the purpose of guiding an existing State toward self-government, but for the purpose of creating a new kind of society, a Jewish national home. The United States, no less than the League, expects her to discharge that difficult and thankless task. Palestine is so peculiar a problem that we cannot discuss it here, but of all their problems it is the one that Englishmen of the present generation approach with the least self-confidence. And here let it be observed that Palestine is not a strategic asset to the British Empire, but a strategic weakness. In a war, its possession would substitute a land frontier more difficult to defend than the desert which separates Palestine from the Suez Canal. Egypt will always remain the strategic point for the defense of the Canal. Above all, the Palestine mandate is a weakness to the British Empire because its duties must inevitably render the mandatory unpopular with all Arab peoples and with their Mohammedan coreligionists.

Britain's responsibilities in the ex-German Colonies in Africa and Oceania for which she or her Dominions have received 'mandates' from the League are also recent, but these are not territories to which the idea of self-government in its ordinary meaning can be applied. They must, in practice, be ruled by some European power. They are part, therefore, of a wider problem, the general problem of 'backward' races. For our present purposes, we may confine ourselves to Africa. How do Englishmen of this generation look at their African colonies, protectorates, and mandates?

They feel, first, that the partition of Africa in the last quarter of the nineteenth century was not a pretty story, but they recognize that the progress of discovery, commercial penetration, and (in South Africa) white immigration left the European nations only two practical alternatives — partition or (so to speak) sterilization under international regulations. The white man cannot be trusted in any country where the white man's law does not run; that is the lesson taught by the

history, for instance, of the American and European sandalwood trade in the New Hebrides. Theoretically it might have been possible for all nations to combine in restricting the activities of their traders, and therefore the contact between Europeans and natives, within narrow limits. But such an effort of international organization, which would have required the coöperation of the United States, was too difficult for those days. Partition was therefore the only course, coupled with an agreement between the partitioning powers as to certain measures to be enforced by all in Central Africa.

This being so, the partitioning powers must do the best they can. A redistribution of territories among them would certainly not help the natives. As it is, change from German to French or British rule has been a distinct, though temporary, setback to the territories concerned. This change has brought to the new mandatories no strategic or commercial advantages worth a moment's consideration by serious people, and there are probably few Englishmen who do not rather regret it. But another change would be even worse for the natives. Continuity is, after all, the essence of government.

Our Englishmen, therefore, look round for a principle on which to base their responsibilities in this region and they find it in the conception of 'trusteeship.' Space forbids a detailed explanation of this principle, but the main point on which it turns is the native right to the soil and the native right to preference as against non-African traders or settlers. There are infinite difficulties in carrying out this principle effectively, especially where, as in Southern Rhodesia, Europeans have been in contact with natives for long periods and in considerable numbers. But the principle does really control British policy, not only in territories wholly inhabited by natives, such as Nigeria and the Gold Coast, but also in Kenya, where there has been not only European settlement, but also Indian immigration on a large scale.

Now, however, the Englishman of the present generation, turning from Africa, faces his greatest problem. He has found certain principles. Government must be continuous. Where Britain has established her rule over peoples who cannot, by any stretch of imagination, be regarded as candidates for self-government, she must maintain her rule, but in doing so she must regard herself as their trustee, not merely in the vague figurative sense of being a trustee for posterity, but in the actual physical sense of holding their land and its assets in trust for their benefit. For *their* benefit, be it noted, not for the benefit of the world at large, still less for her own benefit. On the other hand, in territories where Britain has not already deeply committed herself to responsibilities of government, and where the inhabitants have developed a political organization more or less capable of assuming those responsibilities without serious breach of continuity, she will not scrutinize too carefully their fitness for self-government, but will withdraw, reserving by treaty such bases as are essential to imperial communications, but resigning all political control.

But what of the territories where she is deeply committed by the active exercise of the powers of government over long periods? In such territories there may be elements in the population quite as capable of self-government as the educated Egyptian or Iraqi; under British guidance representative institutions may have been developed through which those elements already take a considerable part

in government; yet the character and standards of British rule may have been so built into the structure of the whole social system that uncontrolled self-government cannot, for some time to come, be substituted for that rule without a breach of continuity, a more or less abrupt change of methods and policies which would certainly disturb and probably injure every class of the population. In such a change it is the weakest and poorest who suffer first and most. Englishmen may disclaim responsibility, however reluctantly, for the effect of Egyptian independence on the Egyptian fellah, but they would be ashamed to make any such disclaimer in the case of the Indian ryot. For it is India that furnishes the crucial example of the conditions we have described. It is in India that our Englishman feels most need to formulate the principles upon which British policy is based.

In his search for these principles he is not much helped by any considerations of self-interest. Economically, India has already, in practice, independent control over her tariff and her industrial policy; misgovernment following a British withdrawal would damage a valuable market for British goods, but would also diminish India's growing power as an industrial competitor. Strategically, India does not defend the Empire; on the contrary, the aim of almost the whole of imperial strategy is to defend India.

Nor is our Englishman much helped by his knowledge of the sheer impossibility at the present moment of giving India self-government in the Western sense. An independent Indian government of India, created tomorrow, would certainly not be a democratic or even a representative government; it would not, moreover, be self-government as Englishmen and Americans understand that term; it would, in fact, hardly be a government at all in their sense of the word. This is really admitted by every Indian in India, for the force behind the so-called nationalist movement is not a political aspiration to nationhood; it is rather a rejection of Western ideas of nationality and government and a desire to substitute for them the old social organization of Hinduism which has survived so many systems of government and has been equally indifferent or equally hostile to them all. An independent India would certainly not fare better than China; it would probably fare much worse. But, as we say, these considerations do not much help us. No government can justify itself satisfactorily by the mere plea that there is no present alternative to it. In democratic countries that plea is always the sure sign of a weak administration and the sure prelude to its fall. Government must be based on principles, and principles are timeless, however their application may vary at given moments.

III

Now, our Englishman is, of course, a legal fiction. There are many schools of thought in England and many talkers, conservative and radical, who dispense with thought altogether. Yet it is true that the general sense of the English people is working down to a fairly clear political philosophy on these matters and, strange as it may seem to Americans, that philosophy is pretty much the philosophy of Abraham Lincoln, making due allowances for difference of time and place. Lincoln, of course, invented no philosophy; his ideas were roughly the characteristic ideas which, throughout history, have enabled the British and American peoples to reconcile the love of liberty and the love of law. But he stated

those ideas with extraordinary simplicity, in the language of the ordinary citizen, and his influence has permeated the political thinking of the English-speaking democracies to an extent which most of us little realize.

Many Americans seem to think that Lincoln's philosophy presupposed a democratic form of government, that he would not have applied the same reasoning to an imperialist government ruling over subject peoples. But in fact he was, if anything, too prone to ignore such distinctions. For instance, he compared John Brown's raid 'with the many attempts related in history at the assassination of kings and emperors,' and it never seems to have occurred to him to claim that rebellion against a republic or a federation of republics (for he did not hesitate to call it rebellion) was more heinous than rebellion against a monarch. The distinctions which he recognized were not the constitutional or the political, but the practical and the moral; all others he was inclined to dismiss as 'merely pernicious abstractions.' To him what justified the rebellion of 1776 was not any abstract political right of secession, but 'the sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but I hope to the world for all future time.'

What, on the other hand, led him to deny to the Southern states any right to secede from the Union was not any theoretical worship of democracy, but his conviction that 'nothing will content the South but an acknowledgment that slavery is right.' No one, in fact, can have a political right to secede from the state of which he is a citizen, whatever its form of government may be, for it is only by citizenship of that state that he has acquired any political rights at all. Anyone, on the other hand, may have a moral right to secede from any state for the purpose of securing some moral end, such as personal liberty, which is incompatible with citizenship of that state.

Lincoln fought to preserve the Union and to prove that a 'government which is not too strong for the liberties of the people can be strong enough to maintain itself,' but he could not have done so consistently with the Declaration of Independence which he revered if the South had asserted a moral claim overriding their political obligations. To him, the right of secession depended in the last resort on the rightness of the seceders. In the absence of a real moral ground for rebellion, existing political obligations must be paramount, and the mere assertion of a desire for political independence is not a moral ground. The whole course of the Douglas debates is an argument against political ambition disguised under the name of political liberty, whether the disguise be called 'popular sovereignty' or 'self-determination.'

Lincoln would certainly have felt, and in regard to the Negro question did in fact feel, the greatest repugnance to the government of an 'inferior' by a 'superior' race. He did not deny the inequality, but for that very reason he considered that a political relationship between two races separated by a 'physical difference broader than exists between almost any other two races' must be 'a great disadvantage to us both.' He would have avoided any such political relationship, but, the relationship once having been created, both his moral convictions and his practical sense obliged him to accept its responsibilities and to discharge them, not according to any preconceived theory, but as best he could. His moral convictions as a ruler of men may be summed up in that phrase which, in one form or another, was so often on his lips: 'If this must be done,

I must do it.' He did not believe in the exercise of personal authority in any circumstances; 'as I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy.'

Yet few men have ever wielded more absolute power or wielded it with a firmer faith in the divine right (in the best sense of that much-misused phrase) of those who find themselves charged with the duties of government. And his practical sense led him to think about matters like the race problem not in years but in centuries. Before the war he wished 'to put slavery back where the fathers placed it, where the public mind could rest in the belief that it was in the course of ultimate extinction . . . in the best way for both races in God's own good time.' After the war he proposed to confer the elective franchise only on those colored people who were 'very intelligent and on those who serve our cause as soldiers.' In that spirit he set himself slowly to work out a tolerable solution, guided only by the desire, somehow and in the most practical way possible, 'to keep the jewel of liberty within the family of freedom.'

Now, no one can understand British policy unless he first realizes that the Englishman feels about the British Commonwealth of Nations very much as Lincoln felt about the American Union. If the Union was an experiment in reconciling liberty in unity, the Commonwealth is still more so. It is for the most part a far looser political association, and this applies not only to the Dominions but also to self-governing colonies like the West Indies, Southern Rhodesia, and Malta, and to the independent Indian States. Moreover, it applies even to British India, for the government of India, whatever its relation to the peoples it rules, is in great measure autonomous in its relation to the government of Great Britain. If it was doubtful whether the Union 'could long endure,' that doubt may be even more justly entertained of the Commonwealth. And if seventy years ago it was of vital importance to the future of free government throughout the world to demonstrate the capacity of the Union for self-preservation, is it not perhaps even more vital to-day to demonstrate the same for the Commonwealth?

The task of the nineteenth century was to work out the problem of democratic government for great populations; the task of the twentieth century is to work out the problem of peaceful coöperation between nations so governed, and also between them and other nations of different race and different traditions. The British Commonwealth is already a league of nations whose essential unity is the more striking because of their infinite diversity. It may be said to have already proved its success, though not yet its permanence, in so far as it unites nations of predominantly European stock, and to a less degree also in so far as it exercises the function of trustee for definitely inferior races. It can hardly, however, claim to have solved the more difficult problem of bringing into active partnership in the Commonwealth those Eastern races whom no one regards as intrinsically inferior, but who, for one reason or another, have not yet found themselves politically.

But if it were tempted or forced to abandon that problem as insoluble, how great, perhaps even irretrievable, would be the loss to the world in general! For there will be no peace till it is solved; Europe and America cannot establish the reign of peace and international cooperation without Asia. If India cannot endure partnership in the British Commonwealth, or refuses to face the gradual process of political develop-

ment necessary to make that partnership effective and permanent, what real hope can other nations have of establishing a satisfactory system of coöperation either with her or with China? This, at any rate, is how the Englishman regards his Commonwealth, as the great pioneering venture of international peace and racial reconciliation.

Believing this, he has no doubt that it is his imperative duty to retain within the Commonwealth any territory for whose government he is responsible and so to direct its government as to bring its people into active partnership in the Commonwealth. He feels that a quite special duty lies upon him in India, for here he is responsible, not only for Indian partnership in the Commonwealth, but for Indian unity itself. Whatever doubts he may feel about the achievements or omissions of British rule in India, it has given India all the political unity that she possesses; without it India would be a mere 'geographical expression,' without common nationality or common language or common political institutions. He will, therefore, unhesitatingly put down rebellion and will oppose to 'civil disobedience' the same sort of moderate but steadfast policy as was outlined in Lincoln's first inaugural. When rebellion has broken out, he will countenance such informal attempts at mediation between government and the rebels as Lincoln countenanced toward the end of the war, but if he is asked to negotiate a settlement with Mr. Gandhi, he will take Lincoln's ground: 'There is no authorized organ for us to treat with — no one man has authority to give up the rebellion for any other man.' He is sorry if this attitude leads earnest ministers of religion to regard him, as their predecessors regarded Lincoln on one occasion, as 'wholly inaccessible to Christian appeals'; but he will be inclined to reply, as Lincoln replied on another occasion: 'If it is probable that God would reveal His will to others, on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed He would reveal it directly to me; for, unless I am more deceived in myself than I often am, it is my earnest desire to know the will of Providence in this matter.'

In this attitude he will be wholly unaffected by the commercial losses of a boycott, for the duties of government must override every consideration of self-interest. He will also be undeterred by such accusations of militarism as Greeley's assertion that Americans 'would not be citizens of a republic of which one part was pinned to the other part with bayonets.' Nor can he consider the spiritual character or teaching of the rebel except so far as it may define the moral aims which would be attained by a change in government. Where it confines itself, as in effect Mr. Gandhi's teaching does on its political side, to advocating political independence as in itself a spiritual aim and inculcating political disobedience as in itself a moral duty, he will recognize in it only a new form of that old issue which history has long ago judged — the attempt to wage a 'holy war' with temporal weapons. And, under the fire of criticism, he will perhaps console himself with the belief that his attitude may after all be more liberal and charitable than that of his critics. 'Some men,' says one of Lincoln's biographers, 'would have been glad to hang Jefferson Davis as a traitor, yet would have been ready to negotiate with him as with a foreign king. Lincoln, who would not have hurt one hair of his head . . . would have died rather than treat with him on the footing that he was head of an independent confederacy.'

But though rebellion not only justifies but demands the utmost exertion of personal authority, the day of personal authority as the basis of government, in India as elsewhere, is past. It is, be it remembered, the Englishman of the present generation who has pledged himself and his successors for all time to 'the progressive realization of responsible government' as the aim of British policy in India. That pledge he has carried out and is carrying out. He provided the training ground of the Montague-Chelmsford reforms; now after only ten years the Simon Commission has proposed to supersede these tentative reforms by a constitution providing provincial autonomy in a federal India. An imperfect scheme, perhaps; but can the attitude of its opponents be more accurately summed up than in Lincoln's description of the attitude of some of his contemporaries: 'This cup of liberty which these, your old masters, hold to your lips we will dash from you and leave you to the chances of gathering the spilled and scattered contents in some vague and undefined when, where and how'? Certainly our Englishman would ask for no praise beyond Lincoln's counter-statement: 'Concede that the new government is only to what it should be as the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it.'

IV

But behind all these political controversies, the Englishman is well aware that there is one far more vital issue. Indians have one moral claim which, if unsatisfied, might justify rebellion: the claim to that personal self-respect and dignity which can only be assured by a recognition of their equal standing with men of European stock, with the very men with whom they are asked to enter into partnership in the Commonwealth. This is the element in Mr. Gandhi's teaching which appeals to Americans, and it appeals equally to Englishmen. It is useless in this connection to ask inconvenient questions, cheap however true, as to whether Indians themselves recognize the equal standing of the Brahman and the 'untouchable,' for the existence of such abuses rather supplies a reason why the Englishman should grant to Indians what he criticizes them for withholding from one another. And the Englishman has granted it in the only way he can. The formal recognition of Dominion status as India's goal is a recognition that, while Indians may need a long course of political education before they can exercise corporately the functions of equal partnership in the Commonwealth, they are essentially and personally qualified for such partnership. Moreover, the Englishman has long ago sought to give this recognition in practical ways by the steady 'Indianization' of the government services. He has made up his mind, with deep regret and self-condemnation, that the leadership of Indians by Europeans through personal contact, while it has achieved order and justice, has not achieved progress — it has not, in Bagehot's words, 'evoked new power.' Moreover, for reasons into which we cannot enter here, it seems to become less effective and less natural the longer it continues. That is why, twenty years ago, Britain decided — to quote the most notable example — to let the British Education Service die out and to hand over education to the Indians themselves. That decision was perhaps premature and has had serious, even terrible, disadvantages, but could the moral claim to equality have been more significantly recognized?

As soon, however, as the claim of the Indian nationalist goes beyond this aspiration to equal standing and asserts a right to immediate and complete political control over his own destinies, the moral issue seems to the Englishman to be reversed. He must then point out, with all proper respect for the beliefs and habits of other people, that the main social features of that orthodox Hinduism which provides the driving force of the nationalist movement — caste, the position of women, the virtual denial of education to the masses, and so forth — not only are quite as morally indefensible as slavery, but are an even more insurmountable obstacle to national unity and free government. They are profoundly inimical to the very idea of personal dignity and equality, and the assertion that an independence designed to perpetuate them is the only way in which Indians can attain to a real sense of personal dignity and equality is therefore a contradiction in terms. Britain's attitude toward these social standards has been almost exactly Lincoln's attitude toward slavery in the slave states, an attitude verging on the illogical, but nevertheless sound in the circumstances. Respect for such rights is due 'in a sense to freedom itself' and in any case it is 'so nominated in the bond.' Queen Victoria promised respect for religious customs, just as the fathers 'yielded to slavery what the necessity of the case required.'

But it is another thing to recognize a political movement which, in reality, holds that this state of society 'is morally right and socially elevating' and consequently 'demands a full national recognition of it as a legal right and a social blessing.' So far from recognizing it, the Englishman feels bound to reply that, even apart from the moral issue, a movement inspired by these views, so long as it is inspired by them, can never become national; it has already proved that it cannot win the assent or the coöperation of Indian Mohammedans, it has even served to embitter the religious conflict between the two creeds, and it is debarred by its very nature from including the despised masses of the Hindu people themselves. To shut out these facts from one's sight by binding over one's eyes the bandage of 'self-determination' is surely just one of those 'sophistical contrivances' which Lincoln attacked, 'a policy of "don't care" on a question about which all true men do care.'

But we have said enough, perhaps more than enough. If we were to try to describe our Englishman's philosophy further, we might falsify the picture. It is by no means yet a complete philosophy, but its main lines are becoming clearly drawn. Above all, incomplete though it is, it rests upon that deep instinct which underlies all Lincoln's utterances: the sense of the moral nature of government, of the courageous common sense with which its problems must be faced, of the humility and charity with which its duties must be discharged, and of its consistent devotion to the fulfillment of the 'promise that in due time the weight shall be lifted from the shoulders of all men.' To such a standard few can live up, and some lighthearted critics may dismiss it as hypocrisy. But it is a standard common to England and America, and the two nations may yet recognize in this philosophy, — in what may fitly be called the Doctrine of Commonwealth and Union, — not an invitation to mutual criticism, but a joint inheritance in the guardianship of which each must bear its own part in its own sphere.

A STILL SMALL VOICE

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

I AM one of those men who think 'Yesterday' a beautiful word; who love change only in its aspect of slow and imperceptible decay. To me, the present is but raw material for the making of the past, and I measure experience largely in terms of its value as stuff for memories.

Such a complexion of mind and temperament is an unfortunate possession in these swiftly moving times; nevertheless it must be accepted along with the shape of one's nose, the color of one's eyes and hair. It is a characteristic as unalterable, seemingly, as stature or the composition of the blood. Lacking it, an octogenarian will march eagerly in the front rank of the wildest revolutionaries. Having it to excess, a child of five muses dejectedly in his high-chair over 'the good old days' of babyhood. If this fact were more widely recognized, past-minded and future-minded men would, I believe, make greater allowances for each other and live together more amicably.

But I am beginning to fear that there are no past-minded men any more in America, so rarely are they heard from. The winds of change, howling over and around them, seem to have buffeted them into complete submission, and the occasional voice of some robust survivor, shouting defiance into the teeth of this awe-inspiring gale, is of no more effect than the squeaking of a rat in a hurricane.

I am one of these survivors, but I cannot say that it is by dint of an heroic and defiant attitude toward the mighty monster, Change. I am no Saint George to slay this modern dragon. On the contrary, I flee from it, fast and far, and remain in hiding beyond the scope of its influence for long periods of time; and when, at rare intervals, I emerge with rabbit-like timidity from my retreat, I do but glance briefly around, and then, my head turned apprehensively over my shoulder, scurry back to safety.

To safety? I must qualify that statement. Where is one to go in these days to escape the ravages of the, to me, appalling beast that clutches a continent in its iron talons, whose tail lashes the waters of the Atlantic, whose forepaws defile the surges of the Pacific? The most tranquil and mirror-like backwaters of the world are flawed at times by gusts of its noisome breath that send shivers of apprehension up and down my spine by reason of their increasing frequency and violence. But comparative safety may still be found by those who seek it diligently. It is to that I flee.

I have but recently ventured forth again from my refuge into the complete realization of a melancholy fact. Men of my reactionary kind, who would, if permitted, cling to the past, now have nothing more than the name to cling to. Small wonder that they are easily swept from so tenuous a hold, and engulfed. I doubt whether, in the history of mankind, it has ever before happened that the material links and

associations that usually bind generations together, giving each of them a strong sense of continuity, of relationship with the past, have been so quickly destroyed as here in the United States of America.

One gazes with bewilderment and dismay upon once-familiar haunts altered in the space of two decades out of all semblance to what they were. The valleys and meadows of one's boyhood are now littered with towns and the refuse of towns. Lonely marshlands where wild ducks abounded only a few years ago are heaped with mountains of tin cans and discarded motor cars; or they are drained, filled in, and divided into factory sites. Even the meanderings of rivers have been abolished, and the age-long freedom of roads to wind up hill and down dale is no longer recognized. Cities which have grown beautifully and naturally for generations, even for centuries, have been all but destroyed by the future-minded men to fulfill their nightmarish utilitarian dreams for that future. Remote villages and rural communities have lost their identity, and their charm and peace have been sacrificed to that worst of abominations, the automobile.

II

There are those who believe that this cannibalistic feast upon the material past was, and is, a desirable thing. To me it seems a misfortune of the first magnitude. Ours, they say, is a nation in mid-course of a vigorous healthy growth. What they consider health seems to me, rather, an evidence of disease, which has its vigor, too, like the galloping consumption which brightens the eyes and flushes the cheeks of its victim, giving him an illusion of well-being not at all in accordance with the facts.

Future-minded men of a new and formidable kind are in the saddle everywhere, and their ecstatic voices, preaching, exhorting, and prophesying, drown even the mechanical noises that all but split the eardrums of past-minded men, striving vainly to catch faint echoes from the world of Yesterday. Only this morning one of them, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, whose voice is heard daily by millions, shouts thus from a mountain eerie, to which, I fancy, he ascended that his voice might carry the farther: —

> This is written in the Catskill Mountains where Rip Van Winkle had his long sleep, and where, some day, many millions will find a glorious summer playground. Here are 1000 natural landing fields, 40 minutes' flight from the 10,000,000 that live in and around New York City. Groups of little mountains, 2000 to 3500 feet high, beautifully green, and waiting for the millions that will come, etc., etc.

Poor Rip Van Winkle — a past-minded man after my own heart! Is even his sanctuary to be violated? And when these millions do come, most of them not because they love such quiet leafy places, but merely because a mechanized civilization has made swift effortless movement an antidote for boredom; when the thousand natural landing fields are in being, and service stations, refreshment booths, and the like are opened to the other millions who come by motor, 'the groups of little mountains, beautifully green,' will no doubt still be havens of midsummer peace.

Men like Mr. Brisbane believe with every atom of their minds and hearts that machines are the benefactors of mankind — that automobiles, aeroplanes, electric dynamos, power machines, and appliances of every sort, by adding to the convenience of life (and even this is debatable), are therefore bound to add enormously to the sum of human felicity. Their

desire is to see society so organized that machines may have unlimited scope for their further development. They would have the world grow smaller and smaller, all of its empty spaces teeming with ant-like humanity — ant-like in numbers and ant-like in instincts, and every step taken toward that end stimulates them to renewed and increasingly vigorous efforts in the propagation of their faith.

What chances have past-minded men against such powerful fanatics as these? They know they are right, and that what is right for them must be equally right and desirable for all mankind. The least doubt, even in the face of appalling evidence to the contrary, never seems to assail their minds. They are the joyously willing confederates of the mechanical monsters they have helped to create, which spawn their kind over the face of the entire globe; and they love them with such devotion that they teach them new and subtle ways to increase their dominion over the human race.

A mechanized society is, I suppose, heaven on earth for those who really believe in it, and more particularly for those who enlarge and direct its destinies. It offers them unlimited opportunity for the employment of their peculiar talents and brings them power in undreamed-of measure. They are worshiped by the multitudes who see what appear to be immediate benefits showered upon them from every side, but who do not see the ultimate price they must pay for them. They are called hard-headed, practical men, but in my opinion the poets and dreamers who care little for such benefits have a clearer vision of what constitutes human happiness, and a surer knowledge of how it may be obtained. They are called wizards, but their wizardry — in effect, at least — is of a kind which confers small material blessings with one hand while conjuring away priceless spiritual ones with the other. They are called seers, but their powers of seeing are so atrophied on one side that their idea of a fortunate human society is such as we have at the present time in the United States.

III

Why, I often wonder, have these men such unwavering confidence that they are on the right road? That they are the servants and not the betrayers of mankind? From what evidence do they deduce conclusions so different from my own? Many of them may be merely cynical opportunists. But there are others — men of the highest integrity, whose sincerity of conviction cannot be doubted. Among the first of these, surely, in ability, in unselfish devotion to an ideal of human progress and power to approach it in practice, is Henry Ford.

He believes implicitly in our industrialized civilization — not as it now is; as he thinks it must and will become. Those who have read his book, *My Life and Work*, know what a plausible argument it presents for this kind of civilization. I have read it and reread it, now torn by a feeling bordering on conviction that his views of life must be right and mine all wrong, now swung to the opposite opinion; but never since I read the book have I doubted that his ideas are truly beneficent in intent. But the more I think of them the more clearly I see that he is interested only in the food-and-thing producers, carriers, and purveyors, of both high and low degree. It is true that these comprise the bulk of the population, but there is a minority whose future is important to themselves, at least, and what place can they find in this industrialized world of to-morrow where every individual is to

become a disciplined, regimented, perfectly working cog in the machinery of life? What place would they wish to find in it? Mr. Ford's reward for such disciplined service is an assured abundance of material blessings. Considering the future, he says: 'We believe it possible, some day, to reach the point where all goods are produced so cheaply and in such quantities that overproduction will be a reality. But as far as we are concerned, we do not look forward to that condition with fear — we look forward to it with great satisfaction. Nothing could be more splendid than a world in which everyone has all he wants.'

This materialistic view of what constitutes human happiness is dictated and enforced by the machines which have warped his sanity of outlook just as they do that of every man who serves and believes in them to the same extent. Nothing, it seems to me, could be more deplorable than a world in which every man has all he wants, even of the material things of life. We are fast reaching that point now, and I can see no splendor coming out of the situation. On the contrary, I see tens and hundreds of thousands of people in a state of lethargic misery because their lives are so dominated by the possession of things most of which they neither need nor really want that they have scant time for the true pleasures of living. And still they are urged, begged, cajoled, tempted, all but threatened into buying more and more, by the future-minded men of the present era who are — who have to be — the sworn enemies of simplicity of living.

Having made Business in all of its ramifications the end of life, whatever pertains to its monstrous growth is, to their way of thinking, of the first importance. They would have us all become mere gluttonous consumers of more food, clothing, furniture, motor cars, radios, books, magazines, newspapers, cigarettes, perfume, confectionery, toothpaste, amusements, and the like, for the sake of the machines which spew them out at such vertiginous speed. And with what tireless and implacable energy do they carry on their work of propaganda! I saw this sign in a street car yesterday: 'When is the time to push your product? Every day and all day — week after week — month after month — year after year.' And so they do, each and all of them. East, west, north, and south, they have made a continent hideous with innumerable placards and billboards. Turn the eye where you will, by day or by night, there is no escaping the work of these desecrators of beauty who would prevent you from thinking of life, even for a moment, except in terms of its material requirements, or so-called requirements.

IV

To me it seems a self-evident fact that whatever tends to accelerate the tempo of life beyond a certain point is wrong. There is room for difference of opinion as to what that point may be, but I cannot understand how anyone, looking about him at life in the United States, can doubt that here we have long since passed it. Nor can there be any doubt, I think, that mechanisms of all sorts have carried us beyond it. It is true that they have provided us with leisure of a sort — leisure to enjoy, if we can, a world speeded up in their interests, and arranged for their own comfort and convenience; a world so devoid of color and interest and beauty, from the human point of view, that even the future-minded men themselves flee from it, disguised as tourists, to the as yet unindustrialized lands where there is still something to enjoy besides contemplation of the

mere ingenious machinery of life. But it must be admitted that these are the weaklings and faint-hearts of their class who lack the courage of their convictions. One admires more and respects more their strong, bleak-minded brothers who stay at home and work; whose energies never fail and whom doubt never touches.

And perhaps their confidence is justified, and their energies directed to good purpose. Perhaps life as they would have it is life best suited to the desires and needs of the great majority of men. Should this prove to be the case, nothing remains for men of my kind except to emigrate into interstellar space. And granted that, by means of ether waves and the strength of our own desires, we might be wafted to some distant lonely planet, remembering the recorded dreams of the future-minded men and their power of fulfilling prophecy, I am by no means certain that we should remain for long unmolested, even there.

TRICKS TO THE TRADE

BY H. L. HARVEY

I

SUNLIGHT and shadow and a faint wind ran in and out among the branches of the elm tree and across the Judge's weather-beaten face; a little of the sunshine trickled down among the leaves and lay in greenish-yellow puddles on the ground, dappling the shaded piece of the barnyard with liquid freckles of light. It was a hot day for early June and the sun came down in an unbroken glare on most of the enclosure — flat and heavy and white on the hoof-marked dust. A pile of discarded horseshoes lay in one corner, and, a little way off, part of a wagon wheel rested brokenly on its back and stared up at the sun with a single, central eye. Above the slope which ran from the edge of the barnyard down to a shallow draw, the heat rose in great trembling waves from the corn; beyond the draw, a half mile away, a man was ploughing across the side of Irvine's Hill. The lower part of the hill where he had turned up the damp undersoil stood out blackly; above him, where he had not yet ploughed, the ground seemed dry and slate-gray — it looked as though he had run a great pencil along and darkly underscored the straight green rows. He swore constantly at the horses and his words came faintly across the intervening fields, the distance robbing them of their conviction so that they sounded flat and obscene.

The Judge pushed the battered hat which he always wore to the farm to the back of his head so that the breeze would get under it, and came down from the top rail of the fence where he had been sitting like a ruffled, ungainly old crow. The tailor-made clothes which his wife insisted that he wear were an unhappy extravagance; indeed, they gave him the unfortunate air of a farmer at a funeral. His coat

sat strangely and exotically on his bony shoulders, bulging here and there at unpredictable angles; his vest was an affair of wrinkles, and his trousers hung from their galluses in a remarkable state of continued genuflection. The Judge had never bent any part of his body to a living man and not overmuch to his Maker, so it was likely his great bony old knees that imparted the melancholy droop to every pair of trousers which he wore.

His face was a lean, puzzling ambiguity. The lips were full and might have pointed up slightly at the ends had it not been for the soft wad of tobacco which he always carried in his cheek and which gave his mouth a look of mild, reflective sorrow. From the bottom of his mouth to the top of his forehead his sallow skin was written over with fine little lines like the map of a mountain range, but from behind this lattice of wrinkles a pair of boyish eyes looked out like a couple of mischievous twins in church. At least they usually did. Their other expression was one of sudden, gusty anger, and they could change quickly.

Just now they seemed in a state of transition. The truth of the matter was that the Judge was being done up in a bargain. He leaned against a fence post and rubbed little balls of dirt from the back of his warm neck and sucked in his lips with vexation.

'Look here, young fellow,' he said to the farmer beside him, 'I'm not going to bicker with you. That's not a first-rate team, but it's tolerable good and it's worth fifty dollars. Maybe more. I'll let you have them for that.'

The other had expected to pay half again as much. So he watched a fragment of cloud drift behind a distant hill and waited for it to emerge. Then he gazed at the hill itself. 'I reckon you'd throw in a halter, Judge?'

The Judge rolled up another ball. 'Yes, I'll give you something to lead them home with.'

'A real halter, I mean, Judge.'

'All right.'

'I reckon you'd let me have a look at it first, Judge?'

'Napper, get that long halter from the loft.'

The Negro, Napper, took his sad eyes from the ant hill he had been considering and shuffled into the barn. Presently he returned with the halter, holding it gingerly, with the congenital distrust of his race for nooses.

The farmer looped the rope in his hands and looked at it critically. 'It's a bit frayed at the end, sir. Sort of frazzled-like.' He haggled apologetically, as one who regretted his duty.

The Judge took out his knife and cut the loose strands and bound them neatly around the end. 'Do you want those mules or not?'

'I reckon I might. But I ain't said so yet, Judge.' He stood up and ran his hand over the broad, bony shoulders of the animals and across their high necks; he stooped to finger their legs again and held them by their muzzles and squinted at their bared teeth. The mules slanted back their ears and looked down their noses at him with dislike. At last the man dug a pouch from his trousers and carefully untied its mouth. From its bowels he selected five maculate bills which he handed to the Judge. 'I hope them animals are worth that much, Judge.'

The Judge folded the bills without comment. 'Help him there, Napper.'

Napper and the farmer threw a slip knot into either end of the rope and placed it over the heads of the team; then the farmer led them out the gate into the lane. He stopped to light his pipe and looked back over its top.

'Well, I'll be sayin' good mornin' to you, Judge.' Now that he was out in the lane he ventured a grin. 'I reckon

you know I bought this-here team back for the Major. I'm just actin' for him, I reckon you know.'

The Judge exploded. 'Confound the Major!' But his face was in a shadow and he recovered himself with a lie. 'Of course I know it, you fool. I'd have let you have them for forty, otherwise.'

The farmer went on down the lane, chuckling. The mules swung their black tails from side to side and twitched their ears in nervous semicircles; their hoofs kicked up little puffs of dust which drifted into the roadside hedge and coated the leaves there with a dull gray. The Judge threw an arm around the post and watched their diminishing rumps with anger. Napper leaned on the fence and shook his head mournfully.

'And them was the mules you paid the Majah two hund'ed dollahs for. They was a likely-lookin' pair then.' He caught the white man's eye and looked away.

The Judge gazed at him balefully. 'Boy,' he said, 'you get down in the north field right now and thin out that corn. I'll be back out here Saturday, and I don't want to see your black face unless it's done.' He looked at his watch. 'Wait a minute. It's time I'm getting back to town and you can saddle that horse of mine first.'

Napper sighed and went into the barn. Presently he called to the Judge that his horse was ready, and then he moved off toward the cornfield with the profound lameness which he always felt in approaching a task.

The Judge rode home to his dinner, where he buttered a piece of corn bread and looked at his wife over its yellow top.

'Madam,' he said in a measured bass voice, 'I have been fried. Fried, madam, in the deep fat of dissimulation.' His wife looked up placidly at this alarming metaphor and the Judge became more explicit. 'Major Welch,' he continued, 'is a rogue and a scoundrel.'

Mrs. Dennis smiled and went back to her plate. 'Eat your food, Judge, and don't look so angry. I almost married him.'

Her husband snorted. 'Almost married a scoundrel, then.' He bit a good chew from his corn bread and went on. 'I reckon I've known the Major for forty years. Been sitting with him as County Commissioner for ten and I did n't think he'd cheat me. Well, the old skinflint brought a couple of mules out to the place to sell me, last winter. They looked good, and I took his word that they were good, and I bought them.' His voice rose and he shifted his fork to his right hand for better punctuation. 'They were spavined, madam, and they were wind-broken. They could n't pull a plough and they wore themselves out eating. I went out to the place this morning and I sold them and a good halter to Clem Doane for fifty dollars. They cost me two hundred.' The Judge fell to digging the cloth. 'Would you believe it, madam, Doane was buying back those animals for the Major. That damned old hound skinned me out of a hundred and fifty dollars. Cheated me. Deliberately.'

His wife murmured sympathetic things and went to the kitchen for pie. She cut the Judge a great slab, poured plenty of hot juice over it from the bottom of the pan, and piled some extra cherries on top. Then she came back and took it around the table to the Judge.

'I've heard the Major is a hard one, dear. I guess he's about the only one who ever got ahead of you.' She patted his shoulder. 'Now eat your pie, and don't pick that way with your fork. You'll ruin my tablecloth.'

The Judge lifted the top crust a little and had a look at the tempting

insides. 'A hard one, huh?' He spread the extra cherries out on top of the pie and leveled them off with his fork and thought of a better adjective and strewed the cherries with sugar. And presently he and the pie cooled down a bit, and the pie was eaten, and his wife called him a crosspatch, and the Judge told her a yarn or two and felt better. Considerably so. But he did n't forget.

II

A few weeks later the Judge sat in his office reading the *Weekly Democrat.* He had pulled out one of the drawers of the desk to rest his feet on, and his long body was tilted back in a yellow swivel chair.

The room was dim with long, high rows of books, — Blackstone and Coke and Kent, Bouvier's Dictionary and the Missouri Reports, — all bound alike in sallow, legal calfskin. An old spool cabinet with a multitude of shallow drawers had found its way from some dry-goods store to the Judge's office and sat now in one corner; in the corner opposite the desk was a great safe, its top covered with a litter of documents held down by a dappled stone monkey who sat cross-legged upon them. From their frames above the desk Lord Mansfield and Daniel Webster gazed stonily across the room at a nameless young lady in a calendar. In the middle of the floor was a fat spittoon — a battered, round-bellied old veteran who squatted there and looked at the shots that had missed him.

The Judge was reading about rats. Almost a plague of them in the county, according to the paper. They had increased greatly during the last year or two, the article said, and had recently descended on the corncribs in alarming numbers. In the past, as long as their thieving had been confined to pantries and chicken yards, the men had ignored them, and the warfare carried on against them by the women had been in much the same savage but ineffective manner as that waged against their three blind cousins in the song. Now that they were in the corncribs, however, it was a different matter. Measures, the article wisely concluded, must be taken.

The Judge read the article through with a faint concern for his own corn and tossed the paper back on the desk. Then he had a crack at the spittoon and leaned back again. Suddenly he sat very still; then he straightened up, put the paper in his pocket, and went over to the window, where he stood with his chin on his breast and a splendid thought unwinding itself in his mind. His tall, angular figure was outlined blackly against the morning outside. He stood for a few minutes with his hands in his pockets and his lips moving quietly with his thoughts, then he threw back his head and gave a long boyish laugh, took his hat from a chair, descended the rachitic stairway that led from his office, and crossed the Square to the Racket Store on the other side.

It was cool and dark there, and smelled of harness leather. The change from the dusty glare of the streets to the dim interior was too much for the Judge's eyes; he could barely make out the long counters and the dusty shelves. A clerk came forward from the back room. 'Well, Judge, what can I do for you?' His tone was crisp; he had been obliged to lay down a good rummy hand.

The Judge leaned leisurely against the counter; he had no intention of buying goods in a temporary state of blindness. 'We need rain, Sam, we need rain. An uncommon amount of it. They tell me the dust is ankle-deep out by that place of mine.' The clerk

prodded his customer with a cough. But the Judge was not to be hurried. 'I can recollect years ago when I was a boy on the farm it got drier than time. The roof blew off the Sharon Church about the middle of June and the farmers were a month getting it back on — too busy ploughing corn to fix it. Well, sir, not a drop of rain fell till the church roof was mended, and the corn crop, sir, was a flat failure. The preacher had n't taken sides, but he had to allow when it was all over that the Lord had been tolerably severe. Well — ' He paused to experiment with his vision; he could see the eye of a potato across the room. He slapped the counter briskly. 'Well, young fellow, I'm in a hurry. I want some heavy wire screening.'

He bought six rolls of screening — all that was in the store. The clerk tied them with stout cord. 'You must be gettin' ready to do considerable fixin' up out at that farm of yours.'

The Judge caught a fly and listened noncommittally to its buzz. 'Yes,' he said; 'I want ten pounds of cheese, too. Put the stuff together and I'll send a rig over for it directly.'

He left the store and walked through the dust to Wilson's livery stable. The proprietor was sitting in the shade of a catalpa tree; he brought all four legs of his chair to the ground and got unsteadily to his feet.

'Wilson, I want a buggy and that black mare of yours for the rest of the day. Hitch her up, will you, and drive around to the Racket Store for some stuff I left there. You're sober enough to do that. I'll wait for you here.' He took the abdicated chair and tilted back.

In a half hour the other returned. He had lashed the screening behind and the cheese was on the seat. The man climbed slowly down, holding the reins in one hand; with the other he broke off a chew and tucked his beard out of harm's way into his shirt. His vacuous eye rested on the screening. 'Well, Judge, you appear to be fixin' to do some work out at that place of yours.'

'Yes.' The Judge climbed up and took the reins; he read another question in the liveryman's eye and went on quickly. 'Wilson, this gaunt animal, here, puts me in mind of the mule I used to ride to college. I began my freshman year at college the same time that Lem Dowdy came from there to teach school on my father's place. I'd ride the mule twenty miles to Clintonville, Sunday night; Lem'd feed her and ride her back in time to open school on Monday morning; Friday night he'd ride her to Clintonville and I'd come home on her back. Lem and I had our week-ends at home, the mule ploughed five days a week and walked the other two. It was an excellent arrangement, sir, for everyone but the mule; it appeared she objected to inheriting the responsibilities of both her parents and she died, sir, during my senior year, in protest.'

Before the other could say anything the Judge flicked his horse and turned down the street. 'I'll be back about nine.' He leaned back and chuckled to himself as the horse gained a trot; he had passed safely through two centres of gossip without divulging his plans. Anecdotes, he reflected, were useful things.

When he reached the country he drove along briskly. The roadside was heavy with sumac bushes and young goldenrod; in the secret places close to the ground were wild roses and strawberry vines. The corn stood head-high in the fields, jacketed with dust. He leaned the back of his head on the shoulder of the seat and closed his eyes. As the buggy passed a row of hedge trees the sunlight shot through in little bursts, playing a staccato of

color on his lidded eyes — rose and purple, rose and purple. He dozed off and awakened a quarter of a mile from his destination.

When he got down in the yard the place was deserted. He looked about for Napper. 'Napper!' he shouted. 'Napper!'

There was silence. The Judge picked up a stick and walked without hesitation down to the corncrib. A rat scurried away as he approached. There, as he had expected, he found the Negro stretched out on the yellow ears of grain, a hat over his eyes. The Judge gave him a smart rap over the shins.

'Napper, you black rascal, get out of there!'

The Negro scrambled to his shoeless feet and looked wildly at the Judge. 'Good mornin', Jedge. 'Clare I must a dozed off, 'clare I must. Much ableeged to you, Jedge, for wakin' me up.' He was momentarily startled out of his chronic sorrow.

The Judge folded his arms and arraigned the Negro in silence. Napper shifted from one foot to the other and dug his woolly head. ''Clare I must a dozed off, Jedge.'

'The next time I catch you asleep in there, you scoundrel, I'm going to skin you with a buggy whip. Now get along up to the buggy and bring me that screening and the package on the seat. Then get a hammer and nails and fetch some of that scantling over there.'

When the Negro returned, the Judge gave him a few instructions and sat down in the shade. Under his direction Napper completed by nightfall three large cages, each about thirty feet square and five feet high, floored, roofed, and walled with the screening. In each of the cages was a small door a few inches square, which opened inwardly; in the top of each was a trapdoor.

When the job was completed the Judge rose. 'Now then, Napper, rustle up some supper. Coffee and eggs and batter-bread will do.'

He sat on the steps of the Negro's shanty and ate from the top of a box. The summer evening waned; the clouds shed their brilliance and became gray; the hills grew old and tired. Somewhere back in the woods a dove lamented.

'Napper, how many rats are in that corncrib, do you suppose?'

Napper was mourning over his finger nails. 'I dunno, Jedge. They must be hund'eds. Right on to sev'ral hund'ed, I 'speck.'

The Judge nodded approval and got up. 'Well, put one of those traps at each end of the crib and the other inside. Bait them with that cheese and with plenty of corn. I'll be back in a few days.'

He returned within the week. His plan, so far, had worked well; there were a couple of hundred big, squeaking fellows in each of the traps.

'Now then, I want you to see that these animals get enough food and water. They'll eat about anything; when it's necessary, give them a little corn. And you're to keep quiet about this rat catching. Nobody ever comes out here, and if news of this leaks out I'll know it came through you.'

'Naw suh, Jedge, I won't say nothin'. But what you keepin' these things fo'? Ah you gonna breed 'em fo' their hides?' The Judge ignored the question and drove back to town. The Negro shook his head. He fed and watered the rats once a day. They multiplied in good Biblical fashion and in three months their number had quadrupled. The Judge was immensely pleased.

One evening early in October he drove out to the Major's farm. The Major had harvested his corn and was enjoying the leisure of the mild jungle which he called a front yard. He rose

to meet the Judge at the gate. As he came forward with his rolling walk he looked like a fine ripe old apple; he had a chest and a sound-enough middle and a splendid, great red nose. Three or four grandchildren followed him to the gate, each keeping hold of a handful of his trousers for protection.

'Come in, Judge, come in. Lookin' for another good buy in mules?' He laughed Homerically, the sound rising deep in his insides and coming up for air and then whistling back to where it came from. The children, after a little doubt, joined in. Suddenly the Major sobered and wiped his red nose and put his handkerchief away. 'There ain't no hard feelings about them mules, are there, Judge? Doane sort of talked like there might be.'

The Judge put his foot on the dashboard. 'That fellow's a rattle-brain. Why should there be? "Let the buyer beware" — it's an old maxim. I should have kept my eyes open.' He shrugged good-humoredly.

'Well, now, that's about the way I feel. Here, you're a lawyer,' he elaborated, 'and I'm a bit of a hoss trader. There's tricks to both trades.'

The Judge inwardly agreed, but did n't care to pursue the matter. He looked at the small upturned faces. 'Those Sally's children? Fine youngsters.'

He bit off a chew and offered the other his plug. 'Fine youngsters. I have n't but a minute, Major, so I won't get out. I stopped by to see you about this rat plague.'

The Major became serious. 'Y'know, them little devils are getting a good piece of my corn. Don't seem like I can keep 'em out of the cribs.'

The Judge nodded. 'I know. There are plenty out at my place. Fact is, it appears that they are taking the county, now that the crop is in. Now here's my idea, sir. You and I are up for reëlection as County Commissioners, next month. If we'd offer, say, a ten-cent bounty on rat scalps for the next two weeks — to be paid out of our own pockets — it would be good campaigning and would n't be expensive. I figure it would n't cost us over twenty-five or thirty apiece and it'd be the best electioneering we could get.'

The Major leaned down and pulled up a weed and looked at its white root and reflected. When he was in a stable lot with plenty of sweat and horseflesh and hot sunshine around him he was a match for any man in the county, but in his front yard on an Indian-summer evening with his work done and a fresh shirt on his back he was as guileless as his grandchildren. 'Well, Judge, I reckon you're a better politician than a hoss trader.' He had another hearty laugh and pulled out his handkerchief again. 'I'm with you on that.'

'All right, sir, I'll put a notice in the *Weekly Democrat*.' The Judge turned his buggy around. 'Sorry I can't stay. I expect, Major, I'd better pay the bounties from time to time and we can strike an account later.'

III

Just west of the Square was an anonymous street paved with mud or dust as the season might be, and lined with a row of rickety, unpainted saloons. Many of them were covered with a tin imitation of brick, which their owners, as though ashamed of so thin a deception, had never troubled to paint red; some had two-storied false fronts; all of them leaned vaguely and drunkenly toward one another like men grown old together in the dilapidated freemasonry of sin. The town hitch racks had been moved from the Square, when it was paved, to this street; they ran up and down its length on either side, and on Saturday afternoon the en-

tire county tied up here before getting its weekly provisions.

All afternoon there would be two solid lines of buggies and sway-backed surreys, fine rubber-tired phaetons, buckboards, and high, boxlike farm wagons, some of them bright green with newness; the horses would patiently stamp flies away, and sneeze damply now and then, and break out in whinnies up and down the line. Toward evening there would be a great bustle and backing of vehicles and scraping of wheels, and the hungry teams would stick up their ears and forget that they were tired, and everyone would move off homeward to supper in a cloud of dust and clamor, their wagons filled with a week's store of flour, the men with whiskey, the women with gossip, and the children with a great deal of licorice and wonder.

About two o'clock on one of these Saturday afternoons Napper drove his wagon into a vacant space along the rack and threw out his hitch weight. He seemed to have lost his air of deep infelicity for the day and looked almost cheerful. The Judge met him there. A canvas was spread over the top of the wagon, concealing its burden; Napper unlashed one edge of it and the Judge looked under with satisfaction. He spoke to the Negro for a few minutes in a low tone and then walked across the Square to the Court House. He entered the building and went to the office of the County Commissioners, where the Major, dressed in his town suit, was waiting for him.

'I thought, Major, that we'd better settle up for these rat bounties. This is the last day, you know, and I've paid out a little for you.' He brought a memorandum from his pocket; the Major glanced at it, and with much pressing of lips and preliminary flourishing of the pencil made out a check to the other.

'That was a right good idea of ours, Judge. It's cost us only about twenty apiece and I wouldn't be surprised if we got some votes out of it.'

'A good idea of mine, you mean,' corrected the Judge.

The door opened and Napper put in his head. 'How do, gen'men. Is this here where I colleck for rat bounties?'

The Major tilted back in his chair. 'You're just in time, boy. Bring them in.'

The Negro hesitated. He was playing his part well. 'I 'speck you all better come with me. I'se got a wagonload of scalps down heah on the street.'

The Major's white brows went up. 'A wagonload! Why, what the hell, Judge!' They followed the Negro out. 'Whose nigger is that?'

The Judge wore a sombre look. 'He farms out here north of town, I think.'

When they reached the wagon Napper threw the cover off. The wagon was loaded to the seat with dried skins.

The Major looked apprehensively at the Judge, and the Judge pulled his long jaw.

'Boy,' he said, 'how many of those plaguy things have you got?'

'Mighty neah three thousand, I reckon.'

The Major groaned. He and the Judge sat down at a savory distance, with their backs to a billboard, while the Negro counted the skins, spreading them first on the ground and telling them off by twos into sacks. He counted aloud; the two white men sat in silence. When he reached the first thousand the Major said, 'Good Gad!' and went into Duffy's saloon for a long bracing drink. He returned and walked up and down and envied the Judge his stoicism and glared at a cluster of small boys who stood gravely watching the Negro.

In a half hour Napper finished and

straightened up. 'They's a little mo' than three thousand theah, gen'men.'

'Three thousand!' The Judge muttered. 'Look here, boy, where did you get all those rats?'

The Negro grinned. 'Me and anothah fellah caught 'em and killed 'em, Jedge. I been workin' mighty hard fo' that bounty.'

The Major rose with an air of finality. Even his nose was a trifle pale. 'We'll give you fifty dollars for the lot, Rastus.'

Napper scratched his head. 'That ain't hardly fair, suh. You and the Jedge said a dime a scalp and I done figgered these makes three hund'ed dollahs. You-all said a dime a rat.'

The Major pulled the Judge aside. 'What are we going to do with this coon? He ain't got but one vote, you know.'

The Judge looked the Major in the eye. 'There is such a thing, sir,' he said, 'as obligation. A promise, sir, is a promise.' He pulled out his check book.

The Major looked away and sighed deep down in his pendulous middle and did the same. 'Yes,' he muttered, 'I reckon he's got us. But great Gad, Judge, that's a bag of money.'

Napper took the slips of paper and looked at them for a minute, then handed them both to the Judge with a grin. 'Well, Jedge, we sho'ly got a powah of rats in that cawncrib of yours.'

The Major caught his breath. '"We! Your corncrib!"'

The Judge restrained a queer sound. 'All right, Napper, you can break up those traps to-night.' He tore up his own check and put the Major's in his pocket; he was shaking with laughter. 'A hundred and fifty dollars, Major. That's a bag of money, all right.' He turned and looked back. 'Well, I reckon we're about even for those mules.'

Napper drove slowly home. There was a bottle in his jacket and his stomach was pleasantly warm and he talked in low tones to the posteriors of his team. 'Ah'm a right good rat skinnah,' he said, 'but Lawd, Lawd, it takes the ol' Jedge to skin a hoss tradah!'

IV

An honest man — may Heaven preserve the good platitude — is the noblest work of God. And, unlike most nobilities, he is far from rare. It is true, of course, that Mrs. Johnson's cook may slip into the pantry after the evening dishes are done and load up her paper satchel with half a chicken or a side of bacon, and tiptoe out the back way with the satchel carried on the far side of her black, amorphous person. But she is an honest soul and would be the last in the world to touch the dime and the five coppers on the bureau upstairs; she is merely taking along a little something for her trifling son to eat. And Mrs. Johnson herself, when she goes to market the next day, may eat two or three macaroons from their box on the counter while the grocer is busy on the other side, or five or ten, depending on how long his back is turned, but she is sampling them with a view to buying. And when the old cook comes in on Saturday night the grocer, perhaps, will sell her four pounds of musty flour as five pounds of good fresh flour; but darkies are notoriously spendthrift, and it is doubtless better that their money should come into whiter, more provident hands.

None of the three is dishonest. Each is following that best and most reliable and most elastic of things, his conscience. Naturally enough, however, each might be furious if he caught the other at his peccadillos.

The Major, indeed, was furious. Horse swapping, he reflected during the ensuing week, was like love or war. He had won from the Judge fairly; there were tricks to that trade. And there were tricks to the law, of course, and he would be the last to stick at them in their place. That thought suggested another.

He hitched up his best team of bays, put two boxes of apples in the back of his spring wagon, and drove to the seat of the adjoining county in search of a lawyer. He pulled up in front of Simeon and Hahn, Attorneys, and hired a boy to carry the apples upstairs. He presented each of the partners with a box and then sat down between them and unburdened his broad bosom. When he had finished, old Simeon sat and tapped his teeth with a pencil.

'Major, I would n't drag the Judge into court. It would cost you money and you have n't a case to start with. Even if you had a case, that man would turn you wrong side out and hang up your naked soul in front of the jury.' He cleared his throat. 'If you want to settle with the Judge, you'd better settle out of court.' He bit an apple and laughed at his pun and charged the Major two dollars more than he should have.

The Major went home, regretting his apples and his money and the legal profession. Those fellows had merely told him what he already knew and did n't want to hear. He had no opinion of their advice. But he decided to bide his time.

The lazy Indian summer lengthened into autumn. Flocks of blackbirds came in at evening, their wings black against the sunset, to roost in the town elms and hackberries, and were gone with a whirr in the morning. Occasionally a thin dark angle of wild ducks flew southward; high and silently, with dignity and long, purposeful wings. The hills from a distance seemed lean and cleaner of line; they were light blue in the morning and deep blue in the afternoon and purple like a rich cloak at evening; there were bonfires at dusk in the street edges, with small faces and hands around them, and dogs barked faintly and clearly in the distance.

One morning the Judge's wife reminded him of approaching winter. 'Judge,' she remarked over the vase of goldenrod which centred their breakfast table, 'it's getting rather chilly around here, evenings. Don't you think it would be well to order some firewood?'

The Judge looked up. 'You are right, madam. I'll stop at Huston's place and have him send down two or three cords.'

But the Judge forgot the matter in the absorptions of election time. He had never been a methodical man.

His wife waited patiently a week. 'Judge, if you don't get that wood I'm going to order it myself. I'm tired of shivering about this place.'

'Very well, madam, I'll attend to it to-day.'

He passed by Huston's place on the way back to the office. The owner was just closing for lunch; he put his key in his pocket and grinned at the Judge. 'Well, Judge, I hear you was almost sued.'

The Judge stopped, his trousers sagging about his knees. 'How's that?'

The little man came out to the walk and stood confidentially by the other. 'Cousin of mine was over from Macon County, Sunday, and said the old Major was there a while back, scoutin' around and sort of aimin' to bring an action against you.' He put his left hand in front of his stomach, cupped his right elbow in it and held his chin between thumb and forefinger; at the Major's name he tittered. The Judge

had included the whole town in his joke. 'He changed his mind, though — knew better, I reckon. I told my cousin you and the old Major would n't have no trouble. "They're good friends," I said. "Do right smart of business together."' He nudged the Judge and they both laughed, and the little man felt quite pleased and put on his plug hat and went home to embellish the anecdote. The thought of fuel never entered the Judge's head.

The next evening as he was washing his hands for supper he glanced out the back window and saw a tall parapet of wood stacked neatly against the back fence. His wife straightened up from the kitchen range and started to speak. The Judge looked quickly away and buried his face in the basin.

The matter was not mentioned during supper. 'She's saving herself up till we're in front of the fireplace,' he thought. 'I wish I had remembered to order it myself.'

Supper over, he went into the next room and stretched his gnarled legs in front of the fire; his wife clattered the dishes about in the kitchen. An open fire made you think of many things; of the old days, for instance, when he and Lucy were first married, and she was a girl with smooth cheeks and they were the finest-looking couple in town.

Presently she came in to sit beside him. A burning fragment snapped off and dropped like a little meteor to the hearth. His wife started to speak. He anticipated her; he was going to postpone the reckoning, if only for a moment. 'Madam, this open fire here puts me in mind of the unfortunate experience of poor old Joe Craddock last winter. It was the night Buskirk opened up his new saloon. Joe got an overdose and stumbled down to the basement of the Court House to sleep it off by that furnace they have there. Joe had never seen a furnace and he could n't see it then. Meanwhile, madam, the nigger came in to stoke the fire and left open the door to the furnace while he stepped into the coal room. Joe woke up and he found himself staring into the yawning mouth of that contraption with the flames shooting two feet high and not another soul about. He jumped up, madam, and he shouted, "I'm in Hell, sir, I'm in Hell! And by God, sir, I'm in full possession!" And would you believe it, madam, he has n't taken another drink since.'

His wife smiled. 'You tell such long stories, dear, and you always begin them when I start to say something. I've forgotten, now, what I was going to say.'

Her husband was satisfied. The matter of the wood was not mentioned that night, nor for the rest of the winter.

Early in March, when the last stick was gone, the Judge addressed a question to his wife. 'Madam,' he said, 'I've never gotten a bill for that wood you ordered last fall. Where did you get it, and how much did it cost?'

'The wood I ordered? I did n't order it. Did n't you?'

The Judge was almost embarrassed. 'I forgot to. It just slipped my mind. I thought you had done it.'

'Why, no.'

'Where did it come from, then?'

'I don't know. A darky brought it out one afternoon and stacked it in the yard.'

The Judge was puzzled and made several inquiries around town. No one had sold him the wood. Apparently someone had given it to him. That was all right with the Judge.

That evening he looked at his wife's ample proportions with a twinkle in his eye. 'Madam,' he said, 'it seems that three cords of wood have dropped in your lap.' And he forgot the matter. But not for long.

About a week later the Major climbed the steps to the Judge's office. 'Afternoon.' There was an air of triumph about him.

'Hello, Major. How's the Pied Piper?'

The other ignored the allusion. 'I want some legal advice, Judge.' He took off his hat and wiped the top of his shining head and the tip of his shining nose. For one bent upon an unholy errand of vengeance, he had a completely innocuous look. His face glowed like a healthy cherub's, and the white fringe of hair which circled his lower scalp looked like a pale halo that had slipped down over his pink ears. He drew up a chair and crossed his legs with forced deliberation; his plump hands were picking excitedly at a ravel in his jacket. 'Well, sir, it's this way, Judge. If a parcel of goods had been delivered to a man's place by mistake, and that man had n't ordered the goods but went ahead and used them anyway, would he be liable for the price of the stuff?' He gave an elaborate cough. 'The delivery was a mistake, you understand.'

'Hm.' The Judge half-opened his mouth and put his jaw on one side. He saw the trap, but the law was the law. 'Why, certainly, Major. If he used the goods he would be liable for their price whether he ordered them or not. A matter of quasi-contract.'

The Major stretched forth a fat and triumphant finger and arraigned the Judge in the manner of Nathan, the prophet. 'You're the man, sir, you're the man. That load of wood you found in the back yard last fall was sent there by *me*. And you used it up. Put there by mistake, you understand.' He leaned forward and poked the Judge gleefully.

The Judge did n't flicker an eyelash. 'Name your price, sir.'

The other took out his handkerchief and slid back in his chair to look at the ceiling. 'Well, sir,' he calculated slyly, 'there was three cords and my ordinary price would be about twenty-five dollars. But under the circumstances, Judge, — y' know, there was right smart of timber in there I prized, — under the circumstances I reckon I'll have to add a hundred and fifty to that. That'll make a hundred and seventy-five. And, Judge,' he concluded on a high, hilarious note, 'don't never try to do up a hoss trader.' He rested either hand on a round, tight-trousered thigh and laughed splendidly up at Daniel Webster.

The Judge reached quietly for his pen and made out a check. He waved it about in the air to dry. 'And now, Major,' he said slowly, 'I'm going to charge *you* just a hundred and seventy-five dollars for legal advice. Shall we exchange checks, or shall I tear this one up? And I want to thank you, sir, for the wood.'

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

THE ordinary business of a competitive industrial world is done, as the saying goes, at arm's length. This is a phrase which applies to that multiplicity of daily transactions in which business men deal with one another, each acting upon principles of more or less enlightened selfishness in trying to get a profit out of a bargain, each acting for his own personal interest and expecting the other party to the transaction to do likewise.

This is, of course, old-fashioned, plain, commercial business, the kind that old-time merchants knew and practised in the great days of Tyre and Sidon, as keenly and perhaps as intelligently as their descendants practise it to-day. Arm's length business, genuine commercial competition, is much the same as it was hundreds of years ago. *Caveat emptor* is not perhaps as broad a principle. The buyer does not have to look out quite so much as he did, because the law looks out for him more than formerly. Guaranties survive acceptances as they did not a hundred years ago, but in its main features the game is the same.

The merchants who made their fortunes years ago made them, for the most part, through this old-fashioned rivalry because it then was the only way. A great change has come over the character of modern business, however. The difference in wealth-acquiring methods between the old-time commercial magnates, the great merchants of our fathers' and grandfathers' time, and the men who, in wealth and influence, hold their position now, to a very marked extent is not merely a difference in the meaning or instrumentalities of commerce, — the corporation against the old partnership or individual enterprise, — but represents a fundamental change in the relative position of the transacting parties to business dealings and the elimination of arm's length in those dealings.

To view this change adequately, we must first consider briefly a branch of law which was of relatively small scope or importance in our grandfathers' time and which is of enormous importance and scope in the business life of our day. That is the law which deals with those relations in which arm's length does not exist and as to which the rules of each for himself do not apply.

The relationships of guardian and ward, trustee and beneficiary, the executors and the estate of the dead man, principal and agent, — all involving, as they do, the reposing of trust and confidence of one in another, — are relationships which the law puts outside the rules of the market place. Fiduciary relations like these and ordinary commercial relations are separated by distinct legal barriers.

The highest ethical expression of the law is the so-called 'Fiduciary Principle,' which applies to these relationships, a principle which has been worked out and applied in countless decisions of courts of equity.

The rules laid down by the courts in judgments involving these trust relations are based upon a judicial realization that a position of trust exposes its occupant to special temptations which can best be overcome if the law forbids certain acts through which temptations otherwise might arise.

The trustee, for example, cannot buy from himself as an individual, cannot sell trust property to himself, cannot speculate with trust funds and retain anything but the losses and the shadow of prison. The reasoning upon which this fiduciary principle is based was expressed with quaint beauty many years ago by a great jurist, Judge Story: —

> It may be correctly said with reference to Christian morals that no man can faithfully serve two masters whose interests are in conflict. If, then, the seller were permitted, as the agent of another, to become the purchaser, his duty to his principal and his own interest would stand in direct opposition to each other, and thus a temptation perhaps in many cases too strong for resistance by men of flexible morals or hackneyed in the common devices of worldly business would be held out which would betray them into gross misconduct and even into crime. It is to interpose a preventive check against such temptations and seductions that a positive prohibition has been found to be the soundest policy encouraged by the purest principles of Christianity.

An extended consideration of that great branch of law involving the fiduciary principle is, of course, unnecessary here. The point for my present purpose is this: In our grandfathers' and even in our fathers' time, the trust relationship from which this principle arose was not an ordinary but an extraordinary incident of business life.

A man of large affairs once or again in his lifetime might be a trustee under a will for some dead relative or friend, or he might be a guardian, perhaps, for some child. He might have agents in whom he himself placed some degree of confidence and who owed the duty of fidelity to him. He might have a partner, and some of the reciprocal duties of the trust relation would exist throughout the association.

Ordinarily, however, the business life of the old-time man of affairs was, as has been said, an arm's length contest. It was through his equipment for that contest, his enterprise, foresight, good judgment, and diligence, that he could expect to attain success.

II

The old rule, as stated by Judge Story, has not changed with years in its application to the older forms of trust relationship. Judge Cardozo, in a recent opinion, expressed the same lofty principle as applied to co-adventurers in a case involving the duties of a managing co-adventurer in a non-corporate real estate transaction: —

> Many forms of conduct, permissible in a workaday world, for those acting at arm's length, are forbidden to those bound by fiduciary ties. A trustee is held to something stricter than the morals of the market place. Not honesty alone, but the punctilio of an honor the most sensitive, is then the standard of behavior. As to these, there has developed a tradition that is unbending and inveterate. Uncompromising rigidity has been the attitude of courts of equity when petitioned to undermine the rule of undivided loyalty by the disintegrating erosion of particular exceptions. Only thus has the level of conduct for fiduciaries been kept on a level higher than that trodden by the crowd.

The corporation, of course, introduces a new method of doing business. Stockholders form a sort of intangible partnership whose active leaders are

the president and officers of the company, chosen by the directors. Into the sphere of arm's length commercialism the rise of the corporation has thrust a vast increase of new fiduciary relationships.

At first they were recognized as fiduciary relationships by few judges. The gross methods of railroad looting practised in the decade following the Civil War aroused no part of the indignation which they would have aroused to-day. In some courts, the relation of the directors and officers of corporations to stockholders was not considered, in the early days, as fiduciary in the old sense. But a majority of enlightened courts, almost from the first, declared that there was no difference in principle between the dealings by which the directors or corporate officers made profits at the company's expense and the dealings by which trustees or guardians or executors might attempt to do the same thing. The old fiduciary principle applied to and forbade all such transactions.

The corporation cases which came before the courts were in the early days, and for natural reasons, mostly railroad cases, involving construction contracts, land purchases, bond issues, and the like, in which the directors found themselves personally interested. More than forty years ago the New York Court of Appeals, in a case of this class, laid down the old rule of fiduciary obligation in language of the utmost plainness. It declared, referring to a director shown to have been interested personally in a transaction with his company: —

> He stood in the attitude of selling as owner and purchasing as trustee. The law permits no one to act in such inconsistent relations. It does not stop to inquire whether the contract or transaction was fair or unfair. It stops the inquiry when the relation is disclosed and sets aside the transaction or refuses to enforce it at the instance of the party whom the fiduciary undertook to represent, without undertaking to deal with the question of abstract justice in the particular case. It prevents frauds by making them, so far as may be, impossible. Knowing that real motives often elude the most searching inquiry, it leaves neither to judge nor jury the right to determine, upon a consideration of its advantages or disadvantages, whether a contract made under such circumstances stand or fall.

When it was urged in this case that the director was only one of ten directors, and that the others had voted for the contract, the court brushed aside the argument as immaterial.

So severe and uncompromising a rule could not meet the demands of the growing field of interrelations between corporations having, for example, common directors. Writing as referee, after his retirement from the bench, the decision in a great case involving interlocking directors, arising out of the relations of the New York Central with the Harlem Railroad Company, Judge Andrews, a former Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeals, said: —

> The great expansion in recent times of business corporations, the intimate relations which often exist between them, the participation in many cases of the same persons in the management of corporations, between which occasions may arise for mutual business arrangements, and the necessity of establishing a working rule which, while still protecting the interest of each corporation and its stockholders, shall not render such arrangement impracticable, have led to a modification of a stricter rule which in some earlier cases has been declared by which all contracts between corporations having common directors are voidable at the election of either.

Just what this modification should be which the courts would approve was not made clear in the decision of the

court which followed Judge Andrews's decision as referee. It nevertheless was a question which required a practical answer, which the courts failed to give.

When a practical question requires an answer, however, the answer always comes. It may not be a desirable answer. It may be an answer which overlooks essential features of a situation, and represents solely the interest of one of the parties interested. The practical answer which large corporations now make to this question is to be found in a clause frequently contained in their charters: —

> Any director or officer of this corporation may contract with this corporation on behalf of himself, or on behalf of any other corporation in which he may be interested, and the fact of such interest shall not affect the validity of any contract so made.

The provisions of the charter of a corporation in which he buys stock are, of course, binding upon the stockholder. The old fiduciary principle found impracticable in the operation of holding companies with many subsidiaries, with minority stock in the hands of the public, has been thus modified in the current machinery of corporate affairs. This solution of the difficulty is somewhat extreme.

> Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
> But — why did you kick me downstairs?

To find a satisfactory intermediate ground on this matter is far from simple.

III

This common clause in corporate charters, to which I have referred, should not be misunderstood. It is not a license to steal. It does not mean that directors can do anything they please with the property of their corporation. It simply marks a recognition of the existence of a great and still-growing field in which serving two masters seems quite the practical thing to do — the servant to decide what is fair to each.

The old law, to be sure, said this could not be done at all, as it created temptations which might prove, as Judge Story so quaintly suggests, 'perhaps in many cases too strong for resistance by men of flexible morals or hackneyed in the common devices of worldly business.'

Whether this 'hackneyed' class has become entirely extinct may reasonably be doubted. Nevertheless, the corporate structure, annually growing more complicated with its increasing field of interrelations, holding-company devices, affiliations, subsidiaries, investment trust representations, non-voting stock, and the like, has made this old rule less practical unless these new relationships are to cease entirely by some radical change in the corporate structure itself. Such a change is not likely. If, however, the demands of the corporate structure to-day create a new field of temptation, it is perhaps an unavoidable one unless this whole tendency of its growth receives some such radical revision. Perhaps the courts were too much alarmed about the fiduciary principle and the dangerous possibilities of permitting men to serve two masters. Perhaps, on the other hand, we are not sufficiently alarmed about it.

At any rate, it would seem fairly obvious that if this field of temptation for the servant serving many masters is to exist it needs safeguards about it. Just how a servant serves two or more masters should be of interest to all these masters. It is a subject on which they should have plenty of information as to the acts of their servants. Most of us need to have our morals reënforced at times by the healthy reflection that ultimately we shall have to account for

what we do with other people's money and property. Particularly is this true in situations where we are not wholly disinterested and where we may have our own personal interests to advance. Ordinary trustees are bound to account in surrogate's and probate courts for all their acts with reference to trust property.

What about the machinery, then, for accountability in this new field of handling other people's property in the corporate world? The clause I have quoted, now commonly used in the charters of corporations, says in substance that the fact of the existence of divided loyalty shall not necessarily invalidate the legality of a contract made by directors having other personal or corporate interests. It means that a further element of proof is required to make such a contract void. That element is fraud or gross unfairness to one of the corporate masters badly served.

What facilities has the corporation developed for making available the facts on which the answer to this question depends, to the stockholders who are, in theory, the masters of these servants, or perhaps, more accurately, the wards of these trustees, the officers and directors of these corporations?

If the fiduciary principle itself is to be modified or shorn of effectiveness by this common clause in corporate charters to which I have referred, another principle also legally well settled in the old law also has been changed on this matter of accountability.

Here again we have a collision between the old law of the courts and the corporation on the theory and practice of accountability of directors. The old rule of the common law, years ago, declared that stockholders had a right to know, which right to know included the right to examine corporate books and records.

Stockholders are entitled to inspect the books of the company for proper purposes, at proper times, and they are entitled to such inspection though their only object is to ascertain whether their affairs have been properly conducted by the directors or managers.

Such right is necessary to their protection. To say that they have the right but it can be enforced only when they have ascertained in some way, without the books, that their affairs have been mismanaged or that their interests are in danger, is practically to void the right in the majority of cases.

The foregoing is quoted from an ancient equity case in New Jersey. The rule which it declares establishes obviously another inconvenient and impractical proposition from the standpoint of the promoters of modern corporations.

The principle of having books of account and records subject to investigation by stockholders who might have become such simply for the purpose of investigating these books for other purposes, leaving to the varying views of judges the determination of whether and on what conditions this right of inspection should be exercised, has proved objectionable.

We should not forget that corporation statutes in the United States have mainly been created for the benefit of company promoters and organizers, to furnish them facilities for organization which shall make incorporation in one state more desirable than in another. They have not been devised primarily for the protection of the individual stockholder.

To-day we are told there are 20,000,000 individual stockholders owning common stock of American corporations; but the common-law right of the stockholder to inspect the company's books, records, and papers is, under the corporate law of most of the great chartering states and under cur-

rent corporate charters, almost as extinct as the great auk.

The common or garden substitute for the right to inspect books and records is the common clause of corporate charters, reënforced by state statutes, providing that it is for the directors 'to determine whether and to what extent, and at what times and places and under what conditions and regulations, the accounts and books of the corporation or any of them shall be open to the inspection of the stockholders, and no stockholder shall have any right to inspect any account or book or document of the corporation except as conferred by statute or authorized by the Board of Directors or by a resolution of the stockholders.'

The right 'conferred by statute,' as referred to in the foregoing quotation, is largely limited to simply obtaining a list of the stockholders of the company suffering perchance from a common grievance, if there be a grievance, which grievance can be ascertained only by books which may be withheld from their inspection by directors in control of the corporation itself. No citation of authority is necessary to show how practically valueless is this right. Yet, what the old New Jersey case, from which I have quoted, said is still true: —

> To say that they have the right but it can be enforced only when they have ascertained in some way, without the books, that their affairs have been mismanaged or that their interests are in danger, is practically to void the right in the majority of cases.

Once more we have an impractical court rule and an equally objectionable statutory and corporate substitute. No middle ground between these two has yet been evolved, and the corporate rule of no information to minority stockholders is in the ascendancy.

IV

The voting rights of stockholders need little discussion. Lacking information, intelligent voting is impossible. Lacking power, voting is useless for the average small stockholder. The main effect of the proxy is not to assert rights but to waive them.

There are exceptional conditions to which the foregoing does not apply, but these exceptional conditions are too rare to require consideration here. The voting rights of the stockholder are normally of substantially no value except to those exercising control or representing stock in such large quantities as to require at least respectful consideration from those in control.

The average stockholder is quite conscious that his voting rights are of negligible importance. Even if this were not true, there is another marked tendency in corporate organization, that of centralizing voting rights in small groups. The Stock Exchange authorities took vigorous action to prevent one aspect of this growth in connection with the 'A' and 'B' stock of Dodge Brothers, by which the bankers practically reserved to themselves control of the business operations of an enormous corporation, a control which the Stock Exchange authorities felt to be undesirable, as it involved responsibility which bankers, as such, are incapable of exercising wisely.

In other fields, however, this process of eliminating voting rights of the stockholder has gone on unchecked. Little has yet been done to regulate so-called 'investment trusts' which during the past few years have proved so attractive to so many investors. On April 1 of this year, there were reported two hundred and seventy of these so-called investment trusts handling over four and one-half billion dol-

lars of other people's money and controlled in large part by bankers who, by a modest investment of their own money, have obtained voting control over this vast amount of investment money — a control which has been too frequently exercised by the bankers in selling to the investment trusts which they operate securities which they themselves have issued. The tendency to consolidate control in organizations of this kind over the vast amount of sound securities available for investment goes on apace.

To-day we are told that, out of nine billion dollars' worth of railroad stocks now outstanding, all but two billion dollars' worth are held by corporate stockholders, insurance companies, investment trusts, and the like, rather than by individuals. How much this tendency has been accelerated by the feeling of helplessness of the average stockholder as to his own incapacity to watch over his own money, it is, of course, impossible to say.

The danger point in modern capitalism in America is the breaking down of the practical effectiveness of the fiduciary principle through the failure to evolve adequate methods of applying it in the supremely important field of corporate finance, and in a period characterized by an enormous increase in the general and highly lucrative business of handling other people's money. The breaking down of that principle appears largely in the practical inability of the average man to find out just what is being done with his money, through the increasing complexity of the corporate structure and through the chilling repulses with which his desire for knowledge has been met by state statutes, constructed particularly to facilitate the promoters' desire for secrecy and power.

Investment is becoming more and more an act of faith. Human nature has not made extraordinary advances, so far as anyone knows, in its capacity to resist temptation. Yet, no thinking person can doubt that the field for temptation in the higher reaches of the corporate world has been enlarged to enormous proportions.

What we are slowly coming to in American finance is the system of old China. The Chinese merchant knew he could not go to court for redress from his debtor. China has no lawyers. Having no other protection against dishonesty, the Chinese merchant developed a system of not trusting anybody he did not know was honest. No business man whose word was not good, who did not pay his debts and meet his obligations, could continue in Chinese business, which required a continued and unvarying reputation for probity.

We are to-day, in America, approaching a new age of faith, in which the individual, in an era of corporations, super-corporations, giant banks, and investment trusts, is driven to rely mainly on his faith in the character of those with whom he deals, to whom he entrusts his savings, and who control the destinies of the corporations in which he invests. Whether this represents a step forward or a step backward remains to be seen.

The changes which the large corporate organizations have brought about in the general conditions under which modern business is conducted have been on the whole exceedingly useful in improving the quality of our business morals.

Some of these improvements, particularly in relation to honesty of dealing between the great corporation and the public, were pointed out by Owen D. Young in an interesting address some years ago. Honest goods, honestly represented and honestly sold, are the rule rather than the exception in

the world of big business. Those grafting and dishonest methods which might be possible in small concerns are not practical on a wide scale in a great corporate organization, because the profits in crooked accounts and dishonest goods would speedily disappear in the grafting and dishonesty generated within the organization itself. It would be practically impossible to create an organization with thousands of employees who would be dishonest to the buying public and honest to the company by which they were employed. Too many crooks spoil the broth.

Successful schemes for large-scale dishonesty obviously must be confined to small groups for their operation. The sugar frauds, for example, in the exposure of which Secretary Stimson did such excellent work years ago, were of this character.

One of the great contributions of the large business corporation to the quality of our business morals is that it keeps the rank and file in big business on a high standard of honesty as well as of efficiency. The field of business in which the edges of honesty begin to blur is a smaller and more select one, and nearer the top. The whole corporate organization is articulated to keep dishonesty in the rank and file at a minimum. Personnel departments, auditors, expert accountants, inspectors, investigators, form but a small part of this prophylactic system of preserving the gums of big business.

The temptations incidental to the intangible and far-away stockholder, who puts his proxy in the wastebasket and who never attends an annual meeting, are temptations which have no existence with the rank and file of the corporations' employees. So far as the average employee is concerned, his employer is not intangible but real, a person higher in rank than himself who in turn is responsible to one superior to himself. The corporate executives are chosen not only for their efficiency but for the quality and character of their industrial leadership. The corporate structure builds up like a mountain. It has a broad base, basking in the sunshine. It rises gradually higher and higher to a peak lost in the clouds, where, except when occasionally a Teapot Dome is illumined by some flash of investigating lightning, the struggle of primitive contending forces is visible only to God.

Some of us still read Macaulay. Those of us who have given up this good habit at least can remember the early thrill of his two great essays in which he gives to us, with such amazing thoroughness, pictures of the great nabobs, Hastings and Clive, and of the memorable trials of these empire builders in the House of Commons. Every schoolboy used to know these trials, particularly that of Hastings, and he memorized as his graduating oration, perhaps, Burke's marvelous opening address for the prosecution. Clive's case is not so familiar, except for one sentence, which contains one of the most human defenses ever interposed by a great offender at the bar of public opinion.

Macaulay gives it to us in its proper setting. Clive had been describing, he said, in vivid language the situation in which his victory had placed him. A great Prince dependent upon his favor; an opulent city afraid of being given up to plunder; wealthy bankers bidding against each other for his smile; coffers filled with gold and thrown open to him alone. 'By God, Mr. Chairman,' he exclaimed, 'at this moment I stand amazed at my own moderation.' Neither innocence nor effrontery could have devised a more interesting theory of self-defense. If it were true, and the English people apparently considered it to be the

case, that the servants of the John Company were exposed to temptation greater than human nature could bear, punishment of one of them, even Clive, could be only an inadequate solution, and the great East India Company passed from private hands.

Clive's defense is something more than an exclamation of a harassed, self-pitying nabob of a century and a half ago. There is a fundamental difficulty in any system of law under which conditions like those which confronted him could exist and from which like temptations could arise. It is with some of the Clive conditions in a more prosaic corporate world, far removed from Indian Princes and the jewels of the East, that this paper deals; with a concentration of opportunity and a consequent undue strain on honesty which far exceed those which confronted Clive. That with which we have to deal is the immense growth, in a relatively short period of time, in the business of handling other people's money.

It is not merely other people's money. It is for the most part unwatched, or inadequately watched, other people's money. It is the concentration of control over the most profitable aspects of American business in the hands of a group continuously growing smaller, in which opportunities and temptations constantly grow larger.

V

As I have said, the corporation laws in the past almost uniformly have been made to encourage promoters and financiers to use one state rather than another for incorporation purposes.

This means, of course, a very considerable revenue to a state whose laws are favorable to such interests. We are now in a new phase of capitalism. We have had, since the war, an enormous increase in the direct participation of small investors in common stock, largely of American corporations. Nothing like it ever has happened in the world. If it be true that we have, in America, some 20,000,000 persons who have invested their savings in American industrial corporations, this fact should make advisable a reconsideration of the safety features of the corporate structure. This programme of participation is in many ways thrilling. A vast number of great corporations have arranged for employee ownership of stock in their companies, to ensure additional enthusiasm of the employee in his own work by increasing his personal interest in its operation, of which he and his savings form a part. Consumer ownership and public ownership programmes have still further enlarged this field of small stockholder investment in the corporate field. It is highly important from the standpoint of the nation itself that this participation should prove satisfactory, that the corporate structure should be such as to make these investments quite safe.

At the same time that this programme has steadily proceeded, we also have had an enormous increase in concentration of financial control of American industries by the concentration in relatively small hands of the control of credit. When the Pujo investigation of banks was made years ago, we refused to be alarmed sufficiently at the concentration of credit then obtained by the interlocking of directors of financial groups. Nothing was done to stop this concentration, which has become more extreme during the past few years by the merger of banks into enormous banking systems — a concentration which in other fields, and with banking assistance, has resulted in great mergers in the industrial and public utility fields.

It would be highly undesirable if the

good features of modern capitalism, the participation of millions of our people in the fruitful field of corporate investment, should prove disappointing to them. American capitalism is on trial to-day in a new way and must meet the tests of new conditions. It is highly advisable that we should see those conditions, and that those of us who believe that on the whole, with all its defects, the system is far superior to any other elsewhere existing should take the steps necessary to safeguard it and improve it where dangers exist.

It is easy to indulge in muckraking. It would be, of course, a very simple matter to point out cases to illustrate the extent to which opportunities for monetary success without service have increased through defects in the corporate structure. I have refrained from giving these illustrations for several reasons. In the first place, muckraking does not interest me. Moreover, the great statesmanship in America is to be found to-day in its business and industrial life rather than in the world of our politics. We have never had a larger group of industrial statesmen in the wider reaches of our business affairs, a greater number of men of high character, sound judgment, and wide vision, exercising power in an enormous range of usefulness, whose standards of honor are such as to entitle them to the confidence which they receive. The great change in the attitude of our people toward big business, our willingness to permit large unit groups, to allow the growth of great corporations, is due mainly to the public confidence in the effective leadership of men of this class — a confidence which it would be a serious misfortune to disturb or destroy by any confusion created in the public mind between this group and those who exercise, in the same field, without substantial service, the opportunities to which I have referred.

An additional reason for avoiding anything resembling the muckraking point of view on the subject is that I am also conscious that the exercise of many of the opportunities which the rich field of handling other people's money offers to a small class of favored individuals in corporations involves neither crime, fraud, nor anything with which the law can deal in any event.

Take an illustration: Here are a couple of large corporations. There is a merger in sight, and a stock-marketing movement to follow. What is more natural than the use by insiders of advance information? Why not? Is there anything illegal about it? The existence of the opportunity makes the temptation, and there is no law conceivable by which the use of these opportunities can be prevented. They are to-day more or less inherent in the system itself. The question of whether or not such opportunities shall be exercised becomes a matter of personal ideas of good taste on the part of those to whom the opportunities come.

So, we have an intangible field of honor applicable at the top of the corporate structure as a substitute for the law which appears at the bottom.

Knowledge, as the copy book used to say, is power. No system of law can be devised which shall make this maxim ineffective.

How can we modernize the corporate structure so that these opportunities shall have some more direct bearing upon the service and the rewards for work?

How can we revitalize the fiduciary principle so that in the vast field of corporate organization and operation rules can be adopted consistent with the democratization of corporate industry? The best answer to Communism is not extirpating Reds or denouncing Bolshevism, but cleaning house.

PRELUDE

WATCH long enough, and you will see the leaf
Fall from the bough. Without a sound it falls:
And soundless meets the grass. . . . And so you have
A bare bough, and a dead leaf in dead grass.
Something has come and gone. And that is all.

But what were all the tumults in this action?
What wars of atoms in the twig, what ruins,
Fiery and disastrous, in the leaf?
Timeless the tumult was, but gave no sign.
Only, the leaf fell, and the bough is bare.

This is the world: there is no more than this.
The unseen and portentous prelude, shaking
The trivial act from the terrific action.
Speak: and the ghosts of change, past and to come,
Throng the brief word. The maelstrom has us all.

CONRAD AIKEN

THE TREND AWAY FROM PERPETUITIES

BY JULIUS ROSENWALD

I

For many years I have been convinced that it is wasteful to tie up money in perpetual trusts and that these trusts are often actually harmful in their influence. In May 1929, the *Atlantic Monthly* published an article by me on this subject. Since that time the movement away from perpetuities has made great progress. Several new trusts have been created with the stipulation that principal as well as income must be spent within a generation, trustees of existing endowments have begun to free themselves from legal restrictions as to the use of capital, and hundreds of people have written that they fully share my views as to the desirability of leaving trust funds free for use as from time to time they may be needed.

Some present readers may recall the previous article in the *Atlantic*. I sought first to show that perpetuities for specific objects are a mistake because times change and with them needs and circumstances change. I did not anticipate any serious opposition on that point because the evidence is too overwhelming to admit of doubt. The dead hand has been proved, time after time, to be a hindrance, if not indeed a menace, to the progress of mankind. A dozen or so instances were cited by way of proof. Hundreds might have been mentioned. I went further and criticized not only perpetual trusts for special causes but also perpetuities of any sort, however general their purposes. I made a plea for conferring upon trustees the right, if not the duty, to use a part of the principal as well as the income of funds in their care, should occasions arise which, in their judgment, warranted the additional expenditure. This is a somewhat advanced position, and I expected that it would meet opposition in many quarters.

I was pleasantly surprised by the chorus of Amens. I cannot quote them all, but a few of the letters will suggest the others.

Dr. George E. Vincent, for many years President of the Rockefeller Foundation, has probably had as much experience in the handling of large philanthropic funds as any man now living. He writes: —

The Rockefeller Foundation
61 Broadway, New York

June 19, 1929

My dear Mr. Rosenwald:

Mr. Embree has told me that you would like to have me comment upon your article in the May 'Atlantic.' I have just reread this and here are my comments in succinct form:

1. As to specific permanent endowments, there can be no question. The case against them has been proved over and over again.

2. You are unquestionably right about permanent endowments even for philanthropic purposes with the widest discretion granted to the trustees. Power to spend not only interest but principal should be given to those who hold and administer such funds. This ought to apply also to the community trusts which are being organized in a number of our cities.

3. As to educational institutions, I have in the past been a little in doubt. It has seemed to me that the maintenance of colleges and universities ought to be ensured by having a large part of their activities cared for by permanent endowment. I have thought that such a central core of endowment might be usefully supplemented by such gifts as you have been making which give the trustees greater opportunities to deal with special emergencies and unforeseen needs. I have thought that both kinds of gifts would together make a very useful combination.

On further reflection I think I realize that this conservative feeling is traceable to my long experience in university work. It is very hard to escape the bias of any particular kind of activity. More recently I have come to the conclusion that your philosophy is essentially sound. After all, if trustees make unwise investments in funds there is no way of avoiding loss. A trust in perpetuity cannot ensure perpetuity unless there is sound and conservative business management available.

One sees in the same way that if trustees are wise they can use their wisdom in administering funds which are not legally restricted. If an institution can secure sound leadership and the right sort of trustees, it is safe under the plan you propose. Lacking these conditions, nothing can protect it against decay and disaster.

So a little belatedly, but none the less heartily, I find myself in complete accord with your views on the subject of endowments in perpetuity.

Yours sincerely,
GEORGE E. VINCENT

Many others wrote briefer comments in the same general vein. The following excerpts are selected almost at random from files of hundreds of letters from persons who are in positions of great responsibility in connection with endowments. Here, for example, is a note from Dr. John Grier Hibben, President of Princeton University: 'I might add that it [the article] has been a help to me in bringing to the attention of our Finance Committee several items of our budget which should be provided for from our endowed funds, rather than from the annual income of the same.'

And this is from Thomas Cochran, of J. P. Morgan and Company, New York: 'It [the article] has changed my conception of how I ought to handle a substantial gift that I am planning to make in the near future. Thus, I am indebted to you.'

Albert Britt, President of Knox College, says: 'There is something extremely stimulating in your belief that each generation will and must care for its own problems. And this is more an opportunity than a burden. Conditions change so fast in our American life that we must plan broadly rather than particularly for the long future, and the more we confer upon our children the right of responsibility in solving their own problems, the more we shall benefit.'

And here speaks Mr. Lewis E. Pierson, chairman of the board of the Irving Trust Company, New York: 'Ordinarily when we hear of a public benefaction we visualize something perfect or nearly so. You have made it clear that excellent intention is only part of a perfect gift and that it is possible for the best-intended public giving to result in harm instead of benefit.'

This comes from a fellow townsman, Mr. E. J. Buffington, the president of the Illinois Steel Company: 'I heartily agree with your thought that the wisdom and goodness of men in the future may be relied upon for correct administration of endowment funds, and that it is wise and safe of donors to rely upon the judgment and character of trustees rather than the stipulation of fixed rules to govern in perpetuity.'

A letter from Mr. S. Stanwood Menken is especially gratifying, since it reports not only conviction but

aggressive action. This distinguished member of the New York Bar writes: 'From my experience in drawing wills, I heartily concur in all your conclusions — so thoroughly, in fact, that I am writing to a client of mine who has just made a trust of five million dollars, sending him your pamphlet and urging him to take a lesson from your wide experience.'

It would be possible to go on quoting from these letters for pages, but space forbids. These few must stand for the rest.

II

Even more impressive than opinions are a number of recent actions which show the trend away from perpetuities. In my previous paper in the *Atlantic Monthly*, it will be remembered that I called attention to the fact that in the case of the foundation which I had established I had stipulated that the entire fund must be expended, both capital and income, within a period of twenty-five years of the time of my death.

A number of the older foundations permit trustees to spend capital as well as income. This is true of all of the foundations established by Mr. Rockefeller. As a matter of fact, in addition to expending all of the income year by year, more than $100,000,000 of principal has been expended by the several Rockefeller boards. The reports of these foundations indicate that in recent years greater and greater amounts of the capital funds are being expended. Evidently the Rockefeller trustees are convinced that funds need not be preserved for possible future generations, but may best be used when promising opportunities are found for social betterment and while ideas and enthusiasm are fresh. The Commonwealth Fund, established by the late Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness, is also using principal as well as income, and the hope has been expressed that the entire fund will be expended within a generation.

Equally significant are the tendencies of boards of trustees of university endowments and other trust funds to free themselves from limitations, not only as to specific objects to which funds may be given, but also from the necessity of holding their funds in perpetuity even under the most general conditions.

The Association of Near East Colleges has set an example in raising funds for working capital rather than permanent endowment. In the recent campaign for a total of $15,000,000 of endowment for the five Near East Colleges in this association, I offered to make a contribution to Beirut University if my gift could be made a part of a temporary endowment rather than a perpetuity. The trustees of this university were attracted by the idea and immediately designated the larger part of their endowment as a temporary fund. The trustees of Robert College and Constantinople College for Women, after considering the matter, were convinced that it was wise to follow the same course of action, and use a part of the endowment each year for the present pressing needs of these colleges.

The provision in all these cases is not only that the trustees shall have the privilege of spending a part of the capital of this temporary endowment each year, but that they must set aside at least a small part of the capital either for current uses or for a reserve for future needs. The formal votes of the Board of Trustees of the American University of Beirut which embody these principles were adopted April 2, 1929, as follows: —

That every possible effort be made by the Trustees to bring up the endowment fund

of the American University of Beirut to $4,500,000 by July 1st, 1929, and that $3,000,000 of this amount be placed in a temporary endowment and $1,500,000 into a permanent endowment.

That the Trustees of the University have the privilege not only of spending the income on the temporary endowment from year to year, but also may and will set aside from the principal not less than 2 per cent and not more than 5 per cent each year. These sums taken annually from the principal are to be used at the discretion of the Trustees either for the current expenses of the University for that year or placed in a reserve fund to be drawn upon from time to time for buildings, increase in salaries, pensions, development of new departments, or some unforeseen need.

It will be noticed that a part of the capital is still held as a permanent trust. This was necessary because certain bequests and donations had already been accepted as perpetuities. The larger part, however, of the funds has been placed in the temporary endowment.

The argument for not tying up funds in perpetuity is particularly strong in the case of these American-controlled institutions in foreign countries. Who can tell what the situation in the Near East will be in another hundred years, or even in twenty-five years? Political conditions may be such that it will be undesirable or even impossible for foreign institutions to continue in these countries. In such a case how unfortunate it would be to have $15,000,000 tied up in perpetual endowments which could not serve their designated objects and in consequence might be debarred from serving any useful purpose.

Somewhat similar considerations bear upon Negro colleges and universities which have been established in a number of Southern states, largely from private gifts. The changes in the condition of the Negro have been so rapid since the Civil War that it is almost impossible to follow them, let alone forecast them. Migration has removed two millions of the Negroes to the North. Meanwhile the Southern states are making increasingly liberal appropriations for the support of Negro education in the form of both public schools and Negro state colleges. In view of the swift changes in Negro conditions, it seems foolhardy to tie up in perpetuity funds for any particular Negro institution, however valuable its work may be at the moment. In fact, the crying demands of Negro schools and colleges are reasons for throwing all available resources into these present needs and leaving to coming generations the meeting of future requirements, which are certain to be different from those of to-day.

With such considerations in mind a number of Negro institutions, including Morehouse and Spelman Colleges in Atlanta and Lincoln University in Pennsylvania, have recently accepted endowment funds not as perpetuities but as working capital under essentially the same provisions as those adopted by the Near East Colleges. At the same time increasing support is being given to all Negro education on the basis of current gifts and public appropriations, as in the case of Howard University, Washington, D. C., the several state agricultural and normal colleges for Negroes, and an increasing number of private institutions.

It is also hazardous to endow in perpetuity agencies for social welfare. However fully an organization may be meeting current social needs, conditions change so rapidly that there is no guarantee that exactly the same requirements will hold for future generations. In fact, it is a certainty that these conditions will not persist. In my earlier paper I called attention to a number of examples of charities which

met the needs of their time but have now ceased to have any meaning whatever. I cited the Bryan Mullanphy Fund, established in 1851 for 'worthy and distressed travelers and emigrants passing through St. Louis to settle for a home in the West'; the endowments set up by Benjamin Franklin for the training of apprentices in Boston and for a water supply in Philadelphia; endowments for orphan asylums — an outworn form of child care. I might have mentioned the trust funds established for education in Liberia, where one hundred years ago it was expected that American Negroes would colonize in large numbers, and innumerable other examples familiar to anyone who turns the pages of social records.

Yet all of these causes seemed as enduring in their time as public-health nursing or settlement houses do in ours. As unusually fine examples of institutions which are serving current needs might be mentioned Hull House in Chicago and the Henry Street Visiting Nurse Service in New York. These agencies have been built up in response to pressing demands through the vision and resourcefulness of two remarkable women, Miss Jane Addams and Miss Lillian Wald. There can be no question about the value of their service to-day. Yet we may be certain that conditions are changing and that the acute social need of to-morrow will be different from that of to-day and will doubtless call for a new kind of agency to meet it. The splendid service that Hull House and Henry Street are giving under their present leaders is the strongest argument for putting all the resources they can obtain into their present activities.

An example of an important private agency which has agreed to use its funds currently rather than as a perpetual trust is the National Institute of Public Administration, an organization with headquarters in New York City which is helping to analyze and improve various functions of government. In replying to a suggestion in this connection, Raymond B. Fosdick, a trustee of the several Rockefeller boards and an active director of the National Institute, wrote as follows: —

> I am delighted, too, with your idea of setting up at least $900,000 of the $1,500,000 to be raised on the basis of a temporary endowment rather than in perpetuity. This is a forward-looking step which I hope will be widely followed in connection with other gifts and other institutions. Your continued emphasis on this matter is bound to liberalize the whole character of American philanthropy, and so far as the National Institute of Public Administration is concerned, we shall gladly adopt your condition.

For a number of years the University of Chicago has been urged not to tie up in perpetual endowments those funds which are given without restrictions, but rather to hold as large a part as possible of such resources for use at any time when needs arise. The University has recently decided to follow this course and the trustees have adopted the following vote: —

> Conditions and restrictions specifically imposed by donors or testators will always be scrupulously observed by the University, but where no limitations of any character either expressed or implied have been placed upon the use of the gift, we believe that it is not only permissible but that it may be considered the definite duty of the Trustees to devote such unrestricted funds, both principal and income, to such purposes as in their judgment shall best serve the needs of the institution.

In view of the fact that the giving by the Rockefeller family and the Rockefeller boards has been conspicuous not only for its magnitude but no less for the wisdom with which the causes and institutions have been

selected, it is gratifying to see that the influence of these givers is being thrown toward current use of funds and away from perpetual trusts. The elder Mr. Rockefeller continues to be a model in keeping his donations free from petty restrictions. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has made many of his recent gifts with the formal understanding that after twenty-five years the trustees of the given institution may use the funds, both capital and income, for whatever purpose may then seem most desirable.

Two of the newest foundations have gone further than any of their predecessors in insisting upon current use of funds.

One of these is the Falk Foundation. The donor, Mr. Maurice Falk of Pittsburgh, has authorized the board to spend any or all of the fund of $10,000,000, principal as well as interest, within thirty-five years.

Another example was provided by Senator James Couzens of Michigan, who established in 1929 a fund of $10,000,000 'to promote the health, welfare, happiness and development of the children of Michigan primarily and elsewhere in the world.' He has stipulated that the entire fund, capital and income, be spent within twenty-five years.

When I congratulated Senator Couzens on this act he smiled and said, 'You see, I have gone you one better. You said that your fund must be expended within twenty-five years of some remote day when you die; I require my fund to be used up within twenty-five years of to-day.'

To make sure beyond any doubt that the instructions of Senator Couzens will be carried out, actuaries have been employed to determine just how much must be distributed each year to exhaust the funds in a quarter of a century. As a result of these computations the trustees of this fund now know that they must spend $700,000 a year to achieve this object, and newspapers report their decision to proceed to disburse the funds at not less than this rate.

In all, $17,500,000 will be expended. The total may seem unduly high to those inexperienced in such computations. The explanation lies, of course, in the comparatively small demands on the capital in the first years. At 5 per cent, for example, the fund in its first year will yield $500,000 in interest, requiring only an additional $200,000 of the capital to meet the budget. The next year the income from interest will be only slightly less, $490,000, requiring only $210,000 reduction in the capital. The reduction of capital, of course, will be gradually speeded up until, in the last years, the expenditure will be almost entirely from capital, and interest will become the negligible factor.

We need not become unduly alarmed at the thought that the whole fund will be exhausted. Long before that day, other donors no doubt will have provided ample sums for future work. And meanwhile a vigorous administration can be expected to accomplish more for humanity with the increased sums at its disposal than could be expected in generations of spending in smaller amounts by men unacquainted with the donor. Such trustees who have not caught the donor's enthusiasm and his will to achieve decisive results are more than likely to take as much interest in conserving the capital as in finding the best uses for it.

III

These instances (practically all of them occurring within the past year or two) are remarkable evidence of the growing conviction that it is unwise to

try to set up endowments in perpetuity. The fact that donors and trustees are coming to recognize the objections to perpetual trusts is encouraging evidence that the human race can learn from past experience.

As a matter of fact, it is not only unwise to create a perpetuity — it is impossible. There is evidence that the Egyptians attempted to set up perpetual trusts. In Greece and Rome endowments were apparently as common as they are to-day. All these carefully laid plans for perpetuities, needless to say, have crumbled to dust. They have succumbed to conquest, confiscation, expropriation, and the decline in the purchasing power of money, to mention only the more conspicuous causes of decay.

One of the earliest historical records of foundations, I am told, was a perpetuity set up in Greece in support of the Delphic Oracle. This endowment was established during the fifth century B.C. and entrusted to the administration of eight trustees whose successors were to be chosen under careful legal provision for all the rest of time. Does anyone to-day think that the Delphic Oracle would be worth supporting? Yet probably no one now believes in university education or public health more ardently than the Greeks only twenty-five hundred years ago believed in this Oracle. It is as impossible for us to judge the needs and wants of the future as it was for the Greeks to do so.

Perpetuity means not a thousand years or a million years, but eternity. No one in the history of the world has been able to establish a trust which has endured even for a thousand years. The word, in the sense in which it is employed by donors in making gifts or by lawyers in drafting wills, is simply the expression of a fond hope.

The very idea of a perpetual trust is strange and abnormal. It may have originated from the desire of men to gain favor in the world to come. 'Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven' is a command that has been taken literally by many people, who wished to have their good deeds made a matter of perpetual record on earth and thus a source of eternal credit in Heaven. In a somewhat similar spirit the old Chaldean and Egyptian kings left wealth to colleges of priests who were to tend their tombs for all time and provide food for the departed spirits. In many countries trusts have been left to ensure perpetual prayers for the donor. There is also doubtless the desire to be remembered endlessly on earth as well as to gain favor in Heaven. Surely no one to-day would condone perpetuities established because of such purely selfish motives.

The obstructions to social progress that may come from perpetual trusts, at least as they apply to individual beneficiaries, have been recognized in law. The old common-law rule, which applies in most states of this country, prohibits the establishment of beneficiary trusts set up for more than twenty-one years beyond the life or lives of persons in being at the time the trust is created. The New York State law is even more rigid and prohibits the setting up of a personal fund to continue beyond the lives of any two designated persons living at the time of the creation of the trust.

Other legal devices have grown up to protect society from the ill-advised stipulations of donors. The principle known to lawyers as the cy-pres doctrine provides that, when an endowment can no longer be used for the specific cause designated in the will or deed of gift, the courts under certain conditions may transfer its use to other objects as nearly as possible in line with the original purpose. This principle

serves as a safety valve in flagrant cases of out-moded charities. The difficulty is that very seldom is any group interested enough to take the time and trouble necessary for court action to revise the terms of the gift. In fact often the only parties directly interested are trust companies or salaried officers who are benefiting from the existing terms of the trust, however obsolete they may be. Under these conditions untold millions are tied up in the support of perfunctory services some of which actually retard progress. Instances in point are endowments of religious bodies no longer active, of orphan asylums which obstruct modern ideas of child care, and charity hospitals which, however beneficial in times past, now tend to retard the development of self-supporting organizations for medical care which offer proper compensation to the physician and self-respect to the patient.

A striking example of the inflexibility of perpetual trusts was the refusal of the courts a few years ago to allow the McKay bequest to Harvard to be used in a proposed consolidation of resources and activities of the Lawrence Scientific School and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Although this union was desired by the trustees of both institutions and seemed clearly to be in the public interest, the courts ruled that since funds had been given to Harvard they must forever be held and administered solely by the trustees of that specific corporation, rather than in a great coöperative effort in the Boston area. Following is an excerpt from the decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court: —

> It may be assumed also that a coöperative plan like that proposed would be advantageous to both of these great institutions by creating one school of applied science of the highest efficiency, with economy in expenditure and effort, to take the place of two competitive schools. But so far as the agreement attempts to dispose of the income of the McKay gift, the controlling question is whether it is authorized by the terms and conditions of the trust upon which the gift was made and accepted. The income of the McKay endowment must be administered according to the intention of the founder, Gordon McKay, even though it be at variance with our views of policy or expediency.

This case brought vividly before the educational world the power of the dead hand, expressed in a perpetual trust, to block change and reorganization even when these are recognized to be desirable.

The real contributions of philanthropy are not so much in money alone as in the support of new ideas or agencies which may prove to have great social value. Hospitals were built and in part endowed during the Middle Ages. The Hôtel-Dieu in Paris was founded more than a thousand years ago. St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London recently celebrated its eight-hundredth anniversary. These institutions have been continued not because of their initial endowments, for these were insignificant. They were recognized to be meeting a human need, and this recognition has been expressed in financial support generation after generation.

The ancient seats of learning abroad and in this country similarly have been kept alive, not because of their initial endowments, but because of their continued usefulness. In 1638 John Harvard left £750 and a library of 300 volumes to the college which now bears his name. The college in New Haven was named for Governor Elihu Yale in gratitude for an endowment of a few hundred books and about £600 in cash. Can anyone pretend that these original endowments of Harvard and Yale are responsible for the continuation of

these universities throughout the centuries? The funds originally contributed simply made possible the experiments. The work has continued and expanded because of its support in every generation.

It is often said that the great contribution made by Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford was not so much to the institution which bears the name of their son as to the University of California, which, under the stimulus of the founding of Stanford University, has received greatly increased support from the State. To-day the appropriations of the State of California to its own institutions of higher learning are each year larger than the entire initial gift for the endowment of Stanford.

Similarly Mr. Rockefeller's gifts to the University of Chicago were valuable not only in themselves and to that university, but even more for the funds which were indirectly released for universities in neighboring states because of the high standards and leadership maintained in the Mid-West area by the University of Chicago.

Real endowments are not money, but ideas. Desirable and feasible ideas are of much more value than money, and when their usefulness has once been established they may be expected to receive ready support as long as they justify themselves. We may be confident that if a public need is clearly demonstrated, and a practicable way of meeting that need is shown, society will take care of it in the future.

THE ATTAINMENT OF TEMPERANCE

BY LORD DAWSON OF PENN

I

It is common ground that some public control of the sale of alcoholic beverages is needed, with a view to securing moderation in consumption, and proper standards of quality and strength. The problem has been attacked by legislatures in various ways, including the method of prohibition, which in some instances has been abandoned as a failure. The abandonment of prohibition has resulted from the realization that legislative restraints which exceed the sanctions of public opinion are unsuccessful, are regarded as tyrannies, and thereby create reactions contrary to the public weal. That legislation which first regards public opinion, and then guides it, gets farthest.

England is a striking example of a country which is becoming notably and progressingly temperate, and this through the education and enlightenment of the people as much as, if not more than, through administrative control. Drunkenness is seldom seen; it is condemned in all classes, and the offender soon knows it. Although a restriction is placed on hours of sale, there is not the special control as in Canada of the sale of spirits. During the period 1924–29 the drop in the consumption of spirits was 58 per cent,

of beer 28 per cent, while the importation of wines increased 34 per cent. These figures hold despite an increasing population. Recently statistics of the consumption of alcohol were gathered at three large, fully licensed refreshment houses, where people congregate not only to take refreshment but to converse. These houses serve together an average of 40,000 such persons a day. The average estimates of these three houses per day showed that 82 per cent of the customers took no alcohol, and, of the 18 per cent who did, the large majority drank beer or light wine. These are notable figures, and are in some measure accounted for by the excellent surroundings afforded by the houses in question.

Now this does not mean that the 82 per cent who took no alcohol are total abstainers; far from it. It shows rather that a large proportion of the customers were not availing themselves on that particular occasion of the opportunity to take wine or beer. They were not making the good things of life commonplace by the monotony of too frequent repetition. In England, to promote temperance further, the 'public house' should be replaced by establishments incorporating all that the 'hostelry' used to stand for. There are such hostelries in London serving many millions of persons annually, and inquiry would show that in them the sale of alcoholic drinks amounts to less than 8 per cent of the general trade.

Is there not in the figures I have been citing a lesson for the statesman? Encourage the conditions which give such good results and such useful instruction in the art of living. Persuasion and guidance are the essence of leadership. Governments should lead often, and coerce seldom.

Some provinces of Canada have tried and abandoned prohibition, which widens and misdirects the consumption of alcohol, and, by causing that consumption to be clandestine, favors the stronger drinks and the creeping in of dangerous impurities. Even now, except in Quebec, the regulations are faulty in that their operation favors drinking apart from eating, the consumption of spirits rather than of wine, and do not secure sufficient supervision over that great desideratum of quality which is a most important factor in the promotion of temperance.

II

I would not have it thought that in my opinion alcohol is a necessity of every man's existence. Many men are better or equally well without it, just as there are men better without meat, and others better without, say, sweets or cigarettes. Teetotalers please note this. It is agreed that the child and the adolescent should not take alcohol. Alcohol is not a necessity of existence, but an attribute of the art of living, and, taking man as a social being, it can add in a unique way to his health and content. I submit that to say that because alcohol is used in excess by some it should be abandoned by all is unsound reasoning. The general application of this argument would lead us to negation and gloom. Because some love too well rather than wisely, are we to cease our worship of Venus? Because speech sometimes maddens us, are we to ordain silence?

It is true that alcohol is a food. It provides energy, and does not require digestion. It can in a measure replace fats and carbohydrates, but to be told that one ounce of alcohol is the equivalent of one ounce of butter leaves a man cold.

We take alcohol because it adds to the relish and aids the digestion of our food when we are weary with the day's strivings. 'Use a little wine for

thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities,' says Saint Paul. Alcohol gets the mind out of the groove left by concentration on the day's work and helps it to roam over pastures new, brightens the outlook, brings cheerfulness and content, and aids preparation for the next day's duties. It further rids the sensitive man of his inhibitions, and sets his mind and tongue free. How well our forefathers understood this! Listen to what the Water Poet, John Taylor, of the early seventeenth century, says of beer: —

'It is fragrant to the scent; it is most pleasant to the taste; the flowing and mantling of it with the verdant smile of it, is delightful to the sight; it is touching or feeling to the braine and heart; and to please the senses all, it provokes men to singing and mirth, which is contenting to the hearing. The speedy taking of it dothe comfort the heavy and troubled minde.'

The alcohol taken into the body is burned up, and at a certain rate. Until it is burned up it resides in the blood. If the blood constantly contains alcohol, the tissues and therefore the health of the body deteriorate. *What emerges?* That the drinking of alcohol must not be frequently repeated, that it must not be taken strong, and that it must be free of deleterious impurities so rife in prohibition countries. Little and good is the watchword — and the reason for emphasis on the good is that good beers and wines, and especially wines, owe their virtues not only to their alcoholic content, but to those subtle 'compound ethers' which, though imponderable, exert so notable an influence. A glass of claret, of hock, of beer — give the equivalent of each in pure alcohol correspondingly diluted, and does it produce the same effect? By no means. It is the subtle content, the charm, that gives each its own quality. To talk of substitutes for the juice of the grape is an impiety. As well replace the flowers of your garden and their radiance by the productions of the factories. Seek, then, that discernment of quality which requires moderation in quantity and choice of occasion. That is why the lighter wines are so worth the cultivating.

III

Our ancestors up to the sixteenth century understood this admirably. All classes drank home-brewed ale, and the lighter wines of France, and enjoyed their frolic and fun in Merrie England. Though at times they dropped into excess, it was not by intention, and the act was unhonored. The same was true in Elizabeth's time. The habits of the humbler people were well described in such words as these: 'And now and then surffetting and drunkennesse, which they rather fall into for want of heed-taking than wilfullie following or delighting in those errours of set mind and purpose . . . they take it generallie as no small disgrace if they happen to be cupshotten.'

The following tribute by Lemmius, a foreign observer, who wrote in 1560, is worthy of notice: —

'At their tables, althoughe they be very sumptuous, and love to have good fare, yet neyther use they to overcharge themselves with excesse of drincke, neyther thereto greatly provoke and urge others, but suffer every man to drincke in such measure as best pleaseth hymselfe; which drinck being eyther Ale or Beere, most pleasaunte in taste and holsomely relised, they fetch not from foreine places, but have it amonge themselves brewed.'

A different picture is shown by the following from an old record giving the charges for the diet of Mary Queen of Scots at Tutbury and elsewhere: 'For ale bought at dyverse pryces 1148

gallons at 9d the gallon.' One can only conclude that the guard were numerous and thirsty!

I cannot resist quoting also from 'A new boke of the natures and properties of all wines that are commonly used in England,' by William Turner in 1568, a volume with which Shakespeare was probably familiar: —

'Seeing that Almighty God, our Heavenly Father hath given thee this noble creature of Wine, so many way profitable for our bodies and minds, thank Him with all thy heart, not only for it, but also for that He hath sent learned physicians to tell thee how, in what measure, and in what time thou should use them, and not use them, and for what complexions and ages they are good, and for what complexions and ages they are evil.' It is interesting to note that the author was himself a physician, and thought well of his profession!

As the seventeenth century advanced, though wine became more expensive and therefore less widely drunk, it remained mild in strength — claret, canary, sack, tent. It was only preserved in barrels, for, until the beginning of the eighteenth century, bottles were only used to serve wine; they were globular in shape, and thus could not lie down but only stand. Further, tight-fitting corks were unknown.

The corkscrew was discovered at the end of the seventeenth century — alas, the discoverer has hitherto remained unknown. Should his name be found, will not a statue be reared to his fame? And I ask, by way of speculation, in what country first?

In the early eighteenth century began trouble. First the stronger wines of Portugal were, for political reasons, favored, the lighter wines disappeared and the increased importation of brandy followed, and then to raise revenue the government allowed distilleries for coarser spirits to be erected in England. A disastrous change to spirit, including gin drinking, spread over the country. Drunkenness took possession of all classes; for over one hundred years there was no abatement, and for one hundred and fifty years no advance toward temperance. It took a long while to undo that tragic error. It has been in large measure undone now and we are well on the way to appreciate the virtues and the pleasure of wine and beer, good in quality and small in quantity.

Wine was part of the earlier civilizations of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. Its use pervades the Bible throughout. It is entwined in history; it is the emblem of the Highest Act of Remembrance. In the words of Solomon: 'Wine drunk in season and to satisfy is joy of heart and gladness of soul.' It is with us for that happy purpose.

ALADDIN'S LAMPS

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

I

No one in the *Arabian Nights* understood the Lamp. All that was known was that when one rubbed it an omnipotent genie appeared who would do whatever was commanded. Beyond this all was dark deep mystery.

The change that has come in our day is the discovery of the principle of the Lamp. Hitting upon the thing by lucky accident, our modern Aladdins were not content to let it work in secret. They had to explore; they wanted to see how it worked, why it worked, just how many slaves it controlled, and what jobs could best be entrusted to each slave. Out of these laboratory explorations have come new types of lamps, new refinements, greater power, more specialization, wider diversity — and miracles.

There is a lamp that can carry you, as on a magic carpet, far away. Recently I sat in a narrow room in downtown New York. A lamp glowed in front of me, and its flickering light arranged itself into the familiar pattern of a face. It was the face of a man I knew to be two miles away. Suddenly his image began to speak, 'I see you clearly. Can you see me?' and I realized that I had been transported to his sight and hearing by the same magic of glowing lamps that had brought him to me.

This was only a two-mile wire communication of television, but day after to-morrow it may be a 2000-mile broadcast by wireless of a whole opera troupe and orchestra in performance. We know it can be done, because we know the principle of the lamp. The actual accomplishment is only a matter of development, and it may come gradually over a period of years or with a bewildering rush as radio broadcasting came less than a decade ago.

There are lamps that can carry your command around the world and put it into effect anywhere you will. Guglielmo Marconi sat in his yacht in the harbor of Genoa one day last March and touched a button. Instantly thousands of electrical slaves leaped into action in Sydney, Australia. It was a lamp on his yacht shaped to pulse in harmony with other lamps in Australia that made his will effective eleven thousand miles away.

The same sort of magic was worked in a New York office. A large steel mill in Pennsylvania had been electrified, and the company decided to signalize the turning on of power in a special way. When the day came, the electricians installed a glass bulb in the New York office. The head of the steel company sat at his desk, he brushed the bulb lightly with a wave of his hand, and in a flash electric power surged through the gigantic machines of the industrial plant five hundred miles away. No cavalry officer's command ever brought so many thousands of horsepower into action.

There are lamps that can hear. One of these electric ears was demonstrated at the Newark Airport recently. It is so attuned that it will respond only to

the peculiar note of a certain siren. An airplane came circling in out of the darkness, and sounded its call. The electric ear heard, instantly summonsed its slave, — that is, operated a switch which turned on the port's floodlights, — and so the aviator was lighted home.

Other lamps can see and report what they see. Several of these electric eyes have been installed at entrances to the international bridge at Detroit. They count each vehicle as it passes and keep books on the day's tolls; they report to the central office any congestion of traffic.

Similar eyes are on duty in the Holland Tunnel under the Hudson River between New York and Jersey City. When smoke reaches a certain density in the tunnel, the electric eye sees it, flashes a signal which closes a switch, and fans begin to draw out the bad air while other fans pump in fresh air.

The same kind of lamp is on guard in a New Jersey schoolroom. On cloudy days, when sunlight dims, the eye of the lamp sees and relays a signal which turns on the electric lights. The lamp is as keen to economize current as it is to safeguard eyesight, for when the clouds roll away and the sun floods the room again it quickly swings the switch and turns off the electrics.

Another type of lamp can look through a solid and reveal its contents. An airplane manufacturer is using this in inspecting wood to detect wormholes, knots, and cracks. At the Watertown Arsenal in Massachusetts the same device is inspecting steel for the big artillery. It can peer equally successfully through several inches of metal and reveal the inner flaw, or through an unopened oyster and spot the hidden pearl — so sensitive, so penetrating, so delicate, and at the same time so powerful are its rays.

All of these magic lamps are 'merely' vacuum tubes, of course — variations of the familiar radio tube, that strange new device of the laboratory which broadcasting has brought into our homes. Science is rapidly harnessing it to a diversity of uses. A recent tabulation in an engineering journal enumerates 178 existing applications of the vacuum tube to industry, art, surgery, medicine, navigation, aviation, railroading. And yet, say the experts, the present accomplishments of the tube are but a beginning of the uses to which it will be put as physicists and engineers penetrate more deeply into its principle and master its mechanics.

Commenting on the unusual versatility of the device, O. H. Caldwell, former Federal Radio Commissioner, recently appraised the invention of the vacuum tube as comparable in importance to Archimedes' discovery of the power of the lever. 'For the vacuum tube is, in effect, an electrical lever,' said Mr. Caldwell. 'And just as the principle of the lever is used again and again in every element of every machine built in this mechanical age, so the introduction of the vacuum tube and its associated circuits presents almost inconceivable possibilities in the electrical future. One may safely predict that, within a few years, there will be nothing that the average man sees, hears, or buys but will be controlled, regulated, or affected in some important respect by an electronic tube.'

Perhaps this is the lever that Archimedes was looking for when he boasted that, given a sufficient fulcrum, he could move the world.

II

Like many other important tools of civilization, the modern vacuum tube — or electronic tube, as engineers call it — is the product of many minds

and of many experiments. But Thomas A. Edison glimpsed it first.

While working on his incandescent lamp in 1883, Edison noticed that when he heated the filament to a certain temperature a blue glow appeared between its legs. Was this electricity flowing through the rarefied air? If so, it seemed strange that the current should take this more resistant path in preference to the easier channel provided by the loop of the filament itself. To satisfy his curiosity the inventor inserted a second element into the bulb, a wire. He connected the wire to the positive terminal of the lamp and found that a weak current did flow from the hot filament. But, curiously, when the connection was changed to the negative terminal, no current flowed. Edison noted the experiment in his notebook and turned from this fascinating side issue back to his main job of developing the incandescent lamp.

He did not realize that he had stumbled on a principle that was to become the foundation of whole industries. He did not know that that altered electric lamp was to become historic as the first vacuum tube, the unsuspected granddaddy of the countless radio tubes now in use. But science remembers, and in the annals of physical discovery the phenomenon of electrical emission in a vacuum is known as the 'Edison Effect.' A recent commentator calls Edison's achievement here 'the most epochal in all his eventful career.'

Many years passed before the Edison Effect was understood. Indeed, the professors had to develop a new physics before the curious glow could be explained in terms of what it is now known to be: namely, the result of a boiling off of electrons, or particles of negative electricity, from the hot filament and their flight through space to the positive wire. It was not until 1905 that this flow of power in a vacuum was harnessed to do useful work. In that year J. A. Fleming thought to try the tube as a detector of radio signals.

Radio, at this time, was in swaddling clothes. Marconi had succeeded in signaling across the Atlantic; he had established wireless telegraph stations at points along the British coast, at Cape Cod in the United States, and at Cape Breton in Nova Scotia; but he was handicapped by the limitations of his apparatus. His first detector had been a thimbleful of steel filings in a glass tube — a 'coherer' the device was called. Under favorable conditions it would respond to the dots and dashes of the Morse code. But now radio was reaching out for greater distance, aspiring to a reputation for dependable service; inventors were trying to substitute for telegraph the more delicate and elastic telephone communication, and a sensitive detector was an absolute necessity.

Radio waves are energy swinging first in one direction and then in the opposite, and the frequency of reversal may run up to millions of times each second. When these oscillations from a distant wireless station surged through space, they caused the filings in Marconi's coherer to cling together. The electrified particles became a conductor through which the current alternated until a 'decoherer' tapped the glass tube and shook the filings apart, whereupon they ceased to conduct.

Wireless telephony needed something far more sensitive than this half-mechanical device. In particular it needed a detector that had the ability to 'rectify' the incoming oscillations — that is, to eliminate the reverse flow from the alternating current and give the effect of a flow in one direction only. Without this rectification, wireless telephony seemed impracticable.

Inventors tackled the problem, improved types of detectors were brought forward, but the need was not met.

At this stage it occurred to Professor Fleming, in England, that the Edison Effect possessed a significant peculiarity. You recall that in Mr. Edison's experimental tube the flow of electricity occurred only when the wire was positively charged; when it was negative, current ceased. This suggested to Professor Fleming that the vacuum tube might serve as the needed radio valve. Millions of reversals might occur every second, but so long as the wire of the tube was kept positive it would attract only the negative side of each oscillation. The positive half would be shut off, and thus the effect would be that of a pulsating current in one direction. He rigged up a vacuum tube to test the idea.

It is not on record that Professor Fleming ran through the streets of London shouting 'Eureka!' but he might very well have done so, and been justified in his enthusiasm, for he had indeed 'found IT.' Radio had a second birth that day in 1905. Edison's electron tube was rediscovered, recognized as something more than a scientific curiosity — though no one dreamed a fraction of the talents that were hid in its vacuum.

Like Saul in the Old Testament story, who went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom, the pioneering professor had grasped something so fundamental and so universal in its scope that it may well be said to include the whole kingdom of radio. For the vacuum tube has turned out to be not only the most sensitive detector, but an all-powerful amplifier, a relay, and a generator. It can rectify an alternating current, or, vice versa, convert a direct current into an alternating one.

These varied gifts were not discovered all at once. Honors must be divided among many experimenters. Fleming improved on Edison by enlarging the wire into a metal plate. Lee DeForest, a doctor of philosophy just out of Yale, improved on Fleming by adding a third element, a metal mesh which he placed between the filament and plate; because its appearance suggested a diminutive gridiron he called it the 'grid.' This grid provided a fulcrum for the electrical lever, increasing enormously both its sensitivity and its power. Next, Irving Langmuir, a college professor who had abandoned teaching to pursue research in a Schenectady laboratory, and H. D. Arnold, a telephone engineer in New York, each began to experiment in his own way with vacuum pumps to see what would happen in tubes evacuated down to the last removable molecule. Before this it was believed that a little air aided the proper functioning of vacuum tubes; but these scientists, working independently, proved that the higher the vacuum the more steady the performance of the tube and the greater its capacity. Then E. H. Armstrong, a young physicist just out of Columbia University, invented a circuit known as the 'feed-back' by means of which a vacuum tube could be made to oscillate and so generate radio waves. It turned out later that both Langmuir and DeForest were working successfully on this same problem. Out of these varied experiments the vacuum tube won a place in the transmitting station, and so began its present reign at both ends of the radio world.

All these inventions had been made by 1917, but the tubes were small, their power limited to fractions of watts where to-day we have kilowatts. There were no broadcasting stations; radio was still very much a thing of the Morse code, a means of communicating

between ships and shore, a war-time emergency service. The ordinary citizen was sometimes startled into 'ohs' and 'ahs' by the occasional newspaper stories of radio stunts, but when he had a message to send he usually dispatched it by wire or by cable. To-day — with a hundred million vacuum tubes at home in the cottages and palaces of North America, and with the demand for more so great that one manufacturer has a daily capacity for 270,000 tubes — how far off and antique and quiet seems that pre-radio age!

III

Meanwhile, though the public did not know it, the vacuum tube was beginning to edge into the home. It came in through the telephone wire — for telephone engineers were first to see that the lamp which Dr. DeForest had developed for radio could serve other causes too.

These engineers had been struggling for years to devise a means of telephoning across the American continent. Before 1914 the practical limit of conversation was the distance between New York and Chicago, though New York had reached Denver experimentally by using copper conductors nearly as big as trolley wires. The prospect of further enlarging the wire and of imposing more powerful currents seemed doubtful; for an electrical impulse weakens at an increasing rate as it travels over a wire, and large initial energy was necessary to send it even a few hundred miles. To talk over a direct wire of the usual size the 3400 miles from San Francisco to New York would require power in San Francisco equal to the combined output of all the power plants of the world — hundreds of millions of horsepower.

Long-distance communication was made possible by means of repeaters, electromagnetic devices stationed at intervals along the line to pick up the weak impulses and send them forward renewed and strengthened. With these aids the service between New York and Chicago had been put on a commercial basis, but to send the current through to San Francisco more powerful repeaters were needed. The telephone management was eager to get this transcontinental service into operation by 1915, and the Panama Pacific Exposition of that year would provide an occasion to emphasize the new service.

At this stage, along came the vacuum tube with its growing radio reputation. Why could n't it be made to perform the desired service for telephone waves, since it was doing so well by radio waves? Dr. Arnold and his colleagues developed it and adapted it as a repeater. It was tried out, and it performed beautifully. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company paid Dr. DeForest $250,000 for certain patent rights in his three-element vacuum tube; the new device became a standard part of telephone equipment. When the 1915 exposition opened, New York and San Francisco were on easy speaking terms, and to-day it is possible to talk to any place to which wires can be stretched.

The modern telephone would be crippled if suddenly deprived of its vacuum tubes. They have become vital, not only in bridging distance, but in a score of ways of getting more work out of the line. Through their use, for example, it is possible to send on a single pair of wires four simultaneous telephone messages and twenty simultaneous telegraph messages.

Such capabilities could not be hid. Other industries needed electrical amplifiers. The phonograph had long been handicapped by the limitations of its mechanical methods of making records. There were those who dreamed of

substituting electricity for mechanics, but they were thwarted by the lack of an amplifying device sufficiently sensitive to pick up the fragile impulses generated by sound waves and able to magnify them into currents strong enough to actuate the cutting needle of a wax recorder. Now, in the vacuum tube, they found a stepping-up device perfectly adapted to their requirements — and to-day all phonograph records are recorded through a microphone with the aid of Aladdin's Lamps.

This power of the vacuum tube to magnify fragile waves without distortion has been harnessed to many uses. By means of it physicians are able to detect the slightest murmur of a beating heart, and to listen in on the lungs and other inward parts. Ship officers now take soundings by an echo process while the vessel steams onward, and sea-bottom surveys which formerly occupied months are now completed in a few days. Modern prospectors for minerals are probing into the earth's crust electrically and feeling out the hidden ore — again through this amazing ability of the vacuum tube to make a mountain out of a molehill.

IV

An amplifier is one thing; a relay is something different. It provides, not magnification of the original waves, but the control of power. A switch needs to be turned, a door opened to admit a larger flow of electricity, or closed to shut it off. Here, again, the vacuum tube has proved itself better than mechanical devices, and indeed has opened up possibilities for which there was no mechanical control sensitive enough, quick enough, or rugged enough.

For example: There is a certain industrial plant in uptown New York which is going day and night. Perhaps, as you pass, its continual hum challenges your curiosity, and you try to enter. The door is locked. Maybe you are persistent and unconventional, and try the window. Look out! There is an electrical watchman on guard. Your fumbling with the window has set up vibrations in his electric ear which are sufficient to trip an electric switch, and now an alarm is sounding at headquarters notifying the management of your threatened intrusion. And he will continue to tell on you till you let go the window and abandon your trespass.

There is no other attendant at this plant — an electric power substation — and apparently none is needed. If a fuse flashes, if flood rises, if anything out of routine happens, the electrical watchman hears it or sees it or feels it, and by his relay tubes reports it. Four hundred power stations in the United States are equipped with electrical watchmen whose quick-acting brain is a vacuum-tube relay.

Then, there is the electrical 'Old Man Reliable' which I have seen riding perched above the cowcatcher of a fast train in New England. His job is to feel out the condition of the track ahead and report continuously to the locomotive engineer — when to go full speed, when to go slow, when to stop. In an emergency Old Man Reliable, through his powerful vacuum-tube relay, throws on the brake and stops the train.

An electrical engineer recently faced the problem of providing an apparatus to open a high-voltage circuit 400 times a minute. No mechanical switch could endure the ordeal many minutes. But a vacuum tube was made which easily opened the circuit at the required speed, and used only a rivulet of electricity to control a flow millions of times greater. It was as though a fly were swinging the gate of a huge corral, alternately releasing and stopping hundreds of

charging horses. Relay tubes have been made to operate in a ten-millionth of a second.

V

Then, there is that other talent of the vacuum tube — its ability to oscillate and generate waves of energy. This, of course, is the secret of the modern broadcasting station; but, like other gifts of the Lamp, it has been turned also to other purposes. Thus, in Carnegie Hall last April a New York audience was entertained for two hours with selections from Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Handel, and other music masters, played on tuneful vacuum tubes. The tubes were arranged in combinations of frequencies to embrace the musical scale and to simulate certain orchestral instruments. The musicians stood on the stage behind the cabinets in which the vacuum tubes vibrated, and controlled their volume and tempo by waves of the hand. A weird, unnatural, mechanized performance? But so seemed a talk over the telephone fifty years ago.

In the Westinghouse laboratory in East Pittsburgh I saw this oscillating power of the vacuum tube used to produce, not sound, but light. The light, like the concentrated beam from a powerful searchlight, was trained on the whirling propeller of an airplane, focused on one tip of it, and instantly it seemed that the propeller stood still. I could see the very grain and texture of its wood, as though the thing were held there for inspection under that dazzling beam — and all the while the propeller was turning 1000 revolutions a minute. The illusion was produced by the frequency of the lamp, which was so controlled (through vacuum tubes) that it flashed for the ten-millionth part of a second at each revolution, timed and spaced to illuminate precisely the same spot at each flash. This device is being used to study the behavior of flywheels, turbines, gears, and other rotating parts while in motion.

Vacuum tubes are being used to generate high-frequency radiation to bake the tenacious moisture out of porcelain, to operate electric furnaces, and to stimulate in the human body artificial fever. The last-mentioned use of the tube has engaged the interest especially of Dr. Willis R. Whitney of Schenectady, and from the General Electric laboratory there he has supplied high-frequency tubes to the Albany Medical School, the Mayo Clinic, and other medical centres where their therapeutic value is being further explored.

VI

Practically any grid-controlled vacuum tube can hear through its microphone, feel through its antenna, and talk through its speaker, but none of them can *see*. For vision an entirely different type of tube is needed — the photo-electric cell. Its governing principle is the sensitivity of certain metals to light — the fact that when illuminated they give off electrons. The resulting flow of current is in direct proportion to the intensity of the illumination, and because of this the electric eye can report with superhuman speed and accuracy anything it sees.

Thus, in a certain power house a photo-electric cell keeps watch over a giant dynamo. Again and again this electric eye has seen the beginning of a threatening flash-over and has switched off the power before the flash developed its destructiveness. In each case the whole episode was over before the human eye saw its beginning.

A tobacco company installed photo-electric cells to sort cigars by color. The human sorters had been able to distinguish six shades of brown, but the

electric eye saw finer color distinctions and separated the cigars into ten grades. The same unerring sense of color has been called into service by peach canners. It seems that housewives who open two cans of peaches for Sunday night supper require all the fruit to be of uniform color.

A factory in Cincinnati employed inspectors to watch its packaged goods as they came from the wrapping machines. Defective packages got by the human eyes; but when a photo-electric cell was put on the job it caught every defect — and by operating a relay tube it promptly and unfailingly pushed off the traveling belt every unit that was lacking in wrapping or label.

Many industries are using the electric eye as a counter. It is obvious that if a beam of light is kept focused on a photo-electric cell, and an object passes between the light source and the cell, each interruption will be recorded. In a box factory an electric eye is counting paper by this means at the rate of three hundred sheets a minute. In a New York museum one guards the entrance, and not only counts each visitor but actuates a speaker which greets him with a 'Come in' and instructs him to sign the register. Quite in contrast with this gentlemanly task is the grueling job to which a photo-electric cell was assigned in a steel mill. It reverses the red-hot billets as they come from the rolls, and never misses or slips or shrinks from the heat.

Another use to which steel mills may apply the device is that of thermometer. It is said that the steel industry in America loses about two per cent of its production annually through inadequate heat control. If the metal is heated too high some of it burns; if too low, the result is brittle steel. Two per cent of the average production is about a million tons a year, and at fifty dollars a ton the waste becomes impressive. Photo-electric cells can measure temperature through variations in the light of the molten metal.

In Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, photo-electric cells are controlling traffic at a certain intersection of a side street with a main highway. In Elmira, New York, they are being tried as fire detectors to operate fire-extinguishing apparatus. S. M. Kintner, in a laboratory in East Pittsburgh, recently demonstrated the use of the electric eye as a burglar alarm.

The most extensive industrial application is in making and projecting sound pictures, the talkies which in more than 9500 theatres of the United States have supplanted the movies. It is the electric eye which makes television possible, and which enables the telephone and radio companies to send photographs with the same celerity and ease with which they send words.

The electric eye would be a puny thing, however, by itself. The currents which it sets up under the stimulus of light are feeble, and without vacuum-tube amplifiers and vacuum-tube relays could do no useful work. Indeed, it is rare that a vacuum tube in any capacity will render the most satisfactory service as a solitary device; usually it needs the collaboration and reënforcement of other vacuum tubes. Lamps to generate energy, lamps to detect energy, lamps to magnify energy, lamps to call up new battalions of energy — each is shaped and tuned to do one job well, but in doing its specialty it generally needs the teamwork of other lamps.

VII

Perhaps few readers think of the X-ray lamp as a vacuum tube, but it is one of the most useful of the whole tribe. A few years ago it was confined to the laboratory and the hospital; but to-day the plumber may call in the

X-ray to explore old walls for hidden pipes and forgotten wiring, and by means of it the art connoisseur verifies the genuineness of an old master. Manufacturers use it to inspect golf balls for symmetrical cores, to examine reclaimed rubber for nails and other foreign matter, to determine the adhesion of rubber to cords in automobile tires, to look through steel castings for inner flaws.

In the laboratory, the X-ray tube provides a new means of chemical analysis. Within recent years two new elements have been discovered with its aid. Geologists peer into fossils and botanists examine the inner structure of living plants by means of this same penetrating luminary which serves alike the artisan, the artist, or the researcher — whoever wishes to look into the inside of things.

The modern X-ray tube — which is really a generator of high-frequency oscillations of infinitesimally short waves — owes much to the research which developed other forms of vacuum tubes. Tungsten and molybdenum, those hard metals which were found so admirably adapted to the requirements of radio tubes, have been naturalized into the X-ray tube too. And with higher vacuua and with more controllable means of imposing high electrical pressures, X-ray tubes are made today which can send radiation through three inches of steel.

A whole flock of metals has come forward in importance with the rise of vacuum tubes. Tungsten and molybdenum were already in use in incandescent lamps; the demand for them is practically doubled by their use in vacuum tubes for filaments and other parts. Cæsium was little known in industry a few years ago; to-day, because its range of sensitivity to light closely approximates that of the human eye, cæsium is the metal most in demand for photo-electric cells, though potassium and rubidium serve as the light-sensitive metals in some tubes.

Other peculiar metals which the vacuum-tube development has brought into importance are the boosters. When a little is mixed into an alloy with tungsten to produce a filament, the activity of the filament is greatly increased. The presence of the booster speeds up the emission of electrons, and makes it possible to get more responsiveness from a tube with less power. One of these metals is thorium. Another is barium.

An engineer of the Bell Telephone Laboratories recently computed the economic value of barium, which is used as the booster material on the filaments of all vacuum-tube repeaters throughout the telephone system. The actual amount of barium on each filament is one twenty-fifth of a gram, — a microscopic pinch of metal, — but the computed saving which it brings to the system through its presence in hundreds of thousands of telephone vacuum tubes is $2,000,000 a year.

If the barium coating does that for a single industry, one wonders what must be the value of the vacuum tubes themselves to all industry — and to society. There is more to be considered, of course, than the dollars saved or the jobs lost. If the Lamps have brought noise and publicity and the waste of time into homes, if they have pushed art into mechanized moulds, and cheapened beauty in an attempt to broadcast that which cannot be broadcasted and to screen-picture that which cannot be filmed — let us remember that they have also brought rescuers to a sinking ship, placed new and more powerful aids in the hands of the physician and surgeon, and given the world an international voice which may yet prove the surest weapon in the peacemaker's fight for a warless world. They have brought the electrical lever.

A SHIP GOES DOWN

BY CAPTAIN GEORGE H. GRANT

I

THE shrieking darkness lay like a mask on the face of the sea. Occasionally a wave towered high, deep black like the loom of an island steep-to and close aboard, to leap out of the night and break with a rumbling roar against the flare of the starboard bow. Sluggish in the seaway, the vessel floundered in the trough, smothering herself under the weight of water that spilled on board to growl among the winches and the deck cargo that was lashed on the forward well. Spray rose in a perpendicular curtain to drive in a whiplash upon the bridge, flashing, for a moment, with iridescence, as the globules of water reflected the green, white, and red of the steaming lights. The night became a fairyland of brilliance, its terrors gone as if before the wave of a magic wand; then the darkness shut in again, was more profound, and the wild ravings of the storm rose in an awesome crescendo.

In oilskins, streaming with water and glistening where the light from the binnacle in the wheelhouse touched them, Captain Oliver Wicksteed stood behind the weather cloth with his arms spread out and his hands clutching the upper bridge rail to steady him against the violent lurching of his vessel. Since midnight he had been there, his eyes peering ahead into the murkiness to watch the vagaries of the storm. If the seas became too high and dangerous or too confused the vessel would have to be hove to. Time would be lost. And time was valuable. On the previous day a message had come from his owners, 'to make all possible speed.'

Notwithstanding his anxiety, there was a secret joy in his heart, which increased as the storm grew in violence. On the completion of the voyage he was to retire after forty-five years upon the sea. The owners considered him too old to withstand the rigors of the life. They had scoffed when he protested against their decision. With some heat he had pointed out that he loved the sea, and, although he had been master for thirty years, never an accident had occurred to any of his commands, nor one passenger's life been lost. It was an enviable record, of which he was proud.

He rejoiced because he was going out on the heels of a gale. It would be something to remember, like the day he first donned the cap with the oak leaves on the visor and walked out on the bridge to take the salute of his officers. There had been other occasions, on the bridges of larger vessels, but none quite like the first. He smiled into the face of the storm at the recollection, and something of its exultation surged through him. Storms came and went so quickly, he thought, like a life born and rushed to its fulfillment and taken away at the height of a squall. He would fare better than the storm. In retirement there would be leisure to proceed peacefully toward the end, and the sea would be at his door to allay the hankering for the life, should it come to him.

Footsteps sounded on the wet bridge behind him. He gazed around as the second mate loomed out of the darkness and halted a few feet away, swaying easily to the tumbling of the vessel.

'Well, mister?' he asked, lowering his head below the top of the weather cloth, out of the wind.

'Don't you think she's hanging over to starboard a bit, sir?' the second mate shouted.

'Hmm!'

The second mate went on: 'With all that cargo on the forrard deck I thought I'd better draw your attention to it.'

'Thanks, mister.'

Captain Wicksteed faced forward again and leaned back to the full extent of his arms to permit his eye to gauge the angle between the foremast and the blurred line of the horizon. It was difficult to do so, for the vessel pitched and rolled with a peculiar corkscrew motion. After a few minutes he looked over his shoulder at his subordinate.

'She's over all right, mister,' he stated, quietly. 'I had n't noticed it.'

'It came on her quite sudden, sir. About fifteen minutes ago.'

Captain Wicksteed held the weather cloth down with his hands so that he could sweep the forward well with his eyes. The starboard rail scooped up the top of a wave, smothering the bulwarks with green water. The deck cargo moved ever so slightly, straining at the lashings. The seas had grown precipitous, dangerous.

'Whistle down to the engine room and tell them to take the list out of her!' he ordered curtly, without looking round. 'They ought to know better than to work the bunkers off the lee side on a night like this!'

The second mate acknowledged the order, made a mental note of the captain's remark, with which he intended to taunt the engineers when the occasion presented itself, and went into the wheelhouse.

Above the howling of the wind Captain Wicksteed heard the speaking-tube whistle sound shrilly in the bowels of the vessel. It was like a voice out of the night assuring him that all was well. At the moment he needed the assurance, for three seas, in quick succession, had flopped on board, hiding the forward well beneath a seething mass of treacherous water. He feared for the heavy deck cargo when the vessel lurched to windward, beam on to the advancing waves.

When he heard the whistle snap back into the upper end of the speaking tube he turned around to meet the second mate, who came hurriedly from the wheelhouse.

'Are you there, sir?' the second mate inquired, groping for the rail, his eyes blinded by gazing at the binnacle light. His voice carried an excited pitch.

'Here, mister!' Captain Wicksteed said, controlling his impatience.

The second mate swung into the lee beside him. He shouted: 'The Chief's down below, sir. He says he can do nothing with her. Water's coming in and he can't locate from where. He says the pumps won't keep it down!'

With an effort of will Captain Wicksteed overcame the fear that clutched at his heart. He realized his impotence in the face of the overwhelming furies of the storm as he had never done before. The hand of defeat brushed past, in his hour of exultation, and the ice-tipped fingers traced a path upon his spine. Swept into oblivion were his successful years upon the sea. Defeat alone remained, for all to sneer at! He saw, so vividly that it might have been real, his brother shipmasters in the agent's office discussing, in derogatory terms, the climax of his career. But the reflection passed as quickly as it had come. He was going

down in defeat before defeat had come to him. He flung back his shoulders and swung round on the second mate.

'Tell the chief engineer I want to see him right away!' he ordered.

The sound of his own voice, stern and steady, brought back to him the knowledge that he was still in command. It was a stay within his mind, to strengthen the weakened structure of his thoughts. If disaster was imminent, he would have to keep a grip upon himself, he reflected, for courage was the symbol of his rank.

The beam of a flash light cut the murkiness of the night above the boat deck, disclosing a figure groping along toward the bridge between the rope reels and the side-bunker hatches. Captain Wicksteed looked aft, then turned back toward the second mate.

'Keep an eye on her, mister. I'm going inside to have a word with the Chief.'

Without waiting for the answering 'Aye, aye, sir!' he walked deliberately through the wheelhouse into the chart room and switched on the light. Throwing his sou'wester on to the settee, he wiped the spray and rain from his face with a towel which he took from a hook on the bulkhead. He was about to light his pipe when a knock came at the door and it opened. The chief engineer came in, his face smeared with oil and coal dust and an old coat flung over his head and shoulders like a shawl. He shivered and clutched the coat tightly around his neck and raised his elbow to shield his eyes from the brilliant light. The door banged shut behind him as the vessel heeled well over to starboard.

'Hullo, Mr. Burnham,' Captain Wicksteed began, striving to speak easily. 'What's the trouble down below?'

Mr. Burnham loosened the coat about his neck and let it fall from his head on to his shoulders. He looked the captain square in the eyes as if making an appraisal of his character. What he saw must have satisfied him, for he nodded slightly and said:—

'Can't quite say, sir. Water's floodin' into the bunkers and washin' the coal into the bilges. The strums are choked. The juniors are takin' turns at divin' down to clear them. The water's cold an' she's in a bloody mess. It's beginnin' to look serious, sir.'

'What do you mean, Chief?'

'Well, sir, the water's gainin' on us and we can't locate from where it is comin'. I have all the engine-room staff out, too.'

Captain Wicksteed pondered a moment, twirling a pencil between his fingers. A fierce squall shrieked around the chart room. A dollop of spray crashed on the house, and water leaked through the ports to stream across the deck at their feet. The chief engineer adjusted the coat over his head and around his neck.

'Do your best, Mr. Burnham,' Captain Wicksteed said. 'Let me know at once if you think that it is impossible to cope with the water. If you require more men, get some from the chief officer. The chief steward will issue grog and tea to keep you all warm. It's a dirty night, Chief. Do all you can!'

The chief engineer nodded and went out. 'A dirty night all right,' he muttered to himself as the weight of the wind flung upon him. He should have told the 'old man' that it was hopeless now, but, he reflected, there was a chance that something might turn up. The leak might choke with coal, or the storm die down to ease the strain upon the hull. There was a chance. . . .

Captain Wicksteed waited until the Chief's footsteps faded into the night, then he leaned forward with his elbows on the table and gazed at the chart. For the second time that night he

realized his impotence in the face of disaster. He was as powerless as a child in its cradle. Somewhere within his vessel, and below the water line, there was a leak. He knew it, yet there was nothing he could do to stop it. He must wait and trust in the ingenuity of his subordinates.

After a while he scribbled a message on a pad, tore off the page, put on his sou'wester, and went back on to the bridge. The second mate came out of the port cab toward him.

'Call all hands, mister,' Captain Wicksteed ordered. 'Tell the chief officer to take the carpenter and bos'n with him and make an inspection of the holds. When the third mate relieves you get down on to the boat deck with the men and clear away the boats. Send this message along to the wireless operator. It's advising all ships to stand by. We may need assistance. But caution everybody to be calm. I don't want the passengers to know. It'll be time enough for them to come on deck when the day is up. That'll do. Carry on!'

The second mate sent the quartermaster to carry out the orders. Captain Wicksteed watched him go, and his heart sank down into his boots. If there was only something that he could do. He ransacked his memory, striving to recall what other shipmasters had failed to do when the emergency arose, or what they had done to stave off disaster. But his mind was in a fog through which loomed a leak. A leak that grew to Gargantuan proportions in his imagination and swamped him under its irresistible force.

The third mate relieved the second. The chief mate came up on the bridge to make report.

'The holds are dry, sir,' he stated. 'But the water's gaining in the engine room and stokehold. Everything else is O.K., sir.'

'Thanks, Armstrong.'

'Orders, sir?'

'Get everything ready to leave her should it be necessary. At daylight notify the passengers, then muster them on the deck beside the boats.'

'Very good, sir.'

A lump came into Captain Wicksteed's throat. Mr. Armstrong's respect and fearless fidelity to his orders had put it there. It added a prop to his courage, for already he perceived the cross to which he must hang.

II

The dawn crept furtively into the leaden sky in the wake of a hurricane squall that worked a white pattern on the heaving surface of the gray water. The mist lay close, limiting the range of vision to half a mile or less. The storm grew in strength, although the sea had gone down slightly, which indicated that the Gulf Stream had been crossed. The vessel sped before the wind, yawing wildly, widely, yet drawing nearer and nearer to the coast and the track of shipping.

In the cold gray hours before the dawn Captain Wicksteed realized that therein lay the only chance of their salvation. Although no word had come up from the engine room, he felt that the end was near. His vessel was listing more heavily every minute, and it was only a matter of time before she would be unable to steer.

Standing on the starboard wing of the bridge, looking aft, he saw the passengers come timidly from the entries and the companionways on to the boat deck and fall into their places abreast of their boats. There was no excitement, but on each face there was a fearful resignation that sent a knife thrust into his heart. They had put their trust in him, and he had failed. He turned his face away and looked into

the sky to see if God had a message written there for him, a sign of a shift of wind that would clear the mist wraith from the sea, but all he saw was the lowering nimbus and the cold bleak light of the dawn.

Then, as if to press him further into the depth, the engine-room telegraph clanged.

'What's that?' he cried.

'They've rung "Stand By," sir,' the third mate answered.

'Answer them!' he ordered brusquely, knowing all the while just what it meant.

The chief engineer came out of a companionway, the old coat still over his head and around his shoulders, and wearily ascended the ladder to the bridge. His trousers, where they showed, were black with coal muck and saturated with oil, and his face was gaunt, wild-eyed.

A hurricane gust swept over the vessel as he cleared the lee of the wheelhouse. Gelid spray drenched him to the skin. To free his eyes he loosened the grip on his coat. It bellied in the wind, tailed out like a flag, and carried him against the rails, where he remained fighting to retrieve the covering for his head and shoulders.

To Captain Wicksteed, clinging to the rails further to windward, he seemed like the angel of death come to pay a call. He had seen such a picture somewhere, so terrifying in its reality. But he forced the recollection from his mind and braced back his shoulders as the chief engineer recovered his coat and his composure and came down the slanting deck toward him.

'Well, Mr. Burnham?' he asked, fearfully.

'It's like this, sir,' the chief engineer began. 'We — we — we —'

'Don't quibble, Chief! Out with it!'

The chief engineer shivered and seemed to shrivel up beneath his coat.

'We'll have to leave the engine room, sir,' he said. 'The water's nearly up to the fires. I'm sorry, sir —'

'Nothing to be sorry about, Mr. Burnham,' Captain Wicksteed said, endeavoring to put a bluffness into his voice which he did not feel. 'I know you all did what you could. It's a pity, though, a pity. A few hours more might have helped. Tell your men to get on their warmest clothing and stand by the boats.'

'I'll have to stop her, sir.'

'I understand that. Do so when you go below.'

The chief engineer nodded and turned away, but when he reached the top of the ladder he halted and gazed at the passengers mustering near the boats. His right foot went out to begin the descent, but instead of doing so he placed it on the bridge and retraced his footsteps. Close to Captain Wicksteed he halted again and cleared his throat nervously.

'Mebbe I'll not see you again, sir,' he stated. 'It looks bad.'

He held out his hand as he continued, 'I'll say good-bye, sir. It's been a pleasure to sail with you.'

Captain Wicksteed freed one hand from the rail and squeezed the thin fingers of his shipmate. A lump grew within his throat.

'Thanks, Chief,' he said. 'If we are saved it'll be due to the efforts of you and your men. You did your best, I know. You're an honor to the profession. Do your best now to save the passengers entrusted to your care in your boat. Good-bye.'

'I will that, sir. Good-bye.'

Captain Wicksteed followed the chief engineer with his eyes as he walked quickly toward the companionway. He felt unutterably alone. Around him there were rising the walls of tradition over which there was no escape. Did he want to escape? He

was not sure. Though death was so near, it seemed a long way off. There were so many other things now to think about.

He beckoned to the third mate, who was standing in the centre of the bridge, clutching the midship stanchion.

'Ask the wireless operator the names of the vessels he's in touch with, and how far they are away,' he shouted.

The third mate went through the wheelhouse to the telephone in the chart room.

One thought was now uppermost in Captain Wicksteed's mind. At all costs he must save the lives of all the passengers. The vessel would sink, of that he was certain, for already she was floundering heavily in the trough, but she could be replaced. The lives of his passengers were invaluable. His duty was to them.

The third mate came out of the wheelhouse and slid down the wet deck toward him.

'The operator says he can't get through the static, sir,' he shouted. 'The current has been shut off and he's using the batteries. The power from them does n't carry very far!'

'My God!' Captain Wicksteed muttered under his breath. Aloud he said: 'Tell him to send out an SOS, using the six o'clock position. It will be near enough.'

The words had but left his lips when the engine-room telegraph indicator swung, with a clang, to 'Stop.' The vessel ceased to vibrate and lay dead in the seaway.

'Sing out when she won't steer!' he shouted to the man at the wheel. Picking up a megaphone that had been lashed to the rail near him earlier in the morning, he put it to his mouth and faced the passengers mustered below on the boat deck.

'The vessel has been stopped,' he shouted. 'She may roll very heavily when she falls into the trough. Watch out! Hang on to the storm rails!'

Everyone faced the bridge at the sound of his voice, which carried above the howling of the gale. He looked over their heads, away into the distance, for he was afraid of what he might see if he looked down. They were blaming him, he knew, and he suffered. He wanted to tell them that the cause of their plight was circumstances over which he had no control and not an error of judgment. But what would be the use, he thought. He was the master, and his the responsibility whatever happened.

From the corner of his eye he caught the foaming crest of a wave that towered high on the beam. It shut out the glint on the murky horizon, and a shadow, dark like the night of a squall, fell upon the vessel.

He gazed quickly into the eye of the wind, perceived the danger.

'Hold on! Hold on!' he yelled, waving his arms frantically to encourage the passengers below to action.

The wave reached the starboard side. The vessel came up to an even keel on the slanting volume of mad water. She staggered and shook, smothered herself fore and aft, broached to. Then down she flopped on to her beam ends!

Captain Wicksteed lost his balance. His voice, still yelling encouragement to all hands to hold on for their lives, ended in an incoherent shout as, with a gasp, he fell on his stomach and crashed in a heap into the starboard cab. The crest of the wave flopped in through the open window and covered him.

For a moment he thought the end had come. He was filled with a quiet content. Death had no terrors now. It was cold and wet, that was all. Then, rolling over in the cab, he saw the bridge, the wheelhouse, the murkiness that was the sky, and the third mate gazing fearfully from the centre of the bridge toward him. Death was not so

easy after all. A thought struck him! He was forgetting!

In a second he was on his feet fighting his way hand over hand up the rail toward where the third mate stood clinging desperately to the stanchion, afraid to leave his post until the order had been given, and yet afraid to stay.

'Anybody lost?' Captain Wicksteed shouted, his voice vibrant with anxiety.

'The after starboard boat carried away, sir. Two men in it. That's all!' the third mate answered.

'Passengers or crew?'

'Crew, sir!'

'Good!'

Captain Wicksteed sighed with relief as he pulled himself erect and looked aft. Away over the stern, already almost obscured by the mist, a lifeboat drifted with what looked like a man clinging to the keel.

'Do you want the mate to send a boat after them?' the third mate asked.

'No!' Captain Wicksteed spoke curtly. More lives would be lost in the attempt, he thought. Perhaps also a boat, and all were required. Anyway, members of the crew were paid to be drowned if the emergency demanded it. It was a part of their duty. Passengers paid for safety. He wished, though, that the third mate had n't asked the question. It was stupid of him, but he was young.

III

Freeing one hand from the rail, Captain Wicksteed wiped the salt water from his face. The wind, blowing against his wet clothing, made him shiver, and he wondered if the third mate was thinking he was shaking with fear; there was a queer look in his eyes. It was with difficulty that he could stand, too, for the vessel was lying so far over. Must be all of twenty-five degrees, he thought. Something must be done. At all costs he must maintain his position, his dignity, no matter what happened.

'Sing out to the chief officer!' he shouted. 'Then get me a couple of fathoms of line.'

The third mate disappeared behind the wheelhouse with alacrity. Almost instantly Mr. Armstrong came on to the bridge.

'Yes, sir?' he inquired, his eyes bright with excitement, yet devoid of fear.

Perceiving the eager face before him, a glow of pride surged over Captain Wicksteed. He knew that anything he gave this man to do would be done efficiently, and with dispatch.

'Cut away the deck cargo on the forward well, Armstrong,' he said quietly. 'Then lower the starboard boats and pass them around to the lee side. We 'll load them from there.'

'But won't the deck cargo smash the hatches, sir?'

'Perhaps; better the deck cargo than the sea, Armstrong. I want to get some of the top-hamper off her — to bring her up a bit. It will help a little when getting the boats away. It can be done without doing too much damage?'

'Yes, sir. Very good, sir.'

Mr. Armstrong saluted smartly, pulled himself up the slanting bridge, and swung away easily in the exuberance of his youth.

The third mate came out of the wheelhouse with a length of line. Captain Wicksteed took it from him, and, walking up into the port wing, he made one end of it fast to the upper bridge rail. The other he passed twice around his body and then hitched it beside the first. Being on the high side of his vessel, he was in a position now to keep an eye upon the boat deck and, no matter to what angle she heeled, he could remain upright without holding on.

Very soon, he realized, the lifeboats must leave. Perhaps even now they

should be away. But two reasons encouraged him to delay. The sea was going down. Every minute he waited might mean the saving of a life, a passenger's life. And he knew that it was much safer to be on a large vessel, though sinking, than in a lifeboat suspended from its davits and swinging out over the sea. So with agony furrowed deeply on his face he waited, gazing to leeward for the first signs of a lessening of the wind.

From behind him there came the crash of the deck cargo as it went by the board. The vessel came up a little, though not so very much. Mr. Armstrong bustled on to the boat deck, followed by his sailormen. They tackled the weather boats while the passengers gazed on their activity with calm, tired eyes. The hours of waiting were beginning to show upon their faces.

One by one the boat falls were cut, sending the heavy boats splashing into the sea. A chance had to be taken. With the painters they were passed around the stern and allowed to drift down to leeward. Only one was smashed in the passing.

When the work was done Mr. Armstrong came up the ladder on to the bridge.

'All ready, sir,' he reported; 'I don't think she'll last much longer, sir. She's over now to thirty degrees!'

Captain Wicksteed felt the same about it. He hesitated to speak, while gazing into the face before him. He saw eager eyes, brimful of courage. Such a man now he needed to carry out his final instructions. Once the passengers were in the lifeboats they would be in charge of his subordinate. He must remain alone on his vessel until she went down.

'Ask the wireless operator what news he has,' he said, very quietly. He could have asked the third mate to execute the order, but he wanted to hang on to this youth for but a moment more. Life was racing away from him, racing fast on the wings of the wind.

Mr. Armstrong clung to the jamb of the wheelhouse door and shouted across the bridge.

'There's a vessel close by, sir — the *Norman Star*. She's got a radio bearing of us, but she's hemmed in by the mist and rain and afraid to proceed at full speed in case of collision. The operator says she's coming in very loud, sir.'

'Good!' Captain Wicksteed answered. 'Come here!'

He went on as Mr. Armstrong swung over beside him: 'Load the boats and get them away. Be quick about it, but don't hurry! Pass orders on to all men in charge that they must not lose sight of this vessel until she goes down. Then they must all keep in sight of each other. The mist will swallow them up if they get separated. D'you understand?'

'Perfectly, sir!'

'Very good! Carry on!'

The order was as irrevocable as it was emphatic. He had taken the lives of the passengers from the hands of fate into his own. He was sending them from one danger into another. He wondered if God would stand behind him and see him through. And he wondered what Mary would think of him when he did n't come home.

He had tried so hard to keep her out of his mind, but she was always there. She had asked him the question that was troubling him now. Only once had she asked him, but he knew it was always at the back of her head, like a sore that would not heal.

It had been on the night of his return home from the sea after his first voyage in command. A passenger vessel had gone down while he was away.

He recalled the incident vividly.

It was in the dark of night. They lay together in the great soft bed that always seemed so large to him after sleeping in a bunk so long. He thought she was asleep, she was so quiet.

Suddenly she asked, and he could hear her voice whispering again in his ear: 'Oliver! What would you do if your vessel was going down? Would you go down with her, or would you come home to me?'

He had hesitated too long.

'What would you do, Oliver?' Her voice had been wistful, scarcely more than a whisper.

'I — I don't know.'

She had wept a little, very quietly. He turned away to hide the perplexity in his eyes. Women thought of such disturbing questions to ask!

It had all been so long ago — almost thirty years. Perhaps time had healed the ache within her heart, and she would understand the inexorability of his duty. He should have tried to explain it to her, but he never thought — It was too late now.

With an effort of will he shut her from his thoughts and turned toward the third mate.

'Get down to your boat, mister. Remember your orders and carry them through!'

'Yes, sir! Good-bye, sir!' the third mate answered, scrambling down the ladder like a monkey, so steeply was it suspended over the sea.

'Good luck to you, mister!' Captain Wicksteed shouted after him, and there was a bitter note in his voice. They were leaving him, every one of them, and eager to be away like prisoners released from gaol.

But the cynicism passed as quickly as it had come. Who was he to blame them for clutching at life, while yet there was a hope on which to cling? Youth had so much ahead, and age so little. He had been eager too, like them.

He braced back his shoulders and looked along the boat deck. The boats were getting away without mishap. A lull had come in the wind. It was as well, for the list had increased until the water lapped over the bridge when the vessel sank down in the trough. She was settling fast. The buoyancy was entirely out of her. He could feel the weight of the water within the hull surging about as she heaved and fell listlessly, as if eager for the end.

IV

Mr. Armstrong pulled himself up the ladder, stopped at the top with his legs astride, one foot jammed against the wheelhouse to brace him against the list, his hands gripping the rail to prevent him from crashing into the starboard cab. His oilskins were off. His face was flushed with exertion, his eyes bright with the pride of what he had accomplished.

'All boats are safely away, sir,' he cried. 'Your boat is waiting alongside, sir.'

'Tell them to push off, Armstrong. Take charge of it.'

Captain Wicksteed saw that Mr. Armstrong understood. Bright chap, Armstrong. Smart chap! He'd get a command soon. It was inevitable.

But Mr. Armstrong was speaking.

'Good luck to you, sir!' he cried, and, with a wave of his hand, he swung on to the deck below.

Captain Wicksteed saw him jump for a tackle fall and slide down into the boat that waited below. He felt very much alone. He would have liked to send a message to Mary, to tell her that he had been detained on board. But it was too late now. Armstrong had said 'Good luck' and not 'Good-bye.' Perhaps a bit of luck awaited him yet. A change of wind was imminent. A cold breath touched his cheeks.

A clearance might disclose the *Norman Star* close to, seeking them.

As if to subdue the hope that had sprung within him, the vessel vibrated throughout her length, steadied, then lurched over full upon her beam ends, suspending him by the rope around his waist over the leaping seas. Somewhere, deep down within her, something carried away with an ominous rumbling. Water flung from the engine-room skylights and the fiddley gratings to join that of the sea.

The end was very near. He gazed apathetically on the cold gray water. He had beaten it, saved from its impenetrable depth his passengers. Within an hour they would be safe on board the vessel that waited behind the mist wraith. Of triumph he felt none. Why should he? Soon he would be dead, joined in death to the command of which he had been so proud.

A squall whistled down, black and fierce. The spray and rain drove into his face. He wiped them from his eyes and looked along the length of his vessel. She was queer, lying on her side, and sinking. He thought of the boats. He imagined them away to leeward, drifting in all directions before the wind.

'Fools!' he cried.

A madness possessed him. They must come back! What he had waited for would be lost! Perhaps there was still steam on the siren? Frantically he struggled with the knots of the rope around his waist. But the weight of his body tightened them, and the rain and spray had swollen the manila of which they were made. They would not give beneath the pressure of his fingers.

'Come back! Come back!' he yelled, but his voice was swallowed up in the howling of the squall.

Suddenly he ceased to struggle. Through the curtain of the squall there loomed the outline of a vessel. She could not be more than a quarter of a mile away! She grew in magnitude. A whiff of steam trailed out against the background of mist. They had sighted his vessel. The signal put a cheer within his heart.

Why should he die? His duty was done. He felt in his pockets for a knife, but there was none. He tried to look to leeward, but the deck towered above him, slowly heaving over.

Where were the boats? He willed them to come back! Even now he might be saved.

'Oh, God!' he cried, gazing upward. 'Help me!'

He saw, as if in answer to his cry, a rift in the murk wraith of the storm and, beyond it, the blue sky shining through. It was the eye of God, his God, watching him. In a minute, he knew, the clearance would come.

A great peace came to him. His passengers would be saved. What else mattered? He was very old and weary, and his work was done.

The starboard cab went under the water. A wave leapt up, into his face. He wound his legs around a stanchion, spread out his arms, and gripped the upper rail with his hands. Twisting round in the lashing about his waist, he looked upward toward the blue sky that was ever widening, and he whispered his thanks to God.

The grayness had gone from the sea. It was blue and very warm. It reached up, embraced him.

'Good-bye.' The word was scarcely audible. He was thinking of Mary.

He thought the officers on the other vessel would see him hanging in the lashing. He tried to stand erect, but the feet went from under him. He thought of a line of poetry he had learned in his youth: —

I am the master of my fate.

The vessel capsized and went down.

WHAT IS DEMANDED OF A PROTESTANT RECTOR

BY EDWARD R. FINCH

'I HAVE been on the waiting list for two years now and cannot understand why I am still unable to obtain a sitting in this church. In the churches I have heretofore been acquainted with, the sittings go begging,' said an applicant to a member of the vestry in one of the leading Protestant Episcopal churches in New York City.

'Sorry we cannot accommodate you sooner with a sitting, but the truth is that we have had over one hundred and fifty on the waiting list for three years now. The applicants increase and there are fewer pews with vacant seats, because when those who have sittings are to be away for any length of time, instead of relinquishing the pews as in the ordinary case, they merely sublet them to their friends, so we are at our wits' end to accommodate the applicants. The church already has twenty-five hundred sittings, and we do not wish to make it larger for the reason that the effective use of personality puts physical limitations on the size of the church building. When you make it larger, the hearer might just as well be listening in on a radio,' replied the person addressed.

'I come to hear the lessons read as much as I do the sermon, although the rector is admittedly one of the greatest preachers in the world to-day,' said a member who had overheard the above conversation. 'I come to sing the canticles,' said a third member. 'And I enjoy the responsive reading of the Psalms,' said a fourth. 'While I enjoy most the extra hymn and the congregational singing,' said a fifth. Thus was emphasized one of the first demands on the modern Protestant rector — namely, bringing out all parts of the service, rather than building the whole service around the sermon, as is the rule in most Protestant churches.

How often has the average attendant heard the lesson read in a singsong voice, while apparently most of the attention of the reader was elsewhere than upon his reading. In the church in question, the reason why one can hear a pin drop during the reading of the lesson and why not a word escapes those listening is that the rector devotes time and thought to a consideration of the lessons to be read and then reads them in a way that can only be done when the entire concentration of the reader is centred upon what he is doing.

The moving power and the spiritual experience derived from mass singing have long been recognized, but even with this knowledge it is surprising how often this appealing side of a service has been neglected. The enjoyment and spiritual value of congregational singing of the canticles are still territory mostly unexplored. Even when the value is recognized, many rectors do not know how to secure it. To achieve the desired result, the organist must often repeat the simple canticles until the congregation as a whole becomes familiar with them. The moving power of the well-known canticles greatly surpasses the more elaborate music. In this connection it is surprising how most church organ-

ists seek to emphasize their individual importance at the expense of sinking their individuality in the greater unity of the service and making it an integral whole. An extreme case is the story of an organist who sent the verger to request the one member of the congregation who insisted on joining the choir in the singing of the canticles kindly to desist. 'But is this not a house of God where I have a right to sing?' said the person addressed. 'Not at all,' replied the verger; 'this is a private chapel.' Many organists do not differentiate, so far as their part is concerned, between an operatic performance and a church service. In each case they forget that an opera is a spectacle and a church service a common act of worship.

Many of the average congregations unknowingly take the same point of view. They do not distinguish between attending a church and attending the opera, and regard what takes place as something apart which they have come to criticize or enjoy as a spectacle, and not as an act of worship in which they are an integral part. This point of view likewise often possessed the old-fashioned rector, who enjoyed his individual rôle as preacher. The successful modern rector has discovered that he must bring out each part of the service to an importance of the first order and must lead the congregation as a whole, so that the members are performing an act of worship in which the organist, choir, and rector are but mere instruments playing a necessary but not the entire part in the spiritual act of a large number of persons coming together for common worship. A realization and carrying out of this idea means full churches in place of half-empty ones. One is often reminded of the congregation which, after listening to poorly executed music that was over the head of the organist and choir, finally effected a compromise by suggesting that if the organist would play the hymn tunes with which the congregation was familiar, and the simple canticles, he could do what he pleased during the offertory.

Of course, well-attended churches with waiting lists for sittings would be a distinct novelty. To hear many talk one would think this was the only thing desired. Much more, however, is demanded of the modern rector. He must be sincere, else he can bring only half-hearted comfort. He must have faith in the fundamentals. This faith must not be confused with belief in dogma or theology as such. Then, too, the themes of his sermons must be constructive and not merely critical. Continual criticism soon develops into continual faultfinding, without constructive thought. Successful constructive thought involves responsibility which the nagging critic need not shoulder.

A check-up on the sermons taken on a random Sunday in the Borough of Manhattan showed that 70 per cent of them consisted merely of criticism, followed by the usual weak exhortation to lead a Christian life, and that only 30 per cent attempted to lead constructively. Furthermore, many preachers follow continuously a main theme of what may be called a modified, dignified Billy Sunday type — namely, an appeal to the unbelievers and, nowadays particularly, to the young person to embrace religion, the average rector thinking that the young people are going to the bad, forgetting that each older generation adopts this point of view regarding the younger.

The average modern rector must not forget that most of his congregation already agree with him as to the essentials of a well-ordered life, but ask him to go a step further and consider with them the beauty of holiness of things

spiritual or to help them with the practical problems as they arise.

'Why does n't our rector tell us how to apply at the bridge table the doctrines for which he contends, and in other everyday affairs of life?' said one young woman. 'I am glad to go to church, as our rector never attempts to speak on political subjects; when rectors do, they know so little about politics that it bores you to listen to them,' said another prominent political leader. The average modern rector realizes that his field is vast enough and deep enough to demand his whole attention, and leaves secular topics to those to whom they belong.

To go a step further, the modern rector may develop the beauties of the service. One way is to have a main theme, with his scriptural reading, his sermon, and his hymns all chosen with reference to the central idea. This adds a beauty of unity to be enjoyed by the less superficial members of the congregation and gives a depth to the service. Of course, it takes time and attention, but the average modern rector in the average Protestant church in New York is no longer to be pitied in regard to money received, or assistance, or compensation. His salary and emoluments compare favorably with the most favored in any other walk of life, including business, while the assistance he has in his profession far outstrips that of his brother in other professional fields. Of course, this does not hold true of the clergy as a whole, but it does of a few churches in the great cities. Accordingly, much may be asked where much is given. Besides, these men are and should be chosen for their extraordinary abilities, because of the commanding leadership which they should assume. One difficulty for the average vestry lies in finding applicants big enough to fill the positions in the great urban churches. Too often a vestry of exceptional men must sit around and inwardly smile at the smallness and pettiness and self-opinionation of their chosen leader in things spiritual. The average modern rector needs the enthusiastic help and support of his vestry.

It is likewise demanded of the modern rector that, in a vestry meeting, the truth and the wisdom of the questions presented must be determined on the merits of the case, and both the vestry and the rector must work in harmony, each giving way to the cause that has the greater reason. Too often a rector pig-headedly insists upon his own policy and accuses of disloyalty those who dissent, even when a full discussion has shown the weakness of his position. So, too, some vestries hamper the clergymen, but in general the vestries are too subservient.

The path of the modern rector is admittedly beset with difficulties, but his profession is indeed the greatest adventure of all. How best to bring peace of mind and comfort and spiritual leadership to the great mass of trouble-minded humanity is his goal; and religion and education, after all, are essential for an enduring nation. If religion existed merely as a means of keeping quiet masses of humanity, as charged by some critics, it goes without saying that it could not exist. Religion is, as it must be, a sustaining hope of each individual, small and great.

NOW YOU ARE IN YOUR COUNTRY

Now you are in your country,
  And I, locked fast in mine,
Walk the white roads in silence,
  And see my sun decline.

I see the whole west breaking
  In flame again, to-night;
And earth to peace receding
  Through valleys of delight.

Sleep in your pleasant country,
  Lie down at last, content,
The hills of constant heaven
  Your dream's bright battlement;

Know that the stars you talk with
  Have eyes on fields at home,
Or buds on banks you dream of
  Now break in scented foam;

For death has hung no silence,
  Nor spring withheld one sign,
Since you turned to your country
  And left me locked in mine.

FRANK KENDON

FAR COUNTRIES

BY LEONORE HAMILTON WILSON

I

A good many years ago, a small girl made the delightful discovery that the joy of travel was not how far you went, but what you brought back with you. Nor were her voyages as circumscribed as one might naturally suppose when it is considered that, in general, they were limited to eight or ten closely built blocks of a little town in Western Maryland.

Although Hagerstown was settled by Germans, adventurous spirits from many lands later flocked to the beautiful valley in the Far West. Pretty well undisturbed by the world east of the mountain barrier of the Blue Ridge, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, English, and French made the best of it together. Sturdily independent when they came, sturdily independent each race continued, in its family life, to preserve its peculiar customs. So, without being in the least aware of it, we were a little League of Nations and demonstrated, a hundred years before anybody had thought of it, that it was a perfectly feasible scheme.

So it was across no more perilous seas than the puddles of a rain-wet street that I had to go to find myself in early nineteenth-century England. On a hot summer morning, to open the front door of the red brick Georgian house and step into the wide hall with its gray, marbleized paper was to enter a cool cave. Before running through it to the door that led to the garden, there was an appreciative pause before a large steel engraving in which a gentleman in a brief tunic, disregarding a richly laden table, gazed with an expression of acute distaste at a great sword dangling from the ceiling. This gem, the title of which I complacently rendered 'The Sword of Damacockles,' I considered the highest expression of art. There was, too, a quick side step into the back parlor. Under the chill stare of an old gentleman hanging above the mantel and looking over a rampart of white neckcloth, a beloved volume of *Godey's Lady's Book* was abstracted from the bookcase. Then out to curl up in the gnarled roots of a silver poplar tree to read with impassioned interest the tale of *Arabella, or the Bosom Serpent.* The unctuous author would have been perturbed to know that sympathy was entirely with the wicked Arabella, who, disappointingly, did not quite make off with the suitor of the obnoxious young 'female friend,' for whom the phrase 'bathed in tears' must surely have been invented.

That ended, I would watch the two ladies, Miss Patsy and Miss Betty, as they moved up and down the mossy, red brick paths between the box borders. They wore full, black silk skirts and white muslin morning jackets with pinked ruffles, and might quite well have been faceless, so entirely were their features obscured by the flat sundowns tied close under their chins with broad black ribbons. The whisper of the silk skirts and the gentle murmur of their voices came and went as Miss Patsy cut the Cloth of Gold and the

Baltimore Belle roses while Miss Betty held the basket—epitomizing the entire conduct of their lives. They must have pursued the usual avocations of the housekeepers of the day, but I have no memory of them save in the garden and, in the evening, sitting at the parlor windows that gave on the street.

An elderly lady made her home with them for a number of years and spent endless hours creating Canton-flannel rabbits. These lumpy animals had inordinately long, pink cambric ears, while their faces were enlivened by eyes composed of shiny black shoe buttons. True to their kind, they thickly populated the basket of the Lady's Aid Society, which, monthly, reluctant little Episcopalians carried from door to door, and every luckless infant in the fold had its nervous system seriously impaired by the relentless gaze of these implacable beasts.

When the time came for the last of the charming sisters to die, she had long since outlived her day and generation, and the grandsons of old friends were asked to be the bearers. They were, surprisingly, requested to wear their high silk hats. To their horror these were tied around with wide black ribbon, with a large bow in the back and floating streamers to the waist. Furthermore, dense black gloves were given them to wear. The wretched young gentlemen bore up as best they could under their doleful plumage. I judge it to have been the last appearance of weepers in the United States. Although I witnessed the funeral, I can never think of the sisters as dying, but as having stepped, not into the grave, but back into the delightful pages of Jane Austen, from whence they must surely have come.

An easy trip was made from England to Germany by the simple process of recrossing the street. And not only Germany, but the peculiar Germany of the Dunkard folk. In conformance with a conviction that the way of life was to be walked soberly and in a literal interpretation of the Word, a patriarchal simplicity ruled the household. In contrast to the lively chatter at our own table, I relished the silence that prevailed throughout the meal, after the blessing was asked by the father, standing in his quaintly cut buttonless suit, his lip shaven, but the chin covered with a beard. The older brother and sister, to whom we were expected to say 'Yes, ma'am' and 'No, sir,' might join in a few murmured phrases while we ate, but from the young ones silence was expected. This putting aside of the vain luxuries of life did not preclude a generous abundance of all the comforts, and there was an emanation clearly felt of a pleasant and tranquil contentment.

The house was enveloped, periodically, in another emanation, of mysterious herbs and other boiling medicaments, as the father was a physician and a compounder and dispenser of his own medicines. Little leaflets were folded in three and wrapped with each bottle, and we stood for hours folding them with incredible quickness, to be rewarded with thick sticks of black licorice that, after fifteen minutes of diligent sucking, were guaranteed to destroy all appetite for twenty-four hours.

After a game of play, it was like entering the pool of Siloam to go into the spacious upstairs room where the mother and grandmother sat at their sewing. The walnut and cherry chests of drawers with their glittering brass handles, on the bed the 'Star of the East' quilt, with its innumerable pieces and tiny stitches, the hooked rugs, naïvely expressing the taste of the designer, apparently floating on the dark waxed floor, and the two quiet

figures in the sober dresses made a picture worthy of the brush of the old Dutch masters.

The only object in the room that met with disfavor was the hooded walnut cradle with its diadem of brass knobs. As duty came before pleasure, my little friend had to rock the baby to sleep before she was free to play. I can hear her now, as we sat on the floor, jerking the loudly protesting occupant back and forth, her round blue eyes and rosy cheeks rising, moon-like, as her side went violently down, exclaiming with gloomy conviction, 'The old baby ain't worth it!'

Very different was the simplicity of a household some distance away, where Scotch thrift was carried to the highest degree. In the big brick mansion, the long parlor, with the drawn damask curtains, the handsome Sully portraits, and the heavy mahogany furniture, never knew the cheery happiness of a fire. On a cold winter's day the family moved through the icy halls with steam issuing from their mouths like so many engines. I recall a festivity at which, our noses shining bright red above our fur collars, we sat on the slippery Chippendale chairs and convivially drank very pale and very sour lemonade, accompanied by the variety of ginger cookies only to be found in crossroad country stores. I had not the good fortune to be present at the more lavish entertainment where cracked nuts were added to the menu and a son was sent to borrow a package of large darning needles to be used as nut picks. This same son, although not quite 'all there' mentally, was a champion borrower and established an all-time record in fetching and returning a neighbor's eight-day clock key every week for twenty years. He made the classic reply to the inquiry as to his mother, — dying, true to tradition, on a horsehair-covered sofa, to save the washing of sheets, — 'Ma is mighty bad off — she can't neither set nor lay.'

II

Obviously the early nineteenth-century houses in Hagerstown were designed and built by men, without any suggestions from the other sex, for the spacious brick dwellings climbing up the Washington Street hill had each a one-storied office building attached to and opening into the main structure. The man of the house was supposed to spend his waking hours there attending to his legal or medical business — for most of the gentlemen followed one or the other of these professions. The truth was that it gave an unexcelled opportunity to extend a masculine supervision over all household affairs that must have been exceedingly trying to feminine patience. In some of them, too, there was a threadbare path in the carpet that led from the office door to the sideboard where the portly decanters were kept.

There was a perilous joy in spending the night in one of these houses where a paterfamilias of good old English yeoman stock kept watch and ward over his family. The good old yeoman idea prevailed of not sparing the rod, as well as the custom of family prayers, at which, no matter how late they had been up the night before, all were obliged to be present at seven-thirty in the morning. Prayers were read from a large black book, entitled Jay's *Morning and Evening Exercises*, with sometimes the Litany thrown in for good measure. Those of us who were well out of range of the keen paternal eye were wont to sit back on our heels, monotonously droning ''seech thee, good Lord,' while we hungrily eyed the fast-cooling oatmeal.

By the perverse impishness of Fate, the one twisted old apple tree in town

that bore forbidden pale yellow-green balls of nectar known as June Transparents grew close to the office window that overlooked the garden of this house. Urged on by crafty Eves, safely ensconced on the upper back porch, daring Adams, hoping the coast clear, essayed to garner the fruit. Inevitably Nemesis issued forth armed with a buggy whip. Penned in by the high garden walls, the luckless pilferers, with shrill outcries, indulged in antic leapings that would have turned a dancing dervish sick with envy. Ironically the one fat boy, too heavy to climb the tree, also lacked the agility to outstep the whip, and as the slender lash curled lovingly around his plump calves, his yelps of anguish, like Abou ben Adhem, led all the rest. Characteristically English, too, after the shouting and the tumult died, was the lack of rancor. The girls had the apples, the boys had the 'licking' — and the incident was closed.

It took the small traveler only the few moments necessary to run down the back passage leading from the living to the service end of any house to find herself on Afric's distant shore. In all of the kitchens presided over by the pleasant, kindly brown people, there was only one in which we were not welcome — the one in which Aunt Fanny held sway. Her cooking labors suspended, she would sit outside the kitchen door, smoking a short black pipe. Huddled at one end of the bench dedicated to the washtubs, we would gaze across Heaven knows what strange dark seas to the squat old figure and the aged, inscrutable, wrinkled face, topped with the bright bandanna. And as we looked, a mysterious, malevolent miasma seemed to rise in the summer-sweet air of the garden.

When she had had enough of our silent inspection, a wave of the pipe and a muttered something we never tarried long enough to hear clearly, about sending us to 'where the dogs don't bark,' would blow us away like chaff before the wind. It was a relief to seek the comforting presence of our housemaid Annie, a gentle, sweet-faced colored woman, who walked with the wide eyes of the mystic. In fact she spent most of the time in the society of ghosts — a peculiar taste she explained by saying they were lonely and were glad to be with someone who sympathized with them. When she swept and dusted the big parlors, the stately figure of a handsome gentleman, clad in blue broadcloth and white frilled shirt, paced up and down the length of the rooms. As a final and disconcerting touch to his costume he wore a noose around his neck, with the loose end trailing on the floor. The poor man was the original owner of the house, and, finding himself financially embarrassed, dispatched his difficulties and himself at one and the same time. The lovely young lady who followed Annie from room to room upstairs was a more agreeable companion, if you had any preference as to ghosts, for there was something appealing about her, in her airy ruffled skirts and flowing curls. Surely it must have been she who, in an idle hour, cut 'Alice, 1844' on the pane of glass in the little hall bedroom.

Annie, like all of the Hagerstown servants, went to her own house every night, and there her good husband Jake, departed this life years before, lit the lamps, fed the fire, and sat at ghostly ease before it to await her coming. It is the only instance I ever knew of a ghost bestirring itself to do anything useful.

Ready, as she always was, to tell us the latest news of the spirit world, or to discourse on the Bible, in which she was remarkably well versed, it was only when we questioned her about

Aunt Fanny that she fell silent and withdrew behind the curtain that veils, at will, the baffling soul of her race from the white people.

III

It was a rare treat to travel the two blocks away to spend the night in the quaint house on Franklin Street where dwelt my two maiden aunts. We went to bed entirely at the whim of the little dog Dick, who, being by nature a sybarite, had abandoned the strenuous life with us to live in pampered ease and quiet. Beside the adoring sisters, a bachelor uncle brought him tribute every Sunday — in winter a dozen raw oysters, in summer a carton of ice cream. So when he took his seat before each of us in turn, yawning portentously, no matter how early the hour we straightway retired.

See us then in procession. My aunts had never become reconciled to the use of gas, so Aunt Anna Mary, bearing a small glass oil lamp, went from room to room, while Aunt Julia saw that the heavy shutters had been shut and bolted and the doors locked and barred. Then up the nine stairs to the landing and four more to the upper story. I never paused on that landing, for Aunt Anna Mary, by virtue of her Scotch blood, had the gift of second-sight and told me that when any of the family lay dying she saw those who had gone before stand there and whisper and beckon to the passing soul. Sometimes I would wake at night with a deadly clutch at my small heart, wondering if they were whispering and beckoning to me.

The room we slept in was long and low-ceiled, with a bed at either end. In the centre was the chimney, and the lamp was set in a china basin in the fireplace, to burn dimly and safely the night through. On one side of the chimney was a mahogany rocking-chair, in which Aunt Anna Mary sat and rocked and murmured aloud the greater part of the night. On the other was a little antique doll's bed of walnut, with high posts. In it Dick went ceremoniously to bed, his rough-haired little head and bright black eyes looking comical enough on the pillow. In summer a mosquito netting was draped over the posts to insure his button of a nose against bites. After all these preparations one would think we were settled for the night. But no. In a few moments, one or the other of the aunts would certainly exclaim, 'Did we shut the pantry window?' and although we knew we had, the lamp was lifted, the procession re-formed, and with Dick trailing clouds of netting we went to make assurance doubly sure.

In all of the eighty-odd years of their peaceful lives, but twice were they justified of their fears. Once when a too convivial neighbor clamored for admittance, under the impression that he had reached his own rooftree, and again during the Civil War, when, in one of the skirmishes preceding the battle of Antietam, when for three days the little town throbbed with the dismal booming of the cannon but ten miles away, a young soldier fell wounded on their porch. He was taken in and tenderly nursed back to health, but alas! contrary to all the rules of romance as conducted between handsome young ladies and wounded warriors, at the end of some months of convalescence he casually left one day without farewell, and was never heard of more. In spite of this slender record, my aunts still believed in preparedness and nightly dressed in long, straight white garments, surmounted by frilled bed jackets, thus modestly prepared for any emergency, no matter how dire.

As the ultimate pleasure of the whole

proceeding, I took to the bed I shared with my Aunt Julia a large piece of bread, well buttered and covered with brown sugar. I still marvel at the patience that accepted the martyrdom of crumbs that must have been her night-long penance.

My Aunt Julia was one of those to whom the flowers are friendly. Her borders wore the richest bloom, her mignonette was the sweetest, her pansies had the most alluring faces. When she stirred the earth and tended them she was assisted by Betty, the little white hen.

Now Betty was no common fowl, for one bitter night her poor feet were frozen off, and so overcome were the tender-hearted ladies by the tragedy that they could not have her killed and eaten. She proved worthy of their care and to be cast in heroic mould, for, with valorous determination, she learned to balance and walk on her stumps. With a raffish air and the gait of a drunken sailor, she assiduously followed my aunt up and down the garden. When, as often happened, she fell forward on her beak, she righted herself with an undismayed cluck and rolled merrily along. By virtue of this strength of character she became a member of the family and was inquired for as such.

My Aunt Anna Mary should have been named Martha, for on her rested the household cares. She was up so much betimes on Saturday morning that she set out, wrapped in what she called her 'dolman' and with her oval Scotch face framed in the black bonnet, in time to hear the opening bell at four o'clock. No trading was allowed before then, but by many thrifty matrons selections had been made, and at times it happened that a specially fine fowl might be the choice of more than one. If so, they were sometimes seen each holding a leg, with dread determination. She who, at the first tap of the bell, gave the most dexterous jerk, thereby gaining possession of the corpus, triumphantly bore off the spoils of war.

My aunt was of the fixed opinion that only the first pick of the market was worth buying and so paid no heed when, later in the morning, Bob's wagon clattered down the street to the tune of 'Fresh feesh! Fresh feesh! Annie Ranel Cant-ee-lopes!' — to which base uses had the noble name of Anne Arundel come. Nor was she to be lured by colored Levi's rich baritone ringing out on frosty mornings in: —

'Shuck oysters. Shuck oysters. Shuck oysters, I cry.
I love the good reason the ladies do buy.'

It was only logical that, when breakfast was eaten before dawn, one should dine at ten-thirty and sup at four. We thought it an excellent arrangement, as it made a never-failing source of supplies when the pangs of hunger assailed us between our more normally placed meals.

IV

At times it was my good luck to be the chosen child to journey with my father to one or the other of his farms. It was not only the pleasure of the lands I was to wander in, but the method of getting there that was diverting. My father had uncommon powers of concentration which made him completely oblivious of his surroundings. Prince, the pretty bay horse that drew the buggy, was well aware of this peculiarity, and when the reins slackened fell into a walk and then slyly crept off the road, to hang his head in deep meditation over the near-by fence. Here we would silently sit, to my delight, until some amused passer-by would call out, 'Hey! Where are you going, Governor?' and then with a 'Tut! Tut!

Go along, Prince,' the journey would be resumed. If Prince did not turn his shapely head and wink at me, I know nothing of a horse.

There were other interruptions to making time, for at the sight of the familiar figure many a plough was left and wagons halted, while the men came to the roadside. It was a tribute to his character that it was generally the discouraged and downhearted who sought his aid and counsel. It was not very enlivening talk for a little girl, and she gave it but scant heed. One thing alone was not to be disregarded — a vague something called a Mortgage, which, like King Charles's head, crept into every conversation and was pictured as a great, devouring monster dragging its blighting length across the fields at night. Metaphorically speaking, the fancy did not go far astray.

There must have been some frank comment on the dullness of these wayside conversations, for I remember being told that no one was so humble or unlearned that he had not something of value to impart. I must have been the glittering exception to the rule, for my father was greatly dismayed to learn that, at the age of twelve, I preferred *Little Women* to Froude's *History of England*, although I laboriously waded through the latter to please him — in an effort, I suppose, to live up to the depressing family tradition that, when six years old, he read and digested Josephus.

His pronouncement on my hard-won information was somewhat discouraging, as I heard him declare to my mother, with his customary vehemence, 'Clara, that child has the lightest mental cargo it is possible for a human being to carry.'

As a further barricade against the onslaughts of a superiority complex — only we bluntly called it conceit — my oldest sister had composed in my honor a poem of some twenty stanzas, the first lines being: —

> A mother young and fair to see,
> Though many daughters fat had she.
> The Idiot! The Idiot!

It was a hideous narrative of the oldest-born dropping the baby on its head, from whence its brains clammily oozed out — hence the dismal refrain. In spite of maternal reassurances, I was much given to going into secluded corners and anxiously feeling my small pate for the crack. I imagine the present school of child psychology would consider this doubtful treatment. It had, however, the supreme qualification of being 100 per cent effective.

V

To return to our travels. The journey took some time if our destination was the farm ten miles off, whose twelve hundred rich acres rolled in hills and spread in level pastures in the shadow of the western mountains, and were part of the vast tract of land originally granted to the Earl of Stafford by Charles the First. The tenant farmer found ample room for his family in the long wing of the large house, embowered in trees, built on the highest eminence. It was only one of many in Washington County that still stand, silent relics of a departed mode of life. One by one they slipped from the hands of the English, slaveholding owners who, in a changing economic era, were blandly unconscious that, beside a large family, a houseful of company (not omitting the maiden aunts and destitute relations who filled every odd nook) was literally eating them out of house and home. Irresistibly the rising tide of commercialism in the person of the thrifty, indefatigable German farmer, whose idea of relaxation from work was to do some other kind of

work, submerged the county gentry, and they were gone, one hardly knew when or how.

There was a half-timid joy in slipping alone into the empty rooms of the main house, so still they were, so waiting in their stillness. It was as if the fires had just gone out in the great fireplaces and the company but just gone through the doorways with their grooved and fluted mouldings. A wide hall ran through the house to meet an equally wide cross hall. Surprisingly, instead of the usual broad, gracious stairway of the Maryland manor house, on opening a small door one discovered narrow steps running darkly and secretly up between the walls.

From the back hall one went down a flight of steps to the lawn level and then, by a succession of terraces, to the abandoned and neglected sunken garden held in by sloping banks of myrtle. Standing in the sagging rose arbor, one heard at first nothing but the little life of the birds and bees, but slowly came the consciousness of something more. Surely behind the lilac hedge there were the rustling of skirts and the sound of softly pacing feet, while from the straggling clumps of lavender and lemon verbena arose a fragrant sighing, as if the unseen lips of Romance lamented the happy days that were no more.

Suddenly oppressed, it was good to run from this pool of unreality to the upper level and around the house where my father sat on the porch and talked on the homely, comfortable topics of pigs and cows and crops. It was good, too, to sit beside him, Prince trotting homeward with happy alacrity, and see, in the blue dusk, the supernal beauty of a myriad fireflies rising from the tawny wheat.

My father did not spoil the pleasure of these trips with moral lectures, but we were at no loss to understand his passionate love of honesty, both in public and in private affairs. Like a good many of his other hearers, we admired his principles in the abstract and secretly thought he leaned backward in the application of them. Take the matter of the silver dollars. Unbelievably, my brother and I had found two of them in an alleyway and ran home to show the manna cast at our feet. We were horror-struck when he said it must be advertised in the paper. However, he made the major error of his legal career in not holding the treasure in escrow, for a hastily summoned back-yard Court of Appeals decided without a dissenting opinion that 'Findings were keepings,' so we went posthaste and spent it. Fortunately no one turned up to claim the 'sum of money found, and so forth,' but beside the payment of the advertisement another two dollars went into the pocket of the good doctor who automatically took charge of us after the orgy.

We also deplored his habit of frowning upon the perquisites and gifts that are pressed on anyone who has attained political preferment. The latter displayed a varied and sometimes a pathetic taste, but in general it ran to live animals which we welcomed with open arms and no *arrière-pensées*. But just what political or private aspirations could be furthered by a terror-stricken coon leaping around the cellar and defying capture, it puzzles me now to conjecture.

There remains, too, a pensive memory of a dozen diamond-back terrapin (an expensive gift even for those days) which my brother and I let out of the crate and which, with the most unexpected celerity, scuttled under tons of coal and were never more seen.

All unaware of her rare good fortune, the small voyager sailed from port to port, observing the customs and habits and enjoying the dishes of many

lands, ranging from the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding of England, through the sausages of Germany, to the delectable apple fritters and brandy sauce of France. But even as she looked came a change. Quick transportation made the world smaller, and from all sides the relentless pressure of Standardization bore down upon us until, ere long, we walked in the proud consciousness of being exactly like everybody everywhere.

And like all mariners who, at the end of their years, sail for the home harbor, she too, who had been 'strange countries for to see,' when the dusk fell and the twinkling lights beckoned, dropped anchor in safe waters and bore ashore an imperishable cargo of happy memories.

OUT OF UNEMPLOYMENT INTO LEISURE

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

WHATEVER else it may be, civilization is beyond doubt a way of life which tends to free human beings from necessity to labor, and at its best it is also a way of life which moves men to work when they are under no economic need to do so. One product of civilization is relatively abundant free time, which includes both leisure and unemployment.

Leisure, of course, is free time in which one is secure in doing nothing, if doing nothing is what one wants to do, while unemployment is free time in which one feels insecure about his immediate future. This insecurity now presses upon industry and politics, and demands the attention of the thoughtful.

Leisure and unemployment grade insensibly into each other, and are not easily separated. A forehanded workingman, with a stake laid by, may be counted in unemployment statistics, but if he goes fishing or traveling during the lay-off he is obviously a member of the leisure class for the time being. But the lay-off may continue until fear overtakes him; then he becomes truly, as well as statistically, unemployed. Mere absence from the pay roll for one who is usually gainfully employed is not necessarily unemployment, although it is the fashion to build unemployment totals on that basis. At present no doubt some persons are counted as unemployed who have merely changed occupations under economic pressure. Large numbers of young men and women have returned, for instance, to the farms of their origin. There they receive perhaps only food and shelter in return for their work, and the 'pay-day jobs' can have them back any day; but nevertheless they possess, through family sentiment, a power to wait which the urban unemployed seldom enjoys.

Both leisure and unemployment flow from increased efficiency in producing desired goods and services. Changing desire can glut a market, yet desires are not easily charted or controlled.

Wants may be infinite in variety and extent, but they are always under the restraint of fear, which rouses the desire for security. To want a thing is also to want the security in which to use or enjoy it. Many influences meet in a wide market glut, but fear is especially active then, revealing itself in more desire for security and less desire for goods. When fear enters, thrift follows; and many persons able to continue buying goods at the old rate prefer to buy future income or enlarge their reserves. This preference reënforces, at least temporarily, the heavier drag on consumption arising from sheer inability to buy because of lower earnings.

Merely shortening the hours of labor does not of itself reduce unemployment, except for brief periods. A short working day at low wages means low purchasing power; and it is obvious that no industry, short of monopoly, can pay high wages for short hours unless the public can and will take off its hands promptly the goods produced by operations so efficient that the returns defray these high wages and all other costs and leave a profit. There is no really effective way of reducing industrial unemployment except by reducing the insecurity of industrial operatives.

However, it is equally clear that no plan to reduce industrial insecurity can endure for long which causes thrifty — or, if you please, timid — folk to feel that the situation is being stabilized at their expense. Under a price level which seems to them unfair, they restrict their purchases; and, realizing the inevitable result of unsound policy, they may send their savings into other fields, since capital is the most fluid element in modern economic life, with an uncanny ability to flee the scene of rash experiment.

II

The modern man out of work and the modern man of leisure are alike growths of our civilization; but the former is a dusty, roadside weed, while the latter is a garden bloom. The leisurely live in a protected environment which frequently becomes a bore, and they are so far a specialized product that the perpetuation of family lines frequently becomes, for one reason or another, impossible. It is a commonplace that riches and life seldom walk hand in hand through many generations. While he continues, however, the man of leisure disposes of earnings which arise from the labors of others, either through his possession of capital or through the gifts of earners, or some combination of these sources, while the man out of work is rarely able to draw on either of these sources for enough to keep him in health, strength, and good cheer. Therefore the man out of work is predisposed to look upon the man of leisure as a curse, and upon himself as a martyr. In misfortune he lends ready ear to advices which tell him that as soon as the man of leisure is eliminated unemployment will cease, because then labor will get the full reward of toil and can consume all goods produced.

Is the case really so simple? While many leisured persons do next to nothing which can be measured by the yardstick of utility, others punctuate their leisure by periods of intense work. In such cases it is impossible to separate, without a case record of their lives, the period of incubation of ideas, which is usually long, from the period of organizing and presenting those ideas, which may be very short. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his essay on leisure entitled 'An Apology for Idlers,' indicates that his contributions, which the world would not willingly forgo, were

conceived in long leisure, though we are aware they were executed with painstaking toil at the end. I know a wealthy man who appears to be leading a life of consummate leisure, yet at infrequent intervals he brings forth inventions which have probably been taking shape in the back of his mind all the time he has been fishing and golfing. Count Keyserling is a man of leisure in the sense that his philosophy scarcely could have ripened in the hurly-burly of direct, daily responsibilities; yet few will deny that he has deepened the current of thought in our time.

Sustained thought, one of the most toilsome tasks known to man and upon which social advance utterly depends, is often mistaken for idleness merely because the thinker keeps quiet, while most other toil requires motion and noise. It is probable that the unique contributions of a few leisurely persons more than overbalance, in survival value, the dead weight of those who do absolutely nothing of utility with their time. In America even the unemployed applaud the contributions of the leisured, provided that these activities are not in direct competition with what the unemployed would like to be doing for wages. Those who warm park benches read with more pride than envy the sportive exploits of yachtsmen, polo players, and amateur tennis stars.

Since so many aspects of material progress have been found to return great profits, the nursing of progress has passed from amateurs to professional groups — to laboratory and field staffs maintained by associations, foundations, corporations, or government. But for centuries man's control over nature increased largely through the unpaid energies of individuals free from the necessity to earn their bread in the sweat of their brows. Of this patient company were Roger and Francis Bacon, John Evelyn, Gilbert White, Coke of Norfolk, Benjamin Franklin in his prosperous years, and many another investigator less known to fame. Innumerable others, almost forgotten now, could be added; for instance, the picturesque Elkanah Watson, the father of the county fair in America, who spent his leisure and his fortune importing plants and animals from the Old World to the New, acclimating them, and conducting breeding and seed-selecting experiments until his wealth was exhausted. To his hard-pressed neighbors in the Berkshires of 1810, Watson must have seemed a man of leisure, since he was under no compulsion to arise early and work late, and because he used daylight hours for purposes which they considered play. Nevertheless Watson's play-work meant far more to agriculture and stock raising than all the furious labors of his neighbor critics. No generation is capable of judging the ultimate utility of the often random, amateurish output of its leisured persons. Precisely because they are not on the pay roll, the results may be a long time maturing, and even then may not be measurable in coin of the realm. Who could assay in pounds sterling the value of those noble English gardens which John Evelyn laid out for his friends, or measure the value added to English life by the continued emulation of his successes in that field?

Looking backward, one perceives that civilization could never have begun or continued without leisure. The Latin *civis*, 'citizen,' is closely related to *quies* or 'quiet'; those who were freed from necessity to labor by the possession of slaves could devote themselves to administrations and legislation. Our own Washington could scarcely have led America to inde-

pendence unless he had been wealthy enough to command public respect by refusing a salary as commander in chief of the army. The responsibility of the leisured to keep government pure and effective is still taken seriously by many individuals, and sporadically finds expression in intense but short-lived reform movements, but who can say that the political responsibility of the leisured has been measurably met in racket-ridden America? Too many Americans who are free from economic compulsion have accepted other compulsions, and hurry this way and that on a schedule of recreation almost as binding as that of toil, to the disregard of the duties of citizenship involved in ownership and at the sacrifice of reflection and analysis. And yet, on the whole, it is certain that democracy, betrayed by so many of its paid servants, can find rescuers more readily among the leisured than elsewhere, since democratic distrust of salaried experts is notorious.

Civilization, it is evident, can hardly be deepened by eliminating the well-to-do leisured for the theoretical benefit of the unemployed. It may conceivably be broadened by that process; certainly is being broadened in Russia: that is to say, more Russians are in contact with the practical phases of modern civilization than were ever in contact with those phases before. But to broaden civilization without deepening it is merely deferring to another day the inevitable task of searching out and making accessible the elements of that 'good life' which is the objective of the human spirit at its best. As things go, the search for the more elusive elements of the 'good life' proceeds to a large degree as a result of individual enthusiasms, chiefly amateur and unpaid, which can hardly be regimented and directed by government. When government steps in, the enthusiasm of their proponents evaporates, and the steam roller rouses that resentment which, among us, is inseparable from compulsion. Prohibition is a pat example of this double tendency; enthusiasts for prohibition ceased making converts after the Eighteenth Amendment passed, and attempts at enforcement soon took on the aspect of tyranny to millions of persons.

III

Just as leisure seems necessary to the deepening of civilization, so unemployment is necessary to its broadening. I find so eminent a person as Owen D. Young, who is usually sound as salvation, saying, 'It is ridiculous to speak of unemployment as a necessary condition of human society.' Well, unemployment seems to be, at the very least, an essential element in the economic progress of society, and no advancing, or enduring, people has been able to escape it for long. An agricultural society, relatively stable because the tensions of economic cycles are but feeble compared with those of an industrial society, reaches, almost inevitably, a position where its entire population cannot find adequate support at home. China, where farmers for forty centuries have suffered periodic want and famine, is an example. Of course, if the Chinese had practised rigid birth control, they might have escaped unemployment for a time, yet in that case they must have been long since overwhelmed. China has persisted and expanded, and is still expanding, solely through her surplus labor, which is another phrase for unemployment.

An industrial nation like ours, with elbowroom and ambition, still needs a labor surplus. This country would never have been so quickly colonized and developed unless men had been

waiting for jobs. Picture the dislocation in the industries of that day if every man who helped to build railroads in the seventies had been pried out of a gainful, thoroughly satisfactory, employment. There were surplus men here and abroad; they went to the jobs and the roads were built. Boulder Dam will be built partly by those who, at the moment the whistle blows, are foot-loose and job-free. One reason why the automobile business grew so astonishingly fast in Michigan in the early stages of its existence was that there were unemployed in the lumber towns which had been built on the deforesting of Michigan, and because men were being thrown out of farm work by improved machinery. Of late years the unemployed farmers' sons of the Ozarks and the Tennessee mountains, most of whom have since returned home, came North in droves to the same industry. Unemployed coal miners from Pennsylvania and West Virginia rushed to Akron, Ohio, and helped to keep the rubber industry going there. In 1917 and 1918 war needs created jobs more abundantly than ever before; they were filled by the unemployed, the partially employed, the willing to be employed, and those who, formerly leisured, no longer felt, in the tense and demanding war atmosphere, utterly secure in their free time. An unimpeded labor flow, and a reserve of labor power, are essential to the welfare of every industrial society whose economic circle is not entirely closed to opportunity. Without these we should stagnate; our deserts would remain desert, small towns would lose hope of growing into industrial cities, and capital would shrink from new enterprises.

Nevertheless, to say unemployment is necessary to industrial advance does not mean that its exaggerated phase of the moment is a matter for congratulation, or that the burden of maintaining a reasonably-sized body of surplus labor should fall upon the surplus laborers only. Of course capital now shares the cost of excessive unemployment in loss of sales, but this is too indirect an influence to operate as a strong restraint upon industrialists when they begin to overexpand their plants. If capital and management shared more directly the cost of unemployment, they would tend to be cautious in hiring and would pay more heed to avoiding seasonal lulls on the one hand and overstocking their customers on the other.

Certain heartening experiments are being made in that direction. That of the General Electric Company, which has been well received in both industrial and sociological circles, is perhaps the most comprehensive, including provision for both normal and emergency unemployment. It takes into account the obvious fact that while a certain amount of unemployment is inevitable in a growing, advancing industry, there are periodic slumps when unemployment increases until it becomes news. Insurance against normal unemployment will be met from a fund contributed jointly by employees who choose to do so and by the company, which will provide a sum equal to the contribution of employees, plus interest on the accumulations. Administration is shared by the company and the contributors, but the company pays the expenses of administration during a trial period of two years. This fund will increase when business is good and decrease when business is bad. When disbursements reach two per cent of the average weekly earnings of contributing employees, the company agrees to put into effect an emergency programme. The chief feature of this emergency programme is a levy of one per cent of their earnings upon the

workers drawing 50 per cent or more of their normal pay, the sum so collected to be matched dollar for dollar by the company. As far as normal unemployment is concerned, the contribution is voluntary with the individual; in a declared emergency, however, the levy runs against all employees at the plant at which the emergency exists, and also against the general staff not on a particular works pay roll, their contribution being rated by and allotted according to the number of contributing members in each plant.

This plan has the merit of avoiding many of the difficulties inherent in unemployment insurance dictated and managed by government. It puts a premium upon those adjustments of labor to output, and of output to market, which tend to reduce the need for drawing on unemployment funds. In busy times this means slow increase of working force, meeting the demands of busy departments by transferring operatives from less busy departments, keeping additions down by overtime work, and postponing plant renewals and maintenance work as long as possible. When orders begin to fall off, it means building standard goods for stock, pushing sales for future deliveries, improving plant by doing deferred work, and using the regular help as far as possible in all improvements, even in construction. Also there are provisions to fit the unemployment payments into a substantial framework of employee protection already existing, which includes old age or disability pension, disability relief, and death benefits. The new plan contemplates relief by payments up to twenty dollars weekly for not more than ten weeks in any year, and by loans up to two hundred dollars.

No government agency could hope to make these adjustments as well as the industry itself can make them. It is to be noted, too, that the plan is not compulsory but elective, except as regards the small minorities not participating in various plants, and then only in case of emergency. (In twelve plants in seven states the percentage of participants at last report ranges from 63 per cent to 100 per cent, with the percentages of participants increasing daily.) Consequently, it is part of the bargain which is the vital hinge of American industry. It lines up with democracy on the one hand and efficiency on the other, escaping entirely the blight of bureaucracy. It can be easily changed by a vote of two thirds of the administrators, when their vote has been sanctioned by a majority vote of the contributing employees voting thereon. Equally important, it eliminates the possibility of an unemployed man dodging a job when one is offered — a crying evil under the British official 'dole' system, where some prefer a devitalizing leisure on a low standard of living to its alternative, work at going wages. Every wage earner contributing to the fund has a direct interest in seeing that an out-of-work gets back on the job at the earliest possible moment. This unofficial inspection by one's mates is bound to be more effective than visits by state or government inspectors.

Some variation of this plan would seem to lie in the future of every large enterprise seeking to secure the most dependable employees and to commend itself to the public as the possessor of an adequate labor policy. In this connection it is worthy of note that in the so-called mass-production industries, where rapid advances in machinery and plant engineering frequently turn men out of work, lay-offs are of relatively short duration, because those advances usually enable the management to reduce costs, increase sales, and expand their markets.

IV

Even if all the large-scale enterprises did something of this constructive nature, and many associations of smaller concerns followed suit, there would still remain a body of foot-loose labor which is sometimes urgently needed and sometimes needed not at all. This part of the labor reserve has been immensely useful in building and feeding America; but the tendency of the times is toward reducing the need for this type of man. For instance, an army of casuals used to follow the wheat harvest from Texas to Manitoba. Now the numbers are smaller because more of the harvest work is done by machinery and the population of the wheat belt is becoming more dense. Fruit picking is not as easily mechanized, but with the growth of population the work tends to be done more and more by near-by workers rather than by migratory workers covering a wide range. With the increasing value and intricacy of machinery on construction jobs, contractors tend to take more and more trained men with them to the operation. So the problem presented by the casuals seems to be a disappearing one, and unlikely, of itself, to force legislation for unemployment insurance.

The occupation which has lost the most workers in the past twenty years is agriculture, in which improved methods and machinery have increased the productivity of man power in goods whose market is relatively inelastic compared to the market for automobiles, radios, dynamos, and goods on which changes of style can be rung indefinitely. These workers have been absorbed largely by industry and the servicing of industrial products; but industry is more vulnerable in crises than is agriculture. The standard of living may fall on a farm when there are more mouths to feed; but, barring some calamity of nature, there are always food and shelter. The farmer welcomes home the prodigal son when factory employment fades, and tries to get what work he can out of the fellow in payment for board and lodging. Agriculture is like a sponge; it loses workers under pressure of efficiency and the lure of the city, but it draws them in again, temporarily, when the town cannot provide a living for all its inhabitants. But the unemployment created by changes in farm economy causes little stir because it is ever with us, and because the worker ousted from a rural job usually drifts to town.

Neither casual laborers of the sort who float from state to state nor agricultural laborers are likely to be relieved of insecurity by unemployment insurance legislation. The indications are that the nation will be more chary henceforth in accepting constitutional amendments than it was in the period from 1910 to 1920; and without a constitutional amendment the whole subject remains one for the several states instead of the Union. Secondly, the question is likely to become pressing only in the more highly industrialized states. And, thirdly, in kindred affairs, such as employee compensation, it is noteworthy that many states exempt farmers from the regulations applying to other employers, and also that each state is slow to burden a citizen or a domestic corporation with the protection of citizens of other states temporarily at work within its borders. Finally, the responsible discussion of unemployment insurance thus far, even in New York, where it has reached almost the proportions of a political issue through the championship of Governor Roosevelt, concerns itself with contributing rather than compulsory plans, and neither farm laborers

nor casuals are likely to contribute to a large degree. Next steps, and measures in the near future, therefore, can hardly include them to any determining extent.

V

Nearly ten years ago I wrote in *The Iron Man in Industry* an analysis of the large corporation as a working clan, which was developing cross-responsibilities almost feudal in their cohesion. The interval since then has witnessed almost uninterrupted progress in that direction. There has been an increase in stock holdings by employees, in company unions and employee consultation programmes, in profit sharing by bonus and otherwise. Likewise there have been decreases in labor turnover, due to a more rigid selection of employees, a greater emphasis upon dependability, and more severe industrial discipline. The more alert industrial managers now think of themselves as facing a three-way responsibility — to capital, to labor, to the market. Workingmen see, as never before in America, that the future belongs to the great industrial units, and the easiest way for a little fellow to become a big fellow is to 'get set' early with a large corporation and stick with it. This follows naturally from the disappearance of the frontier and the vanishing of free, arable land. Theoretically, the change should have strengthened organized labor; actually it has aided the large employers, because their policies, on the whole, have been more effective than those of the unions.

They build, you see, upon one of the fundamental social instincts — group pride. I can remember the day when newspaper men were warned that workers in our largest plant resented being described as 'a Buick man.' That feeling may have been due to a dying flash of frontier influence; many of the workers had come freshly out of the North Woods and from the farms. In their smaller groups they stood forth as individuals, and what they did was probably not as important as what they were. But whatever the origin of the feeling, it has vanished, and the once suspect term is now flaunted as a banner. The connection it advertises makes its bearer a good risk for credit at the corner store, and probably uplifts his heart as well, for it stamps him as a member of a group which has survived in a stern battle for existence, of an organization which has grown while many of its competitors have dwindled and disappeared. But the change of attitude toward that description holds something more than the consciousness of success; it is the fruit, likewise, of sound judgment in the selection of employees, intelligent personnel service in domestic distress, a liberal policy as regards wages and sharing plans, and the cultivation of the group spirit in a wide variety of ways. That plant has held men for years who joined merely for a few weeks' work, expecting to depart as soon as they had a stake to set up for themselves, but who have stayed on to find satisfactions far beyond anything they imagined could exist in the employee status.

It seems inevitable that a clan spirit so engendered will not be denied its logical fulfillment. The ancient clan took care of its willing and worthy members in sickness and health, in good times and bad, in strength and in the weakness of age. Industry in this engineering age sternly demands dependability from its workers, and in return it can hardly escape the duty of being dependable to its workers in return. In bringing himself to the point of unquestioning dependability, many an industrial worker unfits himself for another occupation. He

becomes a specialist who requires a certain environment in which to function efficiently. He wears his shop as a turtle wears his shell. Even if a similar job offers in another shop, he shrinks from taking it because he would not feel at home there; he has become something more or less than a man — that is to say, a Buick man, or a Standard Oil man, or a Ford man, or a Steel man. It is almost as hard for him to switch shops as it would be to switch churches; perhaps more so. For such a man unemployment is especially painful and long; he has no heart to look elsewhere for work. The result is that insecurity of tenure is the chief of his fears. When this fear becomes realized in unemployment, men loyal at all other times will begin to mutter against their employers, against the state, and against the institution of private property which the state protects and perpetuates.

The temptation to make life secure is always strong among those who manage states, because the state's fundamental reason for being is to provide security. At the first threat of insecurity a state shivers and piles up armaments. At bottom the state's purpose is to maintain the status quo as nearly as it can in a world of eternal flux. However, it makes concessions to its people when it must, and statesmen find it peculiarly easy to fall in line with those movements which promise to still popular unrest by making life secure. It is significant that two monarchies, Great Britain and Germany, instituted unemployment insurance, and their Majesties gained strength with the people thereby. In both cases the government's desire for security coincided with a similar desire among the folk at the bottom of the industrial ladder. A similar coincidence of desires may arise here in the near future, and then we may expect to hear the proponents of unemployment insurance derided as cheap politicians and demagogues. They may be shallow persons, in all truth, and yet have by the tail a great truth. The state has a primary stake in having life under it secure and stable for the common man.

However, the state is by no means trusted in all things. We Americans do not trust it in business or religion, or, utterly, in education. Keeping life free for the uncommon man to grow greatly is at least as important as keeping life safe for the common man to do steadfastly. In the America of the past we have perhaps overdone the former; in the America of the future we may easily overdo the latter. A reasonable compromise for the present would lie in corporations providing unemployment insurance in their own several ways, with the state well out of it.

By so doing we can ameliorate some of the suffering which is inevitable under the competitive system, garner more of the delights of leisure, and yet preserve a reasonable field for those driving incentives which flow naturally from insecurity and the desire to win a firmer footing in life.

A civilized people, theoretically in control of its own destiny, scarcely can seek through territorial expansion those reliefs from unemployment which the savage began instinctively — war and conquest. Too many inhibitions have come with evolution. Instead, we moderns must find within our borders and by our wits the solutions for the ills which beset us. Fortunate shall we be among peoples if these solutions do not develop, through undreamed-of complications, ills as serious as those we seek to cure.

'PAMPAS FIELD'

BY KEN NAKAZAWA

I

It was a strange picture of an ocean, painted by a new acquaintance of mine, that started this discussion. The picture was one of the most weird seascapes I had seen. There was a large round moon at the farthest reach of the sea, but the water did not reflect its light. The waves were long, turbid, and unbroken, resembling the waves over a wind-swept grainfield. And, on the crests of these, thousands of shadowy hands were slowly moving. Then, to make the picture still more mysterious, there was the title, 'Pampas Field.'

'It is all so strange,' I said. 'Why do you call it "Pampas Field"? Is it not the picture of an ocean?'

The artist smiled at my bewilderment. 'I gave it that title,' he explained, 'because it represents my impression of a pampas field. We artists are often caught between the visual aspect and the emotional aspect of things. Sometimes the two go hand in hand, but sometimes they totally differ from each other. At such a time, we usually swing to the side of emotion, because, as you know, we are addressing the hearts rather than the minds. We Japanese go much further in this respect than the Occidentals, because we are less scientific and more æsthetic than they.

'When I conceived the idea of this picture, I was standing on the edge of an immense pampas field. Between me and the great full moon, which was slowly rising, stretched a vast plain, covered with pampas grass. As it was late in autumn, the flowers of the grass had lost their snowy plumes, and their veins, standing out in dark gray, seemed like ghostly hands. And these hands — millions and millions of them — were standing in the moonlight.

'As I was watching this weird spectacle, a wind rose, stirring up long waves over the plain. It was a sharp wind — something like the breeze rising from the edge of breakers. And this wind, together with the waving and rustling of the grass, conjured up the vision of an immense ocean with ghostly hands tossing on the crests of giant waves.'

In order that I might not misunderstand the nature and extent of the artistic license he took, he described the amount of care his fellow artists gave to making truthful portrayal of nature.

'You must not conclude, however,' he said, 'that we are totally indifferent to the visual aspects of things. Take, for instance, that picture of a plum tree hanging there. It shows not only the character of a plum tree, but its age and the season. A massive trunk, with black bark rising over it in sharp ridges; heavy limbs spreading like arms of a swarthy giant, gnarled branches shooting stiffly skyward, covered with needle-sharp twigs. Beneath all these coil and twist mighty roots, holding the tree to the ground so firmly that not even a thunderbolt seems able to loosen their iron grip.

As a striking contrast to this symbol of infinite power and stability, there are the blossoms. Delicate and graceful white blossoms, resting like melting snowflakes upon the craggy tree.

'These are the true characteristics of a plum tree. No other tree on earth possesses exactly the same quality.

'This picture also suggests the age of the tree. The gray moulds growing on the trunk, the unusual blackness and stiffness of the limbs, the abundance of small branches and twigs, and the size and position of the blossoms suggest that it is a tree which has lived through unnumbered winters.

'The feel of early spring is also interpreted in this picture. The blossoms, of course, suggest the season more than anything else; but there are other signs. Among the twisted old branches are new saplings, straight, sleek, and full of life. The roots of the tree and the ground about them appear to have recently emerged from under the snow. They are wet — not merely drenched, but soaked through. It is the kind of soaking that shows days and days of immersion. From among the tangles of yellow grass young leaves are peeping out. They seem to have been pushed up by the fiery impulse of springtime, and are vibrating with vigor and aspiration. These, and the soft and dreamy atmosphere, and the white mists lying lightly across distant hills, bespeak the time when the earth awakes from a long slumber and faces a new adventure.

'By the way, the feel of season is one of the most difficult things for us to interpret. It is difficult mainly because it must be done with the utmost subtlety and originality. We confess our own immaturity when we resort to the obvious and conventional, using cherry blossoms for spring and flaming maples for autumn. A Chinese artist is said to have painted the scene of butterflies following a horse in his attempt to interpret the poem, —

> 'I pass a forest of flowering plum trees,
> The scent of blossoms clings to the hoofs of my steed.

'Such obvious method is used only by amateurs, or in exceptional cases. A master draws a falling leaf, and, without any tangible signs, we know to what season it belongs — whether it is a summer leaf, dropping stifled by heat and dust, or an autumn leaf, leaving the tree after running the full course of its life. This process is intensely subjective, and therefore extremely difficult; but, when it is well done, we have a masterpiece. That picture of the plum tree is rather too obvious, but it shows how much care we give to the faithful interpretation of nature.'

II

This explanation was so interesting that before I knew it I was asking my new acquaintance all sorts of questions. I asked about the significance of the linear technique which distinguishes Japanese art from that of the Occident.

'We seem to be line-minded,' he said. 'We use lines not only in paintings, but in all other forms of art. Take, for example, sculpture. A carving is judged mainly by the knife marks it bears. These knife marks are none other than the lines made with a knife or a chisel. Another example is flower arrangement. I understand that the flower art of the Occident is based on color harmony. Ours is based upon the posture of vines and branches. We divide these branches and vines into heaven, earth, and man, and arrange them in such a way that they constitute artistic posture. It is distinctly linear in its fundamental principle.

'By the way,' he cried, as if impelled by an irresistible desire to digress,

'our flower artists are just as emotional in their interpretation as we are. One day I saw one of them arrange morning-glories in a bamboo vase shaped like a ship. Instead of following conventional ideas, he planted one of the flowers straight and another trailing down from the stern. "This is a ship in mid-ocean," he explained. "Hence the sail is hoisted high and the rudder is made ready for a long voyage. I try to interpret the spirit of adventure in the whole posture. Sometimes I have the sail down and the anchor cast, in order to interpret the restfulness of a moored ship. Then, occasionally, I have everything down to represent the care-free spirit of a drifting ship — nowhere to go, nowhere to return — just drifting along."

'The lines are very important in our art, because they have a greater task to perform than the ones in Occidental art. Our lines are each a complete picture. There are life, feeling, and purpose in every line. And these small pictures contribute much to the æsthetic and emotional value of the whole. Sometimes the value of lines predominates over that of the picture. Occasionally a commonplace object treated in a commonplace manner becomes a masterpiece because of excellent lines.

'Lines being so important, we take infinite care in executing them. We produce them, not mechanically, but spiritually, casting our heart and soul into them. "When drawing a line," said a master, "throw your whole being into your brush so thoroughly that if the brush were cut in the middle your lifeblood would flow from it." "A living picture can be created only with living lines," said another; "see that every line you draw vibrates with life and feeling." "Line is a highly concentrated thing," said still another. "It has tremendously suggestive power. It is the sword that can destroy as well as protect."'

The artist then told me that Japanese art is essentially monochromatic. 'We use other colors,' he said; 'but they are not quite so effective as black. Black holds, and can suggest, all the colors a human mind can conceive. Even white can be produced by it. I saw the picture of plum blossoms painted with black, and these blossoms showed all the delicate whiteness of real flowers. Color is largely a matter of harmony and contrast. Placed in a certain relationship, it changes its character. Besides, we are creating not a color, but the illusion of a color.

'This monochromatic tendency is becoming more and more manifest in our art to-day. We have tried polychrome and found it to be quite convenient; but there are certain things in the monochrome that are singularly suited to our mode of expression. There are depth, power, subtlety, concentration. Moreover, we are most skilled in the use of black, having used it from the very beginning of our graphic art. Hence we are trending more and more toward the monochrome, and it is my prediction that some day black and white will dominate our entire art world.'

III

The question I brought out next was about the difference between Japanese art and the art of other countries.

'That is one of those subjects that can be discussed only in a relative manner,' he said. 'The racial and national character of art is just as difficult to define as that of people. Art expresses human nature, and human nature is too varied and complicated to be categorized geographically or traditionally. All I can say is that such and such seems to be true in a majority of cases.

'Let us first compare our art with that of our nearest neighbor, China. Comparing the paintings of that country with those of ours, we discover that hers seem to interpret a sense of peace, while ours seem to suggest a sense of action. Great peace and a sort of transcendental resignation prevail in Chinese paintings. Heaven-high mountains, ocean-deep gorges, interminable plains, all suggest the feel of infinite peace. Even the moving things, like soaring birds, running animals, sailing ships, and walking men, express repose, rather than action.

'This is true not only of art, but of all other kindred matters in that country. Her mythology, philosophy, poetry, fiction, drama, are all based on the same ideal of peace and negation. According to her mythology, the world is the body of Pan-Ku, a giant who carved the Universe out of chaos. When this giant died, his body turned into the earth, and the insects feeding on his back were transformed into human beings. Nature, then, is the remains of a dead giant; and, therefore, it is full of repose. Although its outward objects bear the semblance of life, its heart and soul are forever silent.

'The same idea is expressed in the philosophy of China. "Non-being is the beginning and end of being," says a philosopher; "non-action the beginning and end of action. In order to be eternal, one must emerge from the realm of being and action, and meet nature in the domain of endless peace." "Fools run and stumble," says another, "while the wise sit and meditate. All our acts are futile, because no one can change the course of destiny. Come away from the world of desires and struggles; meditate in the heart of great nature; and you will find the gate that leads you into the world of immortality." It is true that there were teachers like Confucius and Mencius, who taught the value of active life, but Lao-tse and his disciples, whom the writers and artists in general claim as their masters, all preached the doctrine of peace and contemplation.

'The same is true of literature. Thousands and thousands of Chinese poems express deep yearning for the life of peace and the joy that comes in the hours of repose and negation. Even the drama, in which action is supremely important, is fraught with the sense of repose and abstraction. It is little wonder, then, that a spirit of peace predominates in the art of China.

'Japanese art, on the contrary, expresses a sense of action. We portray moving aspects of man and nature. We are so tremendously interested in life; and life manifests itself in action. Therefore we inject action into everything we draw. Even in a still life sometimes there is a suggestion of movement somewhere. An artist once went to sketch an iris flower. He observed the flower several days without touching his brush. One day a wind rose and the iris trembled. He snatched his brush and the picture was done.

'Japanese art seems to be more humanistic than Chinese. The Chinese place tremendous emphasis upon nature, treating human beings as mere supplements. They are great worshipers of nature. China is an enormous country. It holds within its borders mountains that rise to the very seat of the sun and spread so far away that they seem to wall up the entire earth; rivers that are so long and so wide that they seem to come, as a poet once described, from the depth of the ninth heaven and flow to the end of eternity; and plains that are wide enough to hold several empires within their bosoms.

'Living amid scenes of such grandeur, the Chinese cannot help having

a sense of reverence toward nature. They seem so small and unimportant — mere pygmies in the land of giants. Everywhere around them stands immense nature, sometimes warning them that some day it will crumble down upon them and crush their petty civilization, and sometimes urging them to abandon the futile hopes and strifes of the human world and come forth to find peace and immortality in its vast, silent, and eternal bosom.

'Having such a deep sense of reverence toward nature, Chinese artists take great interest in depicting its appalling power and magnitude. Peaks rising above peaks in sublime dignity, cataracts thundering down from infinite heights to the very foundation of the earth, ravines so deep and so savage that even a stout-winged bird does not approach them, plains so vast and desolate that no creature dare enter their confines. These are the things we find in most Chinese pictures.

'And amid these stupendous monuments of nature human beings are thinly scattered. They are so tremendously subdued that one often fails to recognize them. They remind one of the insects crawling on the back of that giant, Pan-Ku.

'It is true that in some pictures — particularly in religious ones — human beings are described in a more dignified manner, and that some of them even seem to dominate nature. But such examples are rare, and many of those human beings so emphasized are likely to be Shen — that is, the men who achieved supernatural power by uniting themselves with nature.

'This tendency to glorify nature is most prevalent in the pictures of the Northern School, for the climate in the North is full of magnitude and desolation; but it is present even in the paintings of the Southern School.

'In this respect Chinese art makes an interesting contrast with the art of the Occident. The Occidentals are quite partial to human beings. They tremendously emphasize them in their art, using nature as a mere background. Recently, however, they have begun to give it a higher value, resulting in the appearance of the masterpieces in which the grandeur and beauty of nature are described with consummate skill.

'Looking into our art, we find that it gives more importance to human beings than Chinese art. We have more faith in our lives and activities. Our art is built, not upon the worship of man or nature, but upon the harmony of the two. The nature in our country inspires more love than reverence. Our mountains are never too high, rivers never too long, plains never too wide. The climate here is quite mild, and the scenery abounds in delicate types of beauty. Naturally we have a great love for the things around us, and like to live in harmony with them. This idea is expressed in everything we do. We arrange flowers, not in order to use them as a part of our household decoration, but in order to express our love for them. We sometimes drop cherry blossoms in our tea, not so much because we like their taste as because we like to revive the joy of springtime in our hearts. We hold the feasts of blossom time and full moon, not merely to see the blossoms and the moon, but to taste the sense of being one with nature. We celebrate the Star Festival, not because we believe in the romance of the Star Princess, but because it enables us to show our love of nature. On the day of the Star Festival, as you know, we go out to the garden at the break of dawn and collect dewdrops from the hearts of opening lotus flowers. Then, with the ink made of the dewdrops, we write love poems on the five-colored tablets. We dedicate these

poems to the Star Princess by tying these tablets to the greenest bamboo trees in the garden. Sometimes we march under the starry sky, carrying branches of decorated bamboo trees on our shoulders. And then, casting the branches into a river, we watch them sail down the stream to the home of the Morning Star. A childish custom, one may say. It shows how much of love we hold for nature.

'This love of nature, and the desire to live in harmony with it, constitute one of the most fascinating characters of our art.

'Let us now compare our art with that of the Occident. The first thing that comes to our notice is that ours is more æsthetic, while theirs is more truthful. We are more inclined to say that all beautiful things are true, while they have a tendency to say that all true things are beautiful. We take great liberties for the sake of beauty, while they dare many things for the sake of truth.

'Recently, however, the truth element has begun to increase in our art. This is particularly true of portraits and animal pictures. Some of our artists go abroad to study anatomy as applied to art. The Occidentals, on the other hand, are beginning to sacrifice truth for the sake of beauty. Their art is becoming increasingly decorative. Thus the art ideals of the East and West are gradually approximating each other.

'Another thing that distinguishes our art from that of the West is the degree of abstraction. We eliminate details more thoroughly than they do. This is possible, first, because we are not required to paint our silk completely. We are not criticized for leaving vacant spaces in our picture, because our requirement is to see that the silk has the feel of being completely covered. It does not matter how few strokes we use as long as we execute those strokes so forcefully that they dominate the entire space. Hundreds of amateurs, tumbling about in violent action, leave many empty spots on the stage, while a seasoned actor, alone and without perceptible motion, fills the space. The principle is the same in our art. We are concerned not so much with lines and colors as with the power behind them.

'The second reason that enables us to eliminate nonessentials more thoroughly is that we are more accustomed to the concentrated forms of expression. Our poetry is the last word in compactness, and our flower art presents a complete aspect of nature with a few branches. We use this method because it enables us to interpret the thoughts and images that are beyond the power of words and colors to portray, and because it gives to our public the pleasure of exercising its creative ability. The poems with sentiments deftly unexpressed, the pictures with the imagery artistically unfinished, interest us far more deeply than the complete ones, for such poems and pictures give us the joy of creating living poems and pictures of our own.

'By the way, this reminds me of an amusing incident which occurred some time ago. One day I bought a large rock and started to bury it in my garden. My neighbor asked me what I was doing.

'"I am going to bury it so that only these two corners will show," I said.

'He was very much surprised. "Why," he cried, "that will make it seem small!"

'"On the contrary, it will make it seem immense," I retorted; "because to the seeing eyes these corners will seem like the corners of the great earth."

'He scratched his head and went away, mumbling something about the queer notions of artists.

'Art is the exposed corner of a buried rock. Some artists bury the rock shallow, so that the public may have more to begin with, but we bury it deep, because our public is able to create a mountain out of a pebble.'

IV

Before leaving the artist, I asked one more question. I wanted to know why Japanese color prints are so popular in America.

'Not being a student of American psychology,' he said, 'I am not able to answer the question with any degree of definiteness. We were puzzled when it became known that Americans had taken a great fancy to our prints, and begun to collect them in large numbers. We did not have very complimentary ideas about that type of picture. There are a number of good ones, of course, and some of the lines and colors used in them are excellent; but most of them are lacking in depth, subtlety, freedom, spiritual grace, and scholarly dignity. As their general name, Ukiyoye, suggests, they are the images of the floating world — that is, the superficial aspects of life presented in a superficial way. So that their tremendous popularity in America was a source of mystery for us. Some of us were frankly worried, fearing that the Americans might take them as the examples of our real art; while some smiled and thought, "Those incomprehensible foreigners — they will do almost anything. Let us watch and see how long the fad will continue."

'And, while we were thus frowning and smiling, the interest in our prints spread far and wide in America, until the names Hiroshige, Hokusai, Utamaro, Sharaku, were on the lips of nearly all the art lovers there. Some of our largest and best collections went to that country, and some Americans became authorities on the color prints.

'This made us step down from the pedestal of indifference and make a careful study of the color prints. In this research we tried to evaluate the prints in their relation to life, rather than to art. Judged in the light of our art ideals, their value was insignificant; but, judged by the amount of joy they bring to mankind, they might have certain redeeming features. Therefore we abandoned our orthodox ideals, and endeavored to discover the elements of charm from a layman's point of view.

'Among the things we found during the search was the quality of being democratic. The color prints, as you know, were created mostly by the members of lower classes. Fan makers, doll makers, vegetable men, fish venders, and such produced these miniature pictures. Color prints are not the nightingale that sings in a golden cage, but the sparrows that play in the dusty streets; not the cloud that soars in the high sky, but the dewdrops that come to freshen wayside flowers. Hearts of the common people, working, playing, dreaming in straw huts and dingy shops, sing and laugh in the Ukiyoye. Hence the pictures are direct in appeal, unassuming in general attitude, and chock-full of heart interest.

'Another thing we discovered was that the color prints are eloquent with the joy of life. These pictures appeared toward the end of the Yedo period. And the Yedo period was one of the gayest eras in our history. It was, in truth, the time of eternal sunshine and everlasting blossoms, when people lived pretty much like the butterflies in a sunny meadow. Butterflies may still have the fear of frosty mornings and the sorrow of broken wings; but the common people of that golden age had no such matters to darken their minds. The sorrow of empty fireside

and eternal waiting had already been forgotten, because war had ended some two hundred years before; and there was no fear of international complications to disturb them, because Japan was then a hermit empire. So they were very happy indeed, and they lived only to make their country a gayer, happier, and more beautiful place to live in. When spring brought warm sunshine and shimmering blossoms, they would lay their daily task aside and go forth to sing and dance on the mountain side, and when summer arrived, with skylarks and green shadows, they would stroll into forests and to rivers and watch the play of wild birds and the dance of fireflies. So with autumn and winter. When the flame of maples burned among the gold of poplars and chestnut trees, and when snow came to hang crystals upon bamboo trees and lay mirrors around lotus flowers, they gathered in the valleys and homes and gave expressions of joy in music and poetry. And always, always, there were night bazaars, theatres, and festivals.

'And this spirit of everlasting joy is delightfully expressed in these color prints. There are, of course, some that treat of the lonely and wistful side of life, such as the landscapes of Hiroshige; but the prints in general are vibrant with the spirit of joy, so that when one turns to them he can forget the woes and restlessness of the present time, even as the warriors of the dark age forgot the horrors of war in the sanctity of the tea garden, and enjoy the same glorious sunshine, the same dancing blossoms, and the same song and laughter of the Yedo period.

'The third thing we discovered was that these prints are intensely Japanese in subject matter and underlying sentiments. Many of our orthodox artists studied the principles of Chinese masters as a part of their training, and consequently were more or less influenced by Chinese ideals. Some of them were so extremely Chinese in their ideals and technique that we are scarcely able to distinguish their work from that of Chinese. The makers of color prints, however, did not take such a course of training, being mostly too ignorant to understand the foreign theory, which was set forth with elaborate and often obscure language. As a result, they were entirely free from Chinese influence. They looked at things from the Japanese point of view, and interpreted them with the directness, simplicity, and urbanity of old Japan. The poetic, humane, and whimsical heart of Japan sings through their products.

'In this respect, color prints come nearest to the American's ideas of Japan. As shown in the works of American writers like Lafcadio Hearn, Japan, as pictured by them, is the land of shimmering pagodas, dancing blossoms, gay festivals, and merry night bazaars. The aspects of old Japan presented in the color prints, therefore, are more harmonious with their ideas of our country.

'There is still another thing we discovered. And that is the charm of the colors used in them. These colors are interpretative of the colors of the Yedo period. Yedo was one of the most colorful periods in the history of our country. It was the time when people combined the crimson of azalea, purple of iris, green of bamboo, blue of sea waves, and gold of moonlight in their personal and household ornaments. Even the stolid warriors wore shimmering brocade dresses and carried gold-hilted, jewel-encrusted swords. And, as for women and children, they lived in a blaze of brilliant colors. Innumerable hairdresses of tortoise shell, adorned with silver trinkets and

golden tassels, formed halos around their heads, while drifting maple leaves or snowy sea birds playing atop green waves formed patterns on their dresses, making delightful contrasts with the obi of red or green brocade splashed with silver and gold. When there was a festival, the streets were walled up by bright-colored blossoms and roofed over by thousands and thousands of lanterns. And through this glorious kingdom of shimmering flowers and swinging lanterns they carried lacquered shrines and magnificent show boats. The colors of this most colorful age live in our color prints, reproduced not by mere artists, but by the men who gave colors to the Yedo period. The print artists, as you remember, were mostly artisans. They were dyers, embroiderers, and makers of fans, dolls, lanterns, flags, and silk flowers. As such, they did much to enrich the colors of their period. The colors in our prints, therefore, are not objective portrayal, but subjective interpretation made by the creators of the colors of the Yedo.

'I do not know if the Americans began to like our prints because of these reasons, but I am glad that they are so popular in that country. I hope that these tiny messengers will go into all the homes, schools, and societies of America and interpret our ideals and sentiments, so that, over the bridge of understanding and sympathy they build, the rose of America and the cherry trees of Japan may mingle their branches and become one.'

THE DESTINY OF INDIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

'THEIR writings,' said a distinguished man of the Sanskrit scriptures, 'will survive when the British dominion in India shall have long ceased to exist, and when the sources which it once yielded of wealth and power are lost to remembrance.'

We might be inclined to think that this is the view of some fiery Nationalist of Benares or Poona, or perhaps a detached Orientalist like Burnouf, or Whitney of Yale. Both guesses are far afield. This was written by Warren Hastings, the first governor-general of British India, in October 1784, as a part of his introduction to the translation of the *Bhagavad Gita* by Charles Wilkins. In this introduction Warren Hastings also says that, among all the known religions of mankind, this scripture is the one example of a theology accurately corresponding with that of the Christian dispensation, and most powerfully illustrating the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

This earliest English version of the 'Song Celestial,' as Edwin Arnold later named it, is of high interest to students in America, and especially in New England. For this is the book that Thoreau carried with him in his exploration of the Concord and Merrimac Rivers in 1839, and he quotes it at length, laying stress on the part which

Warren Hastings had played in its production, in his log book of that notable journey, whose charm and value were hidden for two generations. It is fairly certain that this volume was among the score of Oriental books which Thoreau left, at his death, to Emerson in 1862. And Emerson's debt to the *Bhagavad Gita* is recorded in more than a dozen entries in the thoughtful study by Frederic Ives Carpenter, *Emerson and Asia.* The Sanskrit poem, and with it certain of the Upanishads, colored the literature of that fruitful period in New England as sunshine illumined the meadows and river valleys about Concord for Thoreau.

The influence of these scriptures of India grew with the years, setting in motion a tide of spiritual thought which flowed against the materialism, not so much of Darwin, who was deeply religious, as of some of his disciples. And now that materialism is once more ebbing, — giving way, as in the recent writings of Sir Arthur Eddington, to a more philosophical concept of life, — this newest current of thought flows once more toward the ideals and ideas of ancient India.

Before we try to describe these spiritual principles, it may be well to establish the intellectual importance of the land of the Indus and Ganges in more prosaic fields. Recent books seeking to give a general account of philosophical and scientific thinking have shared the shortcoming that they begin everything with the Greeks, and practically ignore India, thus throwing the whole subject out of perspective. But we find Laplace, who died more than a century ago, pointing out that it was India that gave us the ingenious method of expressing all numbers by means of ten symbols, each symbol receiving a value of position as well as an absolute value, a profound and important idea which we now so completely take for granted. Laplace adds that the very simplicity of this system of ten numbers, and the great ease which it has lent to all computations, put our arithmetic in the first rank of useful inventions; we shall appreciate the grandeur of this achievement the more when we remember that it escaped the genius of Archimedes and Apollonius, two of the greatest men produced by antiquity.

The importance of these Indian numbers, popularly miscalled Arabic; of the cipher, or zero, also borrowed from India; and of the system of value by position, in virtue of which the number one has different values when it is the first figure of ten, a hundred, a thousand, and so on, is worked out in detail by Dr. Tobias Dantzig in his new book on *Number, The Language of Science.* He proves to demonstration that we are debtors to India both for the scientific and for the practical development of arithmetic. The most matter-of-fact merchant makes obeisance to the Rishis when he adds up the totals in his cashbook. He uses symbols borrowed from India every time he writes a check. As suggesting our debt to India in other fields of mathematics, we may follow Dr. Dantzig in quoting from the Brahman Bhaskara, who is assigned to the twelfth century of our era, a sentence which has a singularly modern flavor: —

'The square of a positive number, as also that of a negative number, is positive; and the square root of a positive number is twofold, positive and negative; there is no square root of a negative number, for a negative number is not a square.'

Since Dr. Dantzig considers that mathematics began in modern Europe with the Italian Bombelli in the sixteenth century, the priority of India seems clear. The difficulty is that all

early dates in India are still under the cloud cast by Archbishop Ussher's chronology; 4004 B.C. for the creation dominated all our first Orientalists, who telescoped millenniums into centuries and centuries into decades in obedience to that shrunken yardstick. So far no one has seriously undertaken to unscramble this confusion. Therefore India's achievements may be far older than the 'early centuries A.D.' to which Dr. Dantzig cautiously attributes them.

Pythagoras, whose long studies in Egypt and in the East are too generally ignored by the school which holds that all wisdom began with the Greeks, held some form of heliocentric teaching. A like view, that the sun, and not the earth, is the centre of the solar system, was pointed out by the American Sanskritist Fitzedward Hall in the Vishnu Purana: —

'Of the sun, which is always in one and the same place, there is neither setting nor rising; for what is called rising and setting is only the seeing and the not seeing the sun.'

But the later Greek astronomers, including Hipparchus and Ptolemy, were convinced that our earth is the centre of the universe, which they conceived as a not very large globe with the stars 'fixed' on its inner surface. If we supplement this small globular universe with the chronology deduced from the Hebrew scriptures and finally formulated by Archbishop Ussher, we have the world as it continued until the discoveries of Copernicus, whose great book was published as he lay dying, in the year 1543, some twenty years before the birth of Shakespeare. The steady extension of the universe both in space and in time is the most notable fact of the last four centuries. The most recent results are embodied in the splendidly imaginative writings of Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington. And the noteworthy fact is that these newest results are singularly like the views taught millenniums back, in ancient India.

Let us take examples in space and time. First, the Ptolemaic empyrean contained some five thousand stars. Perhaps ten thousand may be seen from a mountain top in India on a moonless night, when the stars gleam like colored jewels. But Buddha, teaching two thousand five hundred years ago, speaks of a hundred thousand times ten million worlds — that is, a million million. Sir Arthur Eddington is quoted as estimating that the great hundred-inch mirror telescope may make a photographic record of stars up to the 22d and 23d magnitudes; in all, perhaps, three hundred thousand million. It is possible that the new two-hundred-inch mirror may bring these figures up to the Buddha's total. Again, Sir James Jeans is quoted as estimating the age of the stellar universe as two hundred million million years. This still falls short of the total for a Year of Brahma, the universal Expansive Power, in the tables of the Puranas. Further, Buddha, or his disciples, taught a nebular theory closely resembling the most recent speculations of Jeans and Eddington.

To sum up: In the firmament of our intellectual life are two shining lights, Hellas and Palestine, from which we have drawn the essence of our science and our religion. But the ethical and religious teachings of India are in spirit singularly like those of the New Testament; Warren Hastings recognized that, a century and a half ago. When it comes to science, India is far closer to the most modern cosmological conceptions than Hellas ever was, while to India we owe such prosaic yet indispensable elements of our modern world as the figures which, with zero, are the very foundation of our practical and theoretical computations. India, there-

fore, among the nations of all time, is one of the few which have been greatly creative, in the intellectual as well as in the spiritual and ethical fields. But, while it would be unprofitable to seek in the Athens or Palestine of to-day for the living spirit that gave Greece and Judæa their world significance, with India it is not so. Her spiritual and intellectual life still burns, though buried deep under the débris of the centuries. Therefore, the future of India is not only the concern of India, or of the British Empire, but of the whole world. The hidden fires may, at some future day, be uncovered, once more burning brightly to illumine mankind.

II

Warren Hastings, bringing the new work to the attention of the higher powers of the East India Company, wrote his introduction to Charles Wilkins's *Bhagavad Gita* in October 1784. He was then at Benares, seeking, by methods not overscrupulous, to extend the sway of the East India Company to the northwest, from the lower Ganges valley where it had its effective beginning on Clive's battlefield of Plassey in 1757.

The dual errand of Warren Hastings in Benares, nearly a century and a half ago, is symbolic of the twofold work carried out by the British in India. The first governor-general was an enthusiastic student of Oriental lore; in his introduction, he gives an account of the Mahabharata war, which shows original research. Far more important, he was a generous and effective patron of Oriental studies, the presiding genius of the Asiatick Society of Bengal, the venerable precursor of so many kindred societies, including the American Oriental Society. To the period in which his influence and example were dominant belong the translation of the *Laws of Manu* by Sir William Jones, Thomas Colebrooke's Vedic and grammatical studies which laid the foundation of Western knowledge of Sanskrit, and, as we have seen, the first translation of the *Bhagavad Gita*. This vitally important activity of Warren Hastings is almost ignored, even in the official English histories of the Indian Empire. But its influence has been world-wide; the valley of the Merrimac River is only one of innumerable regions to which the wave of intellectual and spiritual life set in motion at Benares a hundred and fifty years ago has spread. To the influence of the first governor-general of British India, the scholars who worked with him and their successors, we owe our knowledge of Eastern scriptures, the comparative study of religion, and such works as the Sacred Books of the East series. It would be difficult to name a more vital influence in modern religious thought.

Being then on the eve of his departure from India, Warren Hastings was also bent on consolidating what was destined, a century after Plassey, to become Britain's imperial rule, that rule which is now so fiercely assailed by some of the modern 'Nationalists.' Let us try to gain a general view of the field of contention.

What was the character of the huge, semi-continental area over which Britain had begun to extend her sway? There were at that time three outstanding political powers: the waning Mogul empire; the militant theocracy of the Sikhs in the Indus region; and the associations of mounted Mahratha tribesmen in Central India, as mobile and as predatory as locusts. There were also rival European powers, Portuguese, Dutch, French. One may note in passing that at one time the contest between Britain and France was fairly equally balanced. Lack of sea power had hindered France from

bringing critically needed reënforcements to Madras; just as England's lack of effective sea power kept her from bringing much-needed reënforcements to Yorktown, not long before Warren Hastings wrote his introduction to the *Bhagavad Gita* at Benares. Had the forces of East and West been reversed, Yorktown might have been a British victory, perhaps deciding the war; while India might have become a French empire, as Tonkin later became. Perhaps, in that case, the Calcutta Nationalists would have voted that French, not English, should be the national tongue of the future independent India of their hopes.

The power of the Mogul conquerors, which was finally extinguished only in 1857 by the Indian Mutiny, was representative of a millennium of destructive invasions of India. In the year 711 the forces of militant Islam, not yet a century old, had attacked Western India. The Arab invaders captured the fortified city of Debul on the lower Indus, after a courageous resistance. The Brahmans and other inhabitants were invited to accept Islam, and, 'on their refusing, their wives and children were enslaved and all males of the age of seventeen and upward were put to the sword.' This may stand as keynote for ten centuries of ruthless incursions. Besides invasion by the Arabs, there were inroads of Turks, who had not yet reached the Bosporus, culminating in the incursion of Timur the Lame, or Tamerlane, in Chaucer's days; there was the invasion of Timur's descendant Baber, which founded the Mogul Empire in Tudor times; last, and most ruthless, was the descent of Nadir Shah the Persian, not long before Plassey. It is interesting that another Nadir Shah now reigns beyond the Kyber Pass.

During these ten centuries the warriors of India made a gallant resistance. More than that, they had excess energy enough to initiate the two great indigenous movements already noted: the Sikh theocracy in the north, and the Mahratha predatory principalities in the Vindhya Mountains of Central India. One may suppose that, had the European invaders never reached India, the end of the Mogul dynasty and the emancipation of its viceroys would have come about much as they did. The fruit was ripe to rottenness and would have fallen. Then either the theocratic Sikhs and the marauding Mahrathas would have reached a balance of power, or one would have prevailed over the other. Had the Sikhs prevailed, there would have been a prospect of able, despotic uniformity, in which what is most distinctive and valuable in India would probably have been destroyed. The triumph of the Mahrathas might have meant a rule greedier than that of the East India Company, with a far greater destructiveness. One cannot see that, in either event, the world would have profited from the stored wisdom of India.

But 'King Karma,' as their sacred books would say, decreed that Company Bahadur should overcome first the Mahrathas and then the Sikhs, and should, a century after Plassey, give place to the imperial government, in virtue of which King George has succeeded Akbar the Magnificent and Aurungzeb the Persecutor as Emperor of India. Let us consider how imperial rule was at work, a generation after its inception in 1858.

To begin with, the characteristic thing was not the Government of India, with its capitals at Calcutta and Simla, but rather the dozen provincial governments, which, broadly speaking, followed the ancient boundaries of Indian kingdoms, each with its languages, history, and traditions. The situation

was far more like Europe in the seventeenth century than, let us say, the United States in the nineteenth — except that there was, and is, immeasurably greater diversity of race in India than in Europe, even if we emphasize the Lapps and Finns, the Turks and Magyars, the Maltese and Basques. The fundamental distinction of the Four Colors exists to-day as in the days of the great adjustment formalized in Manu's Code. The *Mahabharata* describes the Brahmans as white, the Rajputs as red-limbed, the Vaishyas as yellow, the Shudras as black. And to this day the men of pure race in Rajputana are red, like the red granite statues of old Egypt; the Brahmans of pure race are white beneath their light coat of sunburn; the Santals and Savaras are yellow; the Dravidians of the South are black. There are also a great many intermediate shades, but these four primary elements remain.

The fundamental principle of the Company and its imperial successor has been to give each of the innumerable elements of this vast mosaic of peoples a government fitting its own nature and tradition. The Brahmans have received the printing presses needed to broadcast their scriptures and poetry; the Rajputs, who were driven almost to destruction by the Mahrathas, have been protected and conserved. The Vaishyas, agriculturists and merchants, have had irrigation canals and railroads built for their service. Even more fundamental, every tribal and linguistic division has had an administration and law courts in its own tongue, so that the members of the Covenanted Civil Service, about a thousand in number, probably know more languages than any equal group on earth. While there has been a single British Indian Government, now centralized at New Delhi, it is like the whitewash which once covered the many-colored frescoes in Norwich Cathedral. The essential reality has been the almost infinite diversity of local adjustments, under which the leaf wearers of Orissa and the pandits of the Anandashrama at Poona found the amplest scope for their individual development. True of all British India, this was even more true of the Native States, almost equal in total area and with a population about equal to France and Italy combined. They are of many types, many traditions; the venerable houses of Rajputana carry their history back before the Christian era. Mysore is a stronghold of orthodox Brahmanism. Hyderabad, largest of these states, is a revolted Mogul Viceroyalty. Baroda, Indore, Gwalior, are fragments of the Mahratha realm; and so on, through several hundred. In each, the principle has been carefully to preserve its indigenous character, tradition, language or languages, customs, religious practices. Ethnical and spiritual conservation has been the watchword of the British Raj.

III

At the period we are considering, about thirty years after the Indian Mutiny, a new element appeared in India. During his meteoric passage across the firmament of India, Lord Macaulay did two things: he drew up the Indian Penal Code, and he introduced the general study of English for the literate classes in India. The resultant of these two factors was the development of a new caste: the English-speaking lawyer. And while there was also a class of natives, often speaking and writing good English, who rendered effective aid in the administration, and some of whom filled very responsible and highly rewarded positions and were in substantial harmony with the British rulers, the new Eng-

lish-speaking lawyer caste, on the contrary, was, by the very nature of its activities, prone to wrangle with the British judges and magistrates — in a perfectly legal and lawful way, be it understood. But the United States has, in its legislatures, a graphic illustration of the effect of legalistic contention upon character. And in the sunlit valleys of the Indus and the Ganges the effect, similar in principle, went to much greater lengths, since the new caste, through its possession and use of an alien tongue, was already half uprooted from its native soil, as its 'western' education, superficial though it may have been, tended to cut the new caste off from ancestral traditions.

About the year 1885, there lived among the deodars of the Simla hills a retired Commissioner — that is, one who had been overseer of eight or ten districts, grouped in a division. He was an ornithologist, author of two learned volumes on the birds of India. He formulated the idea, which he persuaded the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, to approve, of gathering an assembly or Congress, in the main consisting of the new English-speaking lawyer caste, to discuss social and ethical problems, but at the outset refraining from politics. This first Congress may justly be regarded as the Great Divide of India's modern history.

We have already tried to describe the tendency, inherited in the main from the days of the East India Company, and developed with wisdom and success by the imperial Raj, whereby each of the many ancient 'nations,' tribes, peoples, which make up the vast mosaic of the Indian region, had an administration adapted with conscious care and sympathy to its own nature and traditions — a system which may be called truly national, and which provided for the individual development of a score or more of 'nations' and of innumerable lesser tribes and groups. There was endless scope for the extension of that principle of wise individual development, and one can see nothing but good coming from its continued application.

On the other hand, we have the new caste of English-speaking lawyers, with a certain number of English-speaking schoolmasters added; progressively detached from the soil and from the traditions of their fathers, they were in equal measure drawn toward each other, no matter whether they were Brahmans from Poona, Sikhs from Ambala, Mohammedans from Delhi, or more remote Dravidians, of the ancient, highly gifted, and artistic black races of the Deccan. In virtue of the annual meetings of the National Congress, as the newborn institution came to be named, they developed a common consciousness, a common tradition, a common and, as it seems to some of its critics, a wholly erroneous theory of the life of India. These 'Congressmen,' eloquent in an alien tongue, had spoken in childhood, and still sometimes spoke at home, a score or more of tongues, in large measure mutually unintelligible. But these mother tongues, whether Punjabi, Hindi, Mahrathi, Gujarati, Bengali, Uriya, Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, Malayalam, or whatever they may have been, nevertheless had this in common: in not one of them is there an exact indigenous equivalent of the words 'India' and 'Indian,' as these words are currently used to-day. There are ancient Sanskrit terms like Aryavartta and Bharatavarsha, but in strictness both these include very limited areas, probably not a quarter of what is now meant by India, especially if we include Assam, Burma, and Baluchistan, the most recent accessions.

The truth would seem to be that 'India' in the political sense is wholly

the creation of the India Office in London, and has no substantial existence except as an organization administered by the India Office, through its picturesque representative, the Viceroy at New Delhi and Simla. Administratively, this India has a real existence; ethnically it has no existence; it is a legal fiction from the standpoint of Indian races and Indian historical development. And almost inevitably the new caste, from which once each cold season emerged the 'Congressmen,' came under the influence of this fiction, and made orations to each other as if the fiction were a reality.

Let us, for the sake of argument, assume that all these Congressmen have, from the first, been wholly unselfish, free from ambition, avarice, envy, and malice. If the view here set forth be true, and ages of history support it, then the activities of the Congressmen could not have been other than harmful, since they rested on a false foundation. They are Nationalists of a nonexistent nation, able to communicate with each other only in an alien tongue, eagerly chasing the mirage which, in Sanskrit, is graphically called 'the thirst of the deer' across the parched desert. If this view be true, then the greater the success of the Congressmen, the more harmful its results are certain to be; the wider will be the divergence of this artificial 'nationalistic' current from the genuinely national development of the score or more of really distinct nations. Let us suppose that, instead of undertaking to adopt English as their future national language, the Congressmen had voted to devise a new language compounded equally from the ten great languages just named, and from the more than two hundred lesser tongues: we should have a visible and audible symbol of the moral and mental confusion involved in treating the fiction of a purely administrative India as a national reality.

An exceedingly important factor in the complex problem of India is that the speech of the new lawyer caste which we have depicted in outline is also the speech of England, with its steady tendency toward what is called democracy — that is, a theory of government, of national organization, based on the idea that all the individuals constituting the nation are substantially equal in judgment, in regard to rights and duties. Because of their equivalence, it is possible to choose individuals from among them who will faithfully represent their wishes and purposes, and who, acting together, may form a thoroughly representative government, which will carry into effect the real aims of the nation. To some degree, England may be regarded as such a democracy, of fairly uniform mental and moral stature. At least, that is the theory on which the government of England is based.

There has, therefore, existed, and there still exists, the grave danger for India that this English democracy will accept, not what we have ventured to call the genuinely 'national' view of India, with its provision for infinite diversity, but the 'nationalistic' view of the 'Congressmen,' drawn predominantly from the new caste of English-speaking lawyers. This, as we see it, is the real danger of India to-day, the danger which threatens to thwart India's true development, to make much more difficult the attainment of that destined goal which, if divine and human forces effectively coöperate, may brush aside the wreckage which now hides the fires of India's genius, so that this ancient land may once again bring forth light and treasure for mankind.

SYMPATHY AND SUGAR

BY CYRUS FRENCH WICKER

THE idea of intervention, particularly in a neighboring Latin American state, is abhorrent to American opinion, yet recent events in Cuba are leading many disinterested people to feel that only by some prompt, definite, but restrained action is it possible to avoid the rapidly approaching evils of anarchy and bloodshed.

I

The island of Cuba, from our earliest beginnings as a nation down to the present day, has been a favored object of attention and sympathetic interest to the American people. While relations with other American states resemble as a rule those of near and friendly neighbors, between the United States and Cuba they approximate those of guardian and ward. American blood was shed upon Cuban soil for the winning of Cuban independence; the heroic sacrifice of American lives in the stamping out of yellow fever marks perhaps the highest level in American altruism, and after the ruinous wars for independence it was American money and credit that laid the foundation for Cuban economic prosperity.

In turn Cuba has shown abundant proof of her gratitude. During the four desperate years of world war no nation was so generous with its products, or asked less in return. We offered her sympathy and she gave us sugar; and until lately there has been no protest from Cuba that the bargain was not a fair and continuing one. Therefore to-day Cuba has claims of the highest consideration upon our sympathy and aid, and our obligation is clear to furnish the same, to the measure of our understanding and ability.

The strongest reasons for our friendly relations are of course geographical ones. Like Canada and Mexico, Cuba is our next-door neighbor, the frontier, instead of a contiguous one, being a mere strip of water less than a hundred miles wide, easily traversed by an airplane in sixty minutes. There are, however, noticeable differences. While for two thousand miles on either side of the Canadian or Mexican border the landscape, the soil, the climate, and in most places even the language are the same, and one crosses the border without consciousness of penetrating other than a political barrier, with Cuba the contrary impression is felt. In no journey of one hundred miles in any part of the Western Hemisphere is so great a contrast found as in passing from Key West to Havana. More foreign to Americans than many European capitals, alien in speech, distinctive in habits, customs, and political and historical background, Havana is at once a product and the flower of Hispanic culture in the Americas. One has to cross from Algeciras in Spain to Tangier in Morocco, thereby exchanging continents and civilizations, to experience anything like the same change within a corresponding measure of space and time.

It is more than the strait that separates our shores. Social and racial divergences eternally divide us, dis-

couraging political union and challenging us to find with our nearest Caribbean neighbor some new and workable relationship, advantageous to both parties, such perhaps as the world has never seen before.

It was by a curious turn of circumstance that the island of Cuba, notwithstanding the declarations and intentions of our early statesmen, was left outside the sweep of our territorial expansion. The nation that did not pause at the acquisition of the Floridas, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, and California held off from Cuba, although those too were formerly Latin possessions and farther removed than Cuba from our attention and grasp. Not that we were unaware of its importance and value to the new United States. To the Fathers of the Republic, Cuba appeared always of immense strategic and economic importance through its control of the commerce between the Atlantic ports, the Gulf of Mexico, and the islands of the Caribbean Sea.

Cuba possessed, moreover, what the mainland lacked, the first-class harbor of Havana, one of the finest natural harbors in the world for commerce or defense and the only one of world importance between Charleston and Rio de Janeiro. In its possession lay control of the trade routes between the United States, Europe, and tropical America, and also, as we know to-day, through the Panama Canal to the nations of the Pacific Coast and of Asia.

It was in 1823, the same year that witnessed the pronouncement of the Monroe Doctrine, that John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, wrote to Mr. Nelson, the American Minister to Spain: —

> These islands [Cuba and Porto Rico] from their local position are natural appendages to the North American continent, and one of them [Cuba], almost in sight of our shores, from a multitude of considerations has become an object of transcendent importance to the commercial and political interests of our Union. Its commanding position, with reference to the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indian Seas; the character of its population; its situation midway between our southern coast and the island of St. Domingo; its safe and capacious harbor of Havana, fronting a long line of our shores destitute of the same advantage; the nature of its productions and its wants furnishing the supplies and needing the returns of *commerce immensely profitable and mutually beneficial*, give it an importance in the sum of our national interests with which that of no other country can be compared.

This idea was later followed by Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State, in his instructions to Mr. Saunders, American Minister to Spain, in June 1848: —

> It would be difficult to estimate the amount of breadstuffs, rice, cotton, and other agricultural as well as manufacturing and mechanical productions . . . which would find a market in that island, in exchange for their coffee, sugar, and tobacco.
>
> With the possession of Cuba we should have . . . a *free trade* on a more extended scale than any which the world has ever witnessed. What state would forego the advantages of this vast *free trade with all her sisters*, and place herself in lonely isolation!

This happy and prosperous condition was founded upon the proposed inclusion of Cuba within the Federal Union and not as a special instance of international free trade; yet the idea put forward even at that date, of special consideration toward Cuban trade, with specific articles exempted entirely from duties, persisted and exists to-day in the minds of economists who see more than an ephemeral alliance between sympathy and sugar.

II

In the winning of Cuban independence private aid from sympathizers in

America was given to the struggling patriots long before the Federal Government decided on war with Spain for their liberation. No return was expected and no motive needed other than the sympathy extended to all oppressed peoples, particularly to those at our own doors whose further suffering we could not endure.

Spanish rule of the island was harsh, the governors-general having been granted since 1825 such powers in dealing with the natives as were granted in Spain to the governors of besieged cities. The island was exploited as a source of revenue with all the worst features of colonial administration by a government too blind to apply the principles of ordinary economic aid. Spaniards were favored as against the natives by all manner of concessions, monopolies, and exemptions, while natives labored under heavy restrictions on trade and commerce, ruinous taxation, and exploitation of their labor, until what was potentially the richest island in the world had become a ruined battlefield over which raged a guerrilla warfare of extermination and destruction.

Revolt dragged on, supported financially although surreptitiously by organizations within the United States, until in 1895 matters came to a crisis with the arrival from Spain of General Weyler, 'Butcher' Weyler as he came to be known, principally through what were termed the 'reconcentration' orders by which thousands of inhabitants, mostly women and children, were herded into the towns with no adequate provision for their support to die of starvation and disease, while the men took to the hills or were hunted down as rebels. Conditions in the island became horrible and intolerable. Congress urged action, or at least recognition of Cuban belligerency, but in vain, until finally, on February 15, 1898, the United States battleship *Maine*, which had been sent to Havana a month previous on a friendly visit and had been anchored over a site indicated by the Spanish authorities, was blown up with the loss of 264 men, including two officers. A wave of indignation swept the country resulting in an immediate demand for war, which then became inevitable.

Everyone knows the result of that war and its dramatic details; the trip of the *U. S. S. Oregon* around Cape Horn which brought home to Americans the need for the Panama Canal; Roosevelt and his Rough Riders; the naval battle off Santiago, where Admiral Cervera, hopelessly outweighed and under fire from land batteries commanding the harbor, came out to fight a foredoomed battle with courage and gallantry worthy of the traditions of ancient Spain. As a result Cuba is free, a visible and enduring expression of the sympathy of the American people translated into action.

This is, of course, pure sentiment; but through it Cuba is bound to us and we to her by ties of blood shed in her cause which do not exist with any other nation.

We did more, and where distress was evident assumed the stupendous task of restoring public order and national prosperity to Cuba. The world well knows how this was carried out, and the work of Major General Leonard Wood in the establishment of government, reformation of courts, stamping out of yellow fever, extension of highways, suppression of banditry, and maintenance of law and order, makes bright pages on the record of American colonial administration.

Forestalling, moreover, any question of annexation, on the very eve of the war with Spain Congress passed a Joint Resolution stating, 'The United States hereby disclaims any disposition

or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people,' a resolution conceived out of sympathy for the Cuban people and honorably carried out.

Where we might have taken, there we held our hand. Twice since, we have intervened militarily: in 1906, when President Estrada Palma asked for American aid in maintaining order, and again in 1917, when it was increasingly evident that the United States would soon enter the war against Germany and that the Cuban sugar crop would be indispensable to our country and to the Allies. Each time our troops were withdrawn at the earliest moment after reëstablishment of public order had been accomplished.

III

With this record of practical sympathy we may turn to sugar, the other and by no means unimportant side of the picture.

The very name 'Cuba' is synonymous with sugar, and it is now trite to call Cuba the world's Sugar Bowl. We can scarcely realize, in these days of abundance, that in Queen Elizabeth's time sugar was known as a condiment, like cloves and cinnamon to-day, and that the galleons of the Spanish conquerors often brought back cargoes of cane more valuable than the bar silver with which they ballasted the hold.

In the cultivation of sugar Cuba at once took a leading part, due to the richness and fertility of the soil, which is better adapted than any other region of the world for the production of sugar. This soon became the most important crop, and, by reason of proximity to the greatest consumer of sugar in the world, Cuba became the special provider of this product to the American people, furnishing until lately nearly three quarters of the total amount consumed.

The termination of a Reciprocity Treaty in 1894 resulted in a serious economic crisis in Cuba, further complicated by increased production of beet sugar in European countries under government stimulation. Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt both urged upon Congress 'weightiest reasons of public policy' why reciprocity with Cuba should be reëstablished, Roosevelt in his first message to Congress saying in his customarily direct way: —

> We are bound by every consideration of honor and expediency to pass commercial measures in the interest of her material well-being. I urge the adoption of reciprocity with Cuba not only because it is eminently to our interests . . . but also because we of the giant republic of the north should make all of our sister nations of the American continent feel that whenever they will permit it, we desire to show ourselves disinterestedly and effectively their friend.

The resulting Reciprocity Treaty of 1902, still in effect, established a reduction of 20 per cent on sugar from the regular tariff rates. In this way, sugar under the Fordney-McCumber tariff paid a duty of 1.7648 cents per pound, which is 20 per cent less than that of 2.206 cents charged on sugars from other countries. In return, Cuba supplied the United States with sugar in constantly increasing amount, up to an average of nearly five million tons per year, producing a revenue of some $150,000,000 annually to the United States Treasury and making Cuba prosperous, contented, and entirely satisfied with the special relations existing between the two countries.

As with many other things, the war

well-nigh destroyed the beet-sugar industry in the Old World. Europe suddenly became the consumer — and no longer a producer — of everything that could be used to feed its populations or carry on the war. Sugar began to be in demand and prices went up. The United States suggested to Cuba the artificial stimulation of production of sugar for distinctly war purposes, and this was gladly acquiesced in by Cuba for the same reasons. Nor was there anything half-hearted about Cuba's entrance into the war at the side of the United States. The day after the declaration of war by the American Congress, April 7, 1917, the Cuban Congress met, and in thirty minutes, according to the telegram from the American Minister in Havana, the Senate unanimously passed a measure authorizing the President of Cuba to declare war on Germany. At 6.15 the House also unanimously passed the Act, the members standing and cheering! This last was spontaneous and voluntary and came naturally from 'the historic ties and gratitude which bind us to the great American republic.'

Immediately upon their joint entrance into the war the two nations took steps to eliminate the profiteer and stabilize the price of sugar, it becoming Cuba's sole and colossal task to provide the United States and the Allies with all the sugar they needed for the duration of the war at a price that war-burdened countries could pay. Cuba rapidly weighed the profits that could be made from unlimited exploitation of the Allied war needs with her duty to her neighbor, the United States, and faced the question squarely. A few weeks later the news flashed around the world that the United States had bought the entire Cuban sugar crop of 3,972,000 tons and fixed the price at 5½ cents per pound f.o.b. Cuba. Since no one knew how long the war would last, Cuba was encouraged to plant more and more cane. Money was furnished liberally, prices of labor rose and were paid, thousands of hectares were placed under forced cultivation, producing an enormous crop and laying the foundation for the orgy of speculation that was destined to occur when the control was removed. It appears now that Cuba made but little profit from the war-time demand for her exclusive product, yet suffered all of the evils resulting from the subsequent overproduction and deflation. But through it all Cuba played her part nobly and faithfully and in complete accord with her big neighbor, flatly refusing to profit from the extraordinary conditions of the war.

What would the price of sugar have been had Cuba asked all that she could get for her one indispensable product?

Something of this may be gathered from what happened immediately after the war, when control was released. The beet-sugar industry throughout Europe having been ruined and an orgy of spending ruling the world, the price of sugar rose enormously, at one time reaching the incredible figure of 23⅓ cents per pound. Cuba not only sold every bit she had, but learned as well that sugar could be borrowed upon. Whereupon Cuba borrowed; borrowed hurriedly and spent lavishly. Then were built the marble palaces that line the palm-bordered avenues of Vedado; then were bought the automobiles, the country estates, the private beaches, the jewels, the expensive trips to Paris; the gold and the ivory and the peacocks! Some families had new linen tablecloths for every meal. And all of it was paid for with money borrowed on the hope of 23-cent sugar, secured by mortgages on the sugar plantation and the mill.

Always there was an American bank

to furnish the money, 15 and even 20 cents a pound on the coming crop; while the Cubans smiled over the foolishness of the Yankee and spent from a seemingly exhaustless store. That was the 'dance of the millions' — when everything could be bought at a price and money was without end. Then came inevitable deflation and the calling of the loans, and, since the plantations were pledged, there was no choice but that the American banks should step in and become the owners, in the place of the spendthrift Cubans, of many of Cuba's larger sugar plantations and an even greater proportion of the mills.

In fact no one has been swindled. The money was fairly loaned and spent; yet many Cubans feel that in some way the price of friendship included a tremendous injustice. The trips to Paris are at an end; the cars are in the garage; the marble palaces remain, but there is no money to keep them up, and in many ways the Cubans think we are to blame when their young men take salaried positions in the American-owned mills that their fathers founded.

And something has got to be done about it; for, quite apart from the present plight of the Cuban people, there is the fate of some $1,250,000,000 tied up in American investments in Cuba on which these same plantations, now worth less than what was paid for them, are not producing any profit, while Cuban sugar, due to world tariffs, is selling at less than the low cost of production.

There are also the political relations of our country toward Cuba to be considered. Our adolescent ward, not yet arrived at maturity in a world of adult nations, wonders what it all meant when the Honorable Elihu Root, Secretary of War in President Roosevelt's Cabinet, said: —

> Correlative to this right is a duty of the highest obligation to treat Cuba not as an enemy, not at arm's length as an aggressive commercial rival, but with a generosity which, toward her, will be but justice; to shape our laws so that they shall contribute to her welfare as well as our own.

And Roosevelt added: —

> In the case of Cuba . . . I most earnestly ask your attention to the wisdom, indeed to the vital need, of providing for a substantial reduction in the tariff duties on Cuban imports into the United States. Cuba has in her constitution affirmed what we desired, that she should stand in international matters in closer and more friendly relations with us than any other power, and we are bound by every consideration of honor and expediency to pass commercial measures in the interest of her material well-being.

IV

The life of Cuba is in our hands, where she placed it when she accepted economic dependence and the rôle of a one-crop country, dependent upon her nearest neighbor and greatest consumer of her single product for her continued existence. We can save her only through our tariff; for it is not the high price to be obtained for her sugar that is worrying Cuba, — she can produce as cheaply as any country in the world and is closest to her biggest market, — but the necessity of finding any market at all. Although the cost of production is between $1\frac{1}{2}$ and $1\frac{3}{4}$ cents per pound, — cheap enough in all conscience if the market were free, — there are tariff walls everywhere; a duty of two cents a pound into the United States, higher still in Europe, where every nation is throwing a wall around its own products and striving to break down that of its neighbor. To such a world Cuba presents her normal crop of nearly 5,000,000 tons, all of which must be sold abroad with the exception of a local consumption of

150,000 tons. Were this private business competition it might pass; but where governments, through their legislative and executive departments, strike deliberate blows at each other's essential industries, bitterness, resentment, and mutual loss result.

It is not anybody's fault that the world should be governed by self-interest; that behind these tariff walls a still vaster production of sugar is being prepared, not as cheaply, it is true, as in Cuba, but to satisfy the governments in giving protection to local producers. We have joined that movement where everybody is setting up barriers to international trade and accompanying goodwill. Let us slap Cuba in the face, treat her like a competitor, add further figures to the tariff that will complete her ruin, and ride over her body to some protectionist goal!

Or, rather, let us pause and consider whether a noble and generous action is not after all the best. Another war may come, when the Philippines and Hawaii and possibly Porto Rico will be cut off by enemy air power, and we may be thankful that Cuba is near our shores and urge that she again favor us with a preferential price on sugar — which she will as surely deny if we persist in our present indifference to her needs.

This is the time, now in the days of peace, to grasp the magnificent opportunity before the United States of throwing down the tariff wall entirely and by treaty admitting Cuban sugar, not under a partial reduction of tariff, but duty-free forever.

As to the economic factors involved in such a measure this article has little to suggest. Already one third of the sugar we consume is admitted free of duty, coming as it does from our island possessions of Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and the Philippines, or from continental United States. Free trade already binds those islands to us with bonds stronger than any legislative enactment, and the same would be the case with Cuba. No measure devised would as quickly break down the barrier between our country and the nearest neighbor of Latin America. Suppose for a moment that the same friendly measure should be extended to the other countries of Caribbean America to cover the special productions of those tropic lands: coffee from Costa Rica, cacao from Santo Domingo, sugar from Cuba, vegetable oils and coconuts from Panama, hardwoods, fibres, and lacquers from Central America, freely exchanged with the United States in return for our own wheat and lard and butter, machinery and manufactured products. The trade fostered in peace time would continue with comforting assurance in time of war. No need then for intervention by force or fear; nor for appeals to the Monroe Doctrine or Pan-Americanism!

Every nation in the Caribbean area would at this moment be overjoyed to enter into such an arrangement with an Uncle Sam who took of its products and gave of his own in return, without surcharges, customs, duties, or pleas for tariff preference. In fact, it would be difficult to keep these nations out of such a league; and great as would be the increase in production of raw materials from the tropics by opening free markets to them in the United States, even so great or greater would be the increase in the export of American manufactured goods to countries made prosperous by the mutual trade.

It has ever seemed foolish to the writer that all countries which, especially favored by nature, produce articles of a certain kind and of world necessity in great abundance and at low cost should not, by world decision, be induced and encouraged to produce

these in ever greater quantity, by fostering their exchange with other countries, without burdens other than cost of transportation and fair profit.

This doctrine is perhaps too broad to be applied generally under present conditions; but what is to prevent its being applied between the United States and Cuba as a beginning? Between what two other countries could free trade in certain specific commodities be better advanced, with mutual benefit to both — as, for instance, sugar and tobacco from Cuba in exchange for foodstuffs, textiles, and machinery from the United States?

There would be, of course, the loss of specific duties; but who would suffer? The taxes on incomes on prosperous businesses yield always more money than revenue on imports; in our country nearly five times as much. Spain never learned that lesson, but taxed industry and commerce out of existence, when she might have skimmed the cream from a prosperity fostered by a wise administration and light taxation. So I predict that business with Cuba, already greater than with all the rest of Latin America combined, will, by abolishing the tariff on essential articles, increase by leaps and bounds. In the United States every consumer will rejoice that his sugar bill is cut in half; the refiners of sugar will not suffer, because with or without a tariff there will still be as much sugar as ever to refine; and the producers of sugar within the United States, already faced with increased importations of duty-free sugar from Porto Rico and the Philippines, have about given up the battle for the maintenance of an industry based precariously on the exploitation of cheap foreign labor.

There exists above all the larger factor of a wise international relationship, particularly with the neighboring countries of the Caribbean. Cuba being the ward of the United States, her problems can never be looked upon by us with indifference. Give Cuba a market for her sugar and there will be no revolutions or need for expensive military interventions. Go further and abolish the tariff on Cuban sugar altogether, applying that experiment advocated by Secretary Buchanan of 'a free trade on a more extended scale than any which the world has ever witnessed,' and the gesture will not be lost on our Latin American neighbors in the Caribbean and may prove the foundations of a new Pan-Americanism — the inter-American free trade of the Caribbean countries.

Sympathy and sugar can be made synonymous, and in their exchange both nations may profit. We extended the helping hand to Cuba and she has stood by us loyally. Social and racial differences make us incompatible under political union; but can we not tread the same economic pathway together, not in competition and isolation, but with coöperation and goodwill?

THE SOVIET OF THE HIGH PASTURES

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

I

SARY-TASH is the summer encampment of yurts which, by virtue of plentiful grass, has become the temporary capital of the Vale of Alai. Water also is plentiful here, but not good water; rather a network of ruddy, opaque streams drawing color from the mud of surrounding cliffs and named Kizil Su, or Red Waters, the upper branches of a river which, after many wanderings west and south, joins the Oxus. The summer population of Kirghiz herders was continually swollen by a population still more temporary — caravans from Osh to Kashgar which stopped here for a rest in good pastures after crossing the Alai Range.

Thus Sary-tash became also the natural centre of government. The Soviet of the High Pastures was located here, a new experiment in a traveling city hall, following its populations; under it came the People's Court, the Schools for Illiterates, and the Women's Organizer. Here was located also the Medical Station, sent from the District Health Department at Osh. My first encounter in Sary-tash was with none of these, but with the Gostorg, or State Trading Company, direct representative of far-away Moscow.

The government trader, Abakumof, was so thin and shabbily unimportant that at first I took his big burly Russian assistant for the boss. Abakumof sat cross-legged on the floor of his yurt while a comely Kirghiz woman made us tea. 'I'm a natural-born Kirghiz myself,' he grinned, 'though I come from North Russia! I know all the Eastern ways — Chinese, Dzungars, Afghans, Tadjiks, and Kirghiz. I can talk with them all more or less.' With a grin he explained his two weeks' growth of beard, which added to the unkemptness of his appearance. 'I'll shave once for all when I get back to Osh,' he said. 'Here we are out of the world.'

Clearly Abakumof was no gentleman traveler, dressing each night for dinner in the jungles. Yet he had his own homely self-respect, which consisted in cheerfully bragging of the risks of his job. 'In 1923, the Gostorg sent the first Trading Expedition to the Alai, and it disappeared without a trace! Its goods were too well chosen; the Kirghiz wanted them — and took them! This is the first time a regular store was ever set up in the Alai. Forty thousand rubles' worth of wares, chosen to delight the taste of Kirghiz, and two hundred versts of mountains between us and the railway. I never sleep well nights,' he added, ruefully.

'Not for any property or success of my own would I so venture. But this is a government affair. It is party policy to bring together the tribes and the cities. It is also policy to help the poor Kirghiz against the richer. Formerly a Kirghiz journeyed all the way to Osh to sell a few poods of wool clip and buy himself tea and sugar. Naturally the rich man, who had much wool and could afford the journey, exploited

the poorer Kirghiz who gave him products to sell.

'All this we shall change. Now we sell goods here cheaper than you buy them in Osh. We sell cheaper than any retail store in Central Asia. For we are not a retail store; we are an arm of the Central Trading Company, bartering factory goods direct for raw materials and cutting out both buying and selling middlemen. But did you ever hear of a trader who went so far in the wilds in order to sell cheaper than the cities?' he ended with a grin.

'I am more popular than the doctor is,' he bragged whimsically, later. 'He has twenty or thirty people waiting at his yurt, but I have a couple of hundred.' And, in fact, during my stay in Sary-tash I saw constantly a stream of Kirghiz in front of the trading yurts, weighing out wool clip, selecting iron pots, zinc-lined washing troughs, and strong, bright-colored cotton goods. Little by little I learned the history of Abakumof, and came to respect him — an outpost of government, laying foundations of a future socialist commonwealth among the wild tribes of Asia.

Abakumof never knew his father. 'He was a mechanic in a Petersburg shipyard, an underground worker for revolution. In 1905 he disappeared into the Peter-Paul fortress like many others, and was never heard of afterward. My mother moved with us children back to her native village near Orel.

'All the rest of my family were killed by Denikin. I was at the front, fighting for the revolution. The forces of Denikin raided and destroyed our village. They killed twenty-three of our women, after first violating them. Among these were my mother, my sister, and the girl — well, I suppose you might call her my wife. What with always working underground or at the front, I was never what you call a registered family man. What could I do with personal ties? But this girl — well, she lived with me five years and she stayed with my mother when I was away. She was the nearest thing to a family I ever had.

'They were all illtreated and killed. A year later, when Denikin was driven back and we gathered the orphans into children's homes, I found my youngest sister, five years old, in a home in Kharkov. The Children's Homes were bad in those days; no food and no fuel, though we gave them the best we had. But my youngest sister lived, and now she's in a special Children's Home in Moscow for the children of martyred revolutionists.

'I myself go where the Party sends me, but mostly in Central Asia. I took the first trade shipment into Tadjikistan in 1925, nearly to Horog! There was also some risk there,' he ended cheerfully.

This little touch of brag was one of the means whereby Abakumof kept himself going in his lonely job amid an alien people, who so readily formed bands for plunder, swayed by a past he could not penetrate. He had also a phrase which served the same purpose — 'we who make up the apparatus.' He used it often, as if here in the far wilderness he wished to take hold of kinship with those who had sent him.

'We who make up the apparatus must n't have wealth of our own,' he said on one occasion. 'Now I had an album of the civil war covering scenes not written down elsewhere, with pictures, documents, and similar material. The Museum wanted it, and so I sent it; what can a wandering man do with an album? A pleasant thing to look at nights, perhaps; but suppose someone steals it? Then one day I hear I get a thousand rubles for my album. I hear it in this way. The Central

Committee says to me: "You are to get a thousand rubles from the Museum, of which half will be your own, and the other half you will give to Mopr (the Society for the Relief of Political Prisoners). Please sign this paper," they said, "giving five hundred of it to Mopr." So I signed the paper, and I hope Mopr has now the five hundred rubles, for I have n't yet seen the half that was to come to me.'

At my expressions of commiseration he laughed, saying, 'Once I got also a thousand rubles in the Lottery Loan, of which four hundred is still mine in the bank, but the rest has gone to Mopr, the Children's Commission, and various other funds. We who make up the apparatus must support the whole apparatus.'

Abakumof offered the hospitality of his yurt, but advised me to stay with the doctor. 'The doctor has a very swell yurt,' he said, 'and here it is rather crowded.' I looked around the tiny enclosure, where, amid bales of cotton goods, Abakumof slept with his Russian helper and his Kirghiz woman of all work. His other yurt was completely full of stored merchandise. I decided to seek out the doctor.

II

Across a little ravine, and under the brow of a hill by a stream, I came to two more yurts, the office and residence of the doctor. The residence was large and luxurious, the finest yurt I saw anywhere in the Alai. It was a circle some eighteen feet across, enclosed by the firmest of thick felt, which lapped close to the ground, excluding all wind. There was a more than ample hanging door of felt. Inside, the grassy floor had been covered with rugs, and in the centre of this floor an upturned packing box, covered with newspaper, was dedicated to permanent use as dining table and writing desk. Feminine touches betrayed the doctor's wife; a second box had been erected into a toilet table against one wall of the yurt, containing tooth paste, eau de Cologne, face powder, soap, and a mirror. But the fire for cooking copied the Kirghiz model, with its solid flat-topped tripod to hold big iron pots.

The doctor had come for the summer from the hospital in Jalalabad, drawn by the higher pay and the chance to camp in the famous Alai, where he wished to investigate venereal disease among the nomads. His wife was a trained nurse and midwife, also drawing government pay. His household was completed by a baby son and a Kirghiz servant, who spoke Russian, chopped wood, made fires, brewed tea, and helped in the office with the patients. The doctor's wife did not welcome me with quite the same interest shown by the Gostorg representative; she was generally much less interested in the changing life of the Alai. But she took it for granted that I had come to stay with her, and showed me a place on the rug to put my baggage. She also made it plain, after the first hospitable meal of potato soup, that henceforth I should have to forage for my own food, which was scarce in the Alai.

Already the doctor regretted the impulse which had made him volunteer for the Alai. He claimed to have found much less syphilis than he had expected. 'One understands that the nomad races are rotten with it, and I expected a field for study, but here in the Alai not more than two to four per cent have it, judging by my patients, which is a low record for any locality or nation.' He was already talking of return to Jalalabad, though he had been only three weeks in the Alai and had brought supplies for a much longer time. He said in justification that he

found little sickness of any kind in the valley.

At least a hundred patients had been gathered about the yurt on the day of my arrival, but the doctor said these were not ill, but had come chiefly for vaccination, since a couple of cases of smallpox occurring in one of the encampments had scared everyone. This fact speaks volumes for the effect of medical propaganda among the Kirghiz, for it is only a few years since the news of Western medicine first reached them. Another doctor of my acquaintance went in 1922 on the first Health Expedition among the Kirghiz, and was surrounded at every halt by a mob of excited patients who demanded, 'What is the word that you use? Tell us before you go, that we also may use it when you are here no longer.' To the Kirghiz of a few years ago, medicine was simple magic, a charmed word being its most important ingredient. Perhaps it was still magic to the hundred patients who came for vaccination against smallpox, but at least they had learned where to come. All social workers testify that schools and work for women advance slowly among the Kirghiz, but that the medical stations of the Health Department, introduced only since the revolution, are most popular.

A different reason for the wish to depart was given me by the doctor's wife, who told me frankly that they were afraid of bandits. 'We hear the band of Jina Bek has come over the border from China. Not long since they raided some villages east of Gulcha. At present they are known to be about fifty kilometres away in the hills. And what is fifty kilometres to men like those but one dark night's ride through the passes?'

She added that it was the custom of the *basmachi*, or 'bands,' to travel by night, especially on dark rainy nights, and to fall on sleepers when dawn made evident the location of yurts. For the next two nights she felt reasonably secure because of five armed men of the G.P.U., who were camping temporarily in a yurt of the Pasture Soviet. But they would soon move on to a yurt two kilometres away, and our site would be defenseless. Even a band of forty-five men, she said, would not bother to come against five armed soldiers of the G.P.U., for the bands had few arms, and a very scanty supply of ammunition, and preferred raids on peasants and herders whom they could terrify without wasting shot. For the next week or two she thought the site of Sary-tash would be reasonably safe, during the exchange of troops along the trail to the Pamirs; after that, she and her husband had decided to leave.

They left, temporarily, even sooner. On the second night, when the five armed men of the G.P.U. moved camp to a yurt farther up the valley, the doctor's family accepted an invitation to join these soldier police in an evening feast of a slaughtered sheep. The doctor's wife told me frankly, as she left, that they would not return till morning, as they thought it safer to pass the night in the yurt of the G.P.U. She made no apologies about leaving me alone with her Kirghiz manservant, to receive any bands that might come in her absence. The night was the kind she described as 'typical,' the only rainy night I spent in the Alai. But no bands came.

A traveling representative of the Gostorg, who had lived in the same district as Jina Bek and known him personally, told me how Jina Bek had come to be bandit. Under the Tsar he had been a wealthy Kirghiz, and he had survived as village potentate even under the first days of the Soviets. He had 'five thousand horses, eight

wives, and uncounted sheep,' according to the tax collector. Clearly a real 'prince' of the Kirghiz, yet he had none the less managed to send his son to the university in Tashkent when the Soviet Power opened that institution to native races and before the ban against sons of the wealthy was enforced.

During the first years of Soviet rule, Jina Bek evaded the tax collector and all regulations by the ancient ways of the East — bribery and local terrorism. But steadily the local governments became better organized, and at last a tax collector of determination called on Jina Bek and presented a bill. It was a very large bill, covering many arrears of super-taxes. That night Jina Bek packed his wives and movable property on sixty camels, and by dawn was over the hills toward China. He is seventy years old, living vengefully in Kashgar, and financing the band of raiders which his son leads.

The doctor, who relied for his safety on the G.P.U., was ready enough to evade them if it was to his advantage to do so. He was negotiating with a Kirghiz from another encampment to take him and his possessions back to the railroad when the camp should close. This Kirghiz had many horses and did a business of transport; he was clearly one of the wealthy Kirghiz against whom the Soviet Power discriminates. They bargained long; the Kirghiz demanded a high price in rubles, but agreed to take the doctor's family and goods for practically nothing if the doctor would sell him a rifle. The Kirghiz was a *lishenetz*, a man deprived of vote on account of his wealth and occupation as trader; he was denied the right to possess arms. But the doctor had easily secured both a rifle and hunting weapons, besides his revolver; he got the needed permit in view of his profession and because he had volunteered for work in a wild region.

The Kirghiz wanted the rifle and the few hundred rounds of ammunition that went with it. He offered far more than the doctor had paid. In addition, he would make great concessions in the transport of people and goods to the railway. To such as he, rifles were worth their weight in gold; quite possibly he would sell it for even more to the bandits, with whom such disaffected traders are often in alliance. I could not help wondering how soon the doctor's weapon would fall into the hands of the very band he fled from. The doctor decided to sell. Next day again he wavered. It might come, he said, to the knowledge of the G.P.U. and cause him unpleasantness. He decided to refuse. What his final decision was after I left I have no means of knowing.

III

Not more than a couple of hundred yards away from the doctor's yurt, and over a slight hillock, were three shabby yurts occupied by members of the Pasture Soviet. In one of them I learned that a People's Court was in progress. The dogs barked furiously at my approach, but were quieted by their masters and soon learned to know me, a recognition never accorded me by the dog at the Gostorg, who bit me twice and always sounded a mad alarm when I came near.

Outside the People's Court, on the grass in the sun, sat the culprits and complainants in various cases, awaiting the summons to enter the yurt. The first case called for trial was that of an under-age marriage, combined with the payment of *kalym*, or 'bride purchase,' which is now forbidden. Such new laws run counter to ancient customs and are hard to enforce. This marriage had

taken place some months before in a distant village, remote from law courts. Now that the villagers had moved up to the high pastures, someone had reported the case to the Pasture Soviet. Was it a zealous village Communist? Or a personal enemy? Or a man who combined both parts in one person? The complainant was not present, and may have been unknown.

Inside the yurt two threadbare rugs covered the ground, and on one of these at the side opposite the door squatted the judge, a Kirghiz in a corduroy blouse, high boots, and a fuzzy skin cap which was pushed down over his head so that the edges expanded and made a sort of fur halo. There was no table. Close to the judge was a sheaf of papers wrapped in a large red kerchief; the clerk of the court lay flat on his stomach for better ease in writing, placing both paper and ink on the ground. To the right of the judge sat two women, swarthy, with shawls on their heads. They were the 'People's Co-Sitters,' chosen according to law from the local population to sit with the judge in a limited number of cases and supply the point of view of the 'local conscience.' They had equal rights with the judge; all decisions must be unanimous.

The fathers of the young bride and groom first entered; the first was a hard-looking man with round, beefy face, who looked easily guilty of worse crimes than selling a bride in the ancient manner. Shy, but naïvely self-important, next entered the bridegroom, a boy of some fifteen years in long black coat and black velvet hat, the edges of which were thickly trimmed with a circle of astrakhan fur. Then came the bride's mother, ushering in the bride herself, a girl clearly older than the boy.

The girl timidly draws a vivid orange shawl across her face. She kneels before the squatting judge, not in any gesture of obeisance, but because kneeling is the easiest form of temporary repose in a yurt, and squatting is a more permanent form. The boy, who is already kneeling, edges toward her with a gesture of protection and possession. The only change from this posture is made when they stand to answer the questions of the judge.

The boy claims to be eighteen years old; he is asked how he knows and he replies that someone told him. His parents? asks the judge. The boy denies that his parents have told him anything. He is confused; he does not want to incriminate his parents, so he sticks to the statement that he is eighteen. The doctor testifies that the boy is only fifteen and not yet sexually mature. Both boys and girls develop late among the Kirghiz of the hills, much later than among the prematurely developing folk of the Central Asian valleys.

The bride stands up. She has been dressed in all her best clothes for this serious occasion; a long sleazy cotton gown of brilliant rose-magenta color, covered with a black velveteen cloak and a large orange shawl embroidered in many more colors. These clothes make her a formless figure of comedy rather than tragedy. Seen from the rear, she might be any age up to fifty, but her face is unformed, youthful, and bewildered. She claims to be nineteen years old. How do you know? asks the judge. The doctor testifies that she is about sixteen, also immature up to the time of her marriage, but at present no longer a virgin.

'With whom have you had relations?' asks the judge. She answers: 'With my husband.' Except for these brief answers she says no word, nor does any emotion cross her face. The boy edges a little nearer to her, but makes no other movement.

It is claimed that three hundred rubles, thirty sheep, and two good horses were paid for this young girl. Girls come high among the Kirghiz, for they are much fewer than boys, and are much needed. They do all the work of the household. They make the yurt, first rolling the heavy felt and then decorating it. They milk the cows, the ewes, the yaks, and make the various forms of sour milk and cheese used in Kirghiz diet; they make the receptacles for liquids, by cleaning and boiling sheep's entrails. Laboring hard, and bearing children without medical care, the mortality is high among them. Therefore a healthy girl of good family is worth many sheep.

The payment of kalym seems probable, but is not proven. Sheep, indeed, are shown to have changed hands, but who shall say for what payment? Both defendants deny any sale or purchase of the girl. The under-age marriage is, however, very clear. The defendants move from the yurt and sit on the grass awaiting the judge's decision. He wants to give the two fathers the limit of the law — a year and a half in jail. But the two Co-Sitters are more merciful. They hold out for eight months' enforced labor, without confinement, a sentence which will disturb the Kirghiz's soul, but not his household, since his wife does all the labor there. The judge is angry. 'Illiterate, under bonds of tradition,' he says to me, later, of the two Co-Sitters.

Two other cases are before the court that morning. A former village president has been superseded by his rival, who claims that the first man grafted ninety-one rubles of the 'people's money.' It is found 'not proven.' Then comes a sheep herder, suing for payment of wages. He has worked a year and a half for a wealthy Kirghiz without a wage contract. His master, the 'bey,' has given him occasional presents in kind and a few advances in money; now he wants settlement, and the bey decides to pay him on a basis of twenty rubles a month. The laborer is dissatisfied and appeals to the court; the court sustains him and orders the bey to pay at the trade-union rate of thirty-six rubles. The bey announces that he will appeal the case. He will gain little by this except postponement, and perhaps a settlement out of court with the laborer. This illiterate herder has worked a year and a half without knowing his wage rate — mute testimony to the primitiveness of Kirghiz customs. Now into this primitive wage situation has come a modern trade-union. Henceforth the herder will no doubt be a member, and get his wage contracts on union scale.

IV

The court adjourned, and we went to the adjoining yurt where lived the judge, his wife, and a varying number of other Kirghiz. The judge's wife was a beautiful creature; the thin green veil over her long black braids, and the red, green, and purple khalat which she wore, somehow only accentuated her dark charm. She was smilingly nursing her baby; but the child, on seeing his father, stopped feeding and cried to be put on a horse. He was true Kirghiz, learning to ride before he learned to walk. The judge happily took the baby, seated him high on a horse's back, and pretended to let him ride, whereat the child crowed happily.

Alexeivka, the women's organizer for the valley, lived in the judge's yurt between her various trips among the scattered settlements. Like most of the organizers in the Alai, she was from Northern Kirghizia, where the Kirghiz have been longer in contact with Russians and are therefore more ad-

vanced. After the revolution she had learned to read, and had then taken a year's course in far-away Moscow to fit her for organizing and educating the backward women of her race.

When Alexeivka learned that I was unmarried, she nodded her satisfaction. 'It is good. I also shall not marry; it is better without.' I asked the reason for her aversion to wedlock, and she nodded toward the judge's lovely wife, who was nursing her baby. 'Because, when you marry, then those come along, and life is bad. Then you can do no work — nothing at all. . . .

'It is hard to agitate among women in the Alai,' she admitted. 'Not one woman in all this valley can read. They are afraid to learn anything; they run away when I come. We have three schools for illiterates in the valley, so that those who come from distant villages without schools may use the summer pastures for reading lessons. All, all were illiterate here; now a handful of boys come to the schools. They wish learning in order to rise among the Kirghiz, since now we have a government of our own. But I cannot get a single girl to come to the schools. I tell them they all need knowledge, and that they should not marry off daughters so young, and that men should have only one wife. In Northern Kirghizia now the teaching of women goes well. But the women of the Alai are very dark; they are still afraid.'

Another occupant of the yurt — to whom, indeed, it belonged as much as to the judge — was Kolpaief, secretary of the Soviet of the High Pastures. His winter job was that of Superintendent of Schools for the whole of Southern Kirghizia. Clearly he was an exceptional man, one of the builders of the new education of his people. He had been educated in a Mohammedan school even before the revolution, and had been designed by his father for a mullah, the chief post open to a Kirghiz educated man in those days. But he had still been only a boy when the World War came, followed by the Kirghiz insurrection and the revolution.

'When the war came,' he said, 'we refused to be the Tsar's soldiers. We killed many Russians and many of us also were killed. We fled in great droves over the borders of China, leaving our yurts and all our fixed possessions, but driving with us our cattle. I myself went with my father as far as Peking. We sold our animals and returned empty; there was neither harvest nor cattle, and many of us died. We fled in 1916 and returned in 1917 or 1918. We lost by the war perhaps 70 per cent of our cattle and 30 per cent of our people. Did any other nation lose as much as this by the World War?'

The answer was clear; of all the nations that suffered by the battles launched in Europe, these distant, ignorant, unparticipating tribes in the heart of Asia had suffered most. Yet the makers of war, and of peace, had never heard of them.

As Kolpaief made this clear to me, in that battered smoke-filled yurt under the Roof of the World, I began to get an idea of the man himself as a propagandist. I was next to learn his quality as a teacher. 'Take your notebook and write it down,' he said to me, as if preparing in school for a lecture, 'and I shall tell you all about our people.' Then he proceeded to discourse, under heads and subheads, about the economic and social history of the Kirghiz, their marriage, birth, and funeral customs, and the aims of the revolution.

'Before the war,' he said, 'there were many rich Kirghiz. The richest were known as beys; there were some who had two thousand horses, ten thousand sheep, and one thousand other large animals, such as cows and

yaks. They lived well, in a big yurt with many quilts, and great quantities of *koshma*, the beaten felt which is used by us for rugs and yurts. Even these beys, however, went seldom to town to trade and had few foods from the city. They bought tea, sugar, and flour in the town, and ate in winter their own meat and cheese and butter; but they ate no vegetables and few fruits. They had a drink called *boza*, made of rice or millet, so strong that a man would get drunk on a single cup.

'Besides the beys were the *manaps*. They were the biggest of all, though they might have no cattle of their own. But they controlled pastures, and for the use of grass everyone paid the manaps, who connected themselves with the Mohammedan mullahs and the Russian rulers. The manaps of different tribes met together and decided how much taxes should be and who should pay them. A manap was "white-boned," noble, while the rest were "black-boned," common. A manap would say, "Give me that horse," and he would take it. He said, "Give me that woman," and he took her. He killed any man he wished and no one brought him to judgment.

'These manaps still live, but now their power is little, since the Soviet Power is against them, and they have no more the right of land. Now, since the revolution, maybe half the Kirghiz begin to settle on the land. Formerly we had only winter huts in the upper valleys, and stables for our cattle; we planted nothing, except perhaps a little fodder for the wintering of cattle. Now we begin to settle even in the lowlands, near the trading cities. We begin to plant vegetables, potatoes, onions. Many no longer take even in summer the road to the high pastures. And the land and pastures which formerly were the beys' and the manaps' are given to all the people.

'Now I will tell you,' continued Kolpaief, 'what we did about marriage. Under the old system, the beys married chiefly with beys, giving a very high kalym for a girl of good family. Two or three hundred sheep, fifty large cattle, a full-blooded breeding horse, and some thousands of rubles in money were not considered too much to give for a girl of a "white-boned" family. The kalym bought not only a girl; it bought a blood-relationship with an important household. The high ones seldom took poor girls, unless these were very beautiful; and for such girls they gave less kalym, proportioned to the standing of the girl, and not of the bridegroom. The poor also intermarried with each other and gave kalym, as much as they could afford.

'This is how it was done. The family wishing a bride for its son would give "earnest money" in the form of a horse or perhaps twenty sheep. After this the two families became *khuda* or blood friends. Then little by little they would pay the rest of the kalym, and after that they would take the girl and give a great feast for all the young folks of the region, slaughtering many lambs and perhaps even a horse, and inviting the mullah, who read the proper parts of the Koran over the bride and groom.

'When a man died with us, they had first the funeral, and after seven days they gave a dinner, and again after forty days. After a year they gave a very big feast called the *ash*, at which many sheep and even horses were killed. After the ash the wife can marry again. But for the first year she must always sit at the side of the yurt, wailing and weeping very often and singing songs of lament, removed from life and going out seldom.

'Now, since the revolution, this is much changed. The government de-

crees that brides cannot be bought, and that they cannot be married under the age of eighteen. They send women organizers to agitate for this. Already we have many women who are presidents of village soviets, and who are equal with men. Now, when a man dies, his wife can marry again on the very next day. Very seldom now does a wife lament for a whole year. This is right, for women among us are scarce, and why should she and some other man lose a year of life?

'Next I will tell you,' said Kolpaief, dividing his subjects with true pedagogical method, 'about our culture and our religion. Before the war our only organized culture was religion. I myself was educated to be a mullah; this was our only education. But we Kirghiz were not very religious even then. Not like the Uzbeks, the Tadjiks, the Tatars — those folk are really religious. But we Kirghiz were nomads; only half of us, even in the old days, kept the laws of Allah, that a man must pray five times daily and that old men must make pilgrimage to Mecca. Now, since the revolution, very few read prayers any more.

'In our former schools we learned only to read the Koran in Arabic, and to pray in Arabic, and to write a sort of mixed language, called the Mussulman language, based also on Arabic. After the revolution we began to write in the same Kirghiz language we were speaking, using twenty-four letters. Then there was produced the first Kirghiz grammar. Since 1925 we have gone over to the Latin alphabet, and half of our writing is now in this alphabet.

'Now, since we write our own language instead of Arabic, we begin to write our literature also. We had always a culture of our own, in our songs — epic songs, lyric songs, people's songs. But these songs were not written. Now we begin to write them down. We have authors of our own, who write poems and novels about what is happening in our lives. We have a national theatre with plays in our own language. We have a scientific committee working over the language and introducing the scientific words that we have never had from chemistry, geography, and physics. We are beginning to have science books in our language: biology, astronomy, chemistry, physics. I myself have translated books from the Russian.

'Our young folks are learning everywhere, in Leningrad, Moscow, and Tashkent. They study medicine and pedagogy, and return to organize our health and education. Formerly there was not a single school in our language; a Kirghiz could study only in Arabic to be a mullah, or in Russian to be an interpreter for traders. Now, even in the far *auls* the schools spring up.'

Kolpaief's duties in the Soviet of the High Pastures were to agitate and educate Kirghiz for self-government in their winter villages. The winter auls are many, and hard to reach in the snow; but the summer pasture is spacious and easy of access, and here were gathered the people of scores of villages. 'We are organizing some collective-farming groups among the Alai nomads,' he said. 'We are starting a state farm, concerned chiefly with livestock, to bring into the valley breeding stock for the improvement of the herds. Naturally those who form collectives get the first use of the pure-bred animals. Later these groups will continue their work in the winter quarters, and will begin to organize methods of settled farm life. I spend the summer traveling in the high pastures, organizing these groups and making speeches on the new ways of farming, on taxes, on new laws and crimes, on labor regulation, on the international situation.'

In some amazement I asked what his

audience could understand of the international situation. 'Certainly they know nothing of the boundaries of America,' he answered, 'and little of Europe, for they have never seen a map or a book of geography. But they know very well the boundaries of Asia, for they travel across them. They know the peoples of Asia. They can understand very well the struggle for power in Asia — the questions between Tadjiks and Afghans, between Britain and Russia. About these matters they themselves make very good speeches.'

V

Such was the propaganda carried on in the Vale of Alai, under the Roof of the World and not very far from India. Such were the people who made of Sary-tash an outpost. The unkempt, devoted revolutionist of the Gostorg, driving direct exchange of goods to the yurts of the nomads; the restless, dissatisfied doctor, from whom they had all learned vaccination; the Pasture Soviet, with its court, its schools, its women's organizer, its able and energetic secretary, making speeches on ancient Kirghiz culture and the struggle for power in Asia.

The methods of living of Kolpaief were still those of a nomad. I dined with some frequency in the judge's yurt, with whatever Kirghiz chanced to be present. I remember one typical meal and the labors it gave to the housewife — who was not, incidentally, the judge's fair bride, but a hired woman. A big iron pot was placed on the central tripod and the fire kindled under it began merrily sending its smoke in our eyes and finally out through the roof. As soon as the water was boiling, large chunks of lamb were thrown in. After an hour or so, during which the guests talked around the fire, or went about their business, the chunks of lamb were taken out and passed around in a big bowl. Each guest took a bone in his fingers and tore at the meat with his teeth. Such was the first course of the meal.

Meantime the housewife was busily rolling a dough made of flour, water, salt, and a little sour milk. This dough marked the household off from the old-style nomad — they had flour. The kneading board was placed on the ground and the woman knelt over it, pushing a heavy roller back and forth. When the dough was very thin, she lifted the sheet at one end and rolled it lightly to a cylinder, cutting this crosswise into many thin strips. Thus she produced noodles. She cooked these in the broth from which we had taken the meat, and served us soup, full of a pasty mess of noodles. This was the second course of the meal.

The housewife's labors were not yet ended. Emptying the iron pot of all soup, she placed in it the fat that had been cut from the lamb, and rendered it, filling the yurt with stifling smoke. Under the veil of this smoke she still worked at her kneading board, preparing a thicker dough to be fried into round buns. These are the *lepeshka* of the nomads, a heavy fried bun made after the meat and soup courses, and differing from the lepeshka of the cities, which are oven-baked.

Meantime Kolpaief carefully washed the grease of the lamb from his fingers and brought out a long stringed instrument which he handled with care. Talking stopped in the yurt; the guests leaned back, replete and content. Kolpaief, the agitator, the Superintendent of Schools for Southern Kirghizia, began to play old Kirghiz melodies, plaintive, monotonous, the heritage of the people who for ages and ages have kept sheep and held feasts in these hills.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A HEATHEN GOES TO MASS

CHRISTMAS may come but once a year, but in our family we are preparing for it from January to December. Christmas puddings must be nearly a year old to be ripe, and a Christmas cake is only begun when it is baked; months of careful tending are necessary to bring it to perfection. The foibles as well as the heart's desire of friends and family are revealed at odd times throughout the year, to be exploited or fulfilled at Christmas. After Thanksgiving, the approaching holiday completely monopolizes us, and by Christmas week we are immersed in the eager excitement of the midwinter festival.

To savor the day to the full, a certain ritual must be observed, varying according to the temper of each family, but embodying the age-old traditions of the race. For, of all the festivals of the year, Christmas is perhaps the oldest, the most universal, and the richest in significance.

It answers a deep, primal need to express our faith in life, in our sure hope of success and happiness despite the short, dark days, the advancing cold, the mournful death of the white-shrouded year. It is man's magnificent defiance to nature. With a long, bitter season before him, depleting his substance, threatening his very existence, what gayer challenge could man fling to the gods than a celebration of extravagant joy, of triumphant faith in his own survival? He and his fellows are banded together against a harsh environment, and the revelry of Christmas brings them closer to each other than they can be at any other season.

Our Christmas puddings and cake, like our gaudy tree, our holly wreaths and mistletoe, are part of the symbolism that unites us not only to our living fellows, but to all the human beings who have celebrated the winter solstice with feasting and mirth. To begin our holiday fittingly, we have for years gone on Christmas Eve to midnight Mass. To be among hundreds of people of all colors and races, of all walks of life, who are drawn together by a common emotion, a common faith, is to be at once in harmony with the Christmas mood.

The church itself, thronged and packed with people, is vibrant with joyful triumph, and the drama of its service is deeply satisfying. The ritual of Mass is impressive even to one ignorant of its symbolism; to anyone who has studied its significance, it embodies the whole range of mysticism, worship, and magic. The stimulation of the incense, never sufficient to be cloying, always leaving one desirous of more; the warmth of candlelight, stabbed with the vivid red of flowers; the monotonous chanting of ancient Latin, punctuated by the clear tinkle of the bell; the dear, familiar carols sung by childish voices steadied and enriched by the rolling echo of the organ — all merge into a true worship that sweeps the crowded church with its beauty. The service satisfies in us an emotional need, and fills us with gratitude and a profound respect for the wisdom that could devise so fine a ritual and execute it with such enthusiasm.

We have so long loved this impressive, joyous service that I was surprised to learn that some of our friends dis-

approved of our practice. 'How,' asked one woman, 'can you, who are n't even a Christian, be so moved by a Catholic service? You don't accept their God, much less their Pope — why do you go there, and how can you approve of all that appeal to the senses?'

Perhaps, were I a professing Protestant, I should feel antagonized by the very beauty that now attracts me. In the many chapels to saints I should see only the polytheism that, not content with Jehovah, fills Heaven with lesser, more approachable deities. The rich robes, I might conclude, cost money that should be spent on relieving the poor; the music would seem too dramatic for a church; the Latin unnecessarily incomprehensible; the candles and incense a seduction of the senses, and the elevation of the Host an anachronistic piece of magic.

But, being allied to no official religion, my attitude is that of a foreigner visiting a strange land. I feel toward the Catholic Church as I do toward Holland. Some of my ancestors came from Holland, just as some of them must have been Catholics. But Holland is to me a strange country, one that I find most delightful, whose scenery charms me, whose people arouse my admiration and curiosity. I see much there that interests me and I am glad I can claim a distant kinship with the Dutch. But I cannot understand their language or even pronounce it; I should find their picturesque scenery monotonous after a while; and I have no desire to become a Dutch subject or even a Dutch resident. I am merely grateful to them for having so pleasant a country for me to visit, and I like to think I may have inherited a few of their virtues, which interest me more than their defects. It is a country with which my own land has never been at war, toward which I have inherited no bitterness, no fear, no strong emotions of any kind.

Walter Lippmann, in his *Preface to Morals*, speaks of the 'acids of modernity' which have dissolved our lives into many elements so that they are no longer combined in one harmonious whole. Our gainful occupation, our amusements, our friendships, and our religion are no longer a reflection of the dominant influence in our lives, but diverse and sometimes clashing interests, tangling our loyalties and making our pattern a kaleidoscope.

Yet I believe there have always been, among people with a need for religion, three types of individual, whose attitude toward life is distinctly and permanently colored by their belief — or else their personalities force them into a belief which is an expression of their individuality. In Europe and America, two of those types are called Catholic and Protestant. The third variety has no official name, and, being in the minority, any name given it by the other two has always been tinged with contempt or at least disapproval. Perhaps 'heathen,' in spite of its connotation, is as good a term as any to apply to all those independents who are not at home in any established religion.

The Catholic dwells in the mountains, the Protestant is a plainsman, while the heathen's life is spent on the sea. The mountain contains much precious ore, mined with patient labor and with little reward to the miner. Few of the mountaineers have fully explored their territory; it shelters them, they love its winding trails and its heavy trees which clothe it in magnificence and shut out the view. Its swift little streams are of no navigable use, but occasionally they can be harnessed and develop an uncanny electrical power. Very few of the mountain dwellers ever climb to the summit of their peak — the trail is too long and

difficult, and the air above the tree line is too rarefied for most mortals; but they all know there is a summit that affords a breath-taking view of the world, and they accept with little question the reports that reach them of the nobility and beauty they can have if they will face the bitter hardships of the climb.

The plainsman sees all around him a wide, rolling country covered with well-tended farms, watered by broad rivers, and dotted with little stands of timber which afford shelter and a grateful rest from the monotony of the scene. It is a thriving, industrious land, yielding a comfortable living for useful labor. It boasts no heights, but yet no terrifying abysses; it holds no precious metals buried deep in its soil, but the earth yields such necessary things as food and clothing, and of what use are rare metals and glittering gems? It is a land that accepts the dominance of man, that can be harnessed to his uses, and changed and subdued to his ends.

The mariner feels at home neither in the mountains nor on the plains. His home is the seacoast, with the restless, illimitable sea forever knocking at his door, the sea that offers a constant challenge, that lures and mocks and fights him and gives no quarter. The mariner puts his faith in his man-made boat, and accepts the challenge thrown him by the indifference of the sea. Sometimes he wrests a bare and difficult living from its depths, sometimes he finds new lands; and, pitting his tiny skill against the trackless might of the ocean, he ever widens his circle of knowledge, bringing home odd, dangerous, and precious novelties. Unless he retires at last to the mountain or the plains, the sea claims him in the end, and usually he disappears without a sound, without a trace, only rarely leaving to his fellows a few precious charts, a bit of hard-earned knowledge of the sea, and perhaps a pearl.

The sailor does not feel at ease out of sight of the contemptuous sea. But occasionally he visits the mountain and the plains. The plains have for him the monotony of the sea without its challenge, the expanse without the stimulating peril. It is a world of prose, to be explored ploddingly, and with an eye to taming the land and making it useful. The mountain fascinates and yet repels him. A frozen wave, whitecapped but static, with no crashing surf forever changing its contours, the mountain holds the same serenity of indifference, the same awful beauty as the sea, but it leads the mariner nowhere. It blocks his roving eye with its immensity, its placid permanence. Seldom does he try to reach its summit, from which he could view the sea and the plains in a vast panorama. His is not the calm, reflective spirit that communes with space. He wants to explore space, and a mountain top is to him only a landmark, a place from which to get his bearings.

So when, on Christmas Eve, we go to midnight Mass, we are paying our annual visit to the mountain. We do not become mountaineers, we do not even wish to; but we are grateful to the mountain for its massive beauty, its confident serenity. We love the glitter of its jewels, the music in its waterfalls, in its ancient, sighing trees, and the cosiness of its sheltered little villages. Refreshed and invigorated, we go down again to the restless, empty sea and set sail once more in our frail boats, leaving the mountain behind us as our landmark. We may return next year, or the sea may take us, but such a landmark is oddly comforting to the mariner. It will not welcome him, it will care nothing for his adventures and dangers, but he can recognize it from afar and use it to get his bearings, though it will

never claim his loyalty, never hold him in its spell, and never keep him from the sea.

JERSEY GEORGE

WHAT brought Jersey George this far north, full a hundred miles from the nearest boundary of New Jersey, was a mystery to all his neighbors. We suspected, however, that it was the tang of our local cider after it turns the Volstead corner. The apples of our section are not quite what they used to be, as eaters and keepers, but their juices seem more potent than ever. Or perhaps it is merely that, under pressure of legislation, the more painstaking of our neighbors has developed a superior technique in the care of those juices.

George has been here twenty-eight years, but he remains alien to this day. Ours is not easy soil for newcomers to take root in, and George has never made an effort to fraternize. He never even married. Though working this farm or that on shares, hardly ever on one farm two seasons in a row, he continues to 'bach it.' Now 'baching it' on a farm is a near approach to penal servitude; one goes forth to toil on store doughnuts, lunches on bread and a can of tomatoes, and returns at nightfall to cold potatoes and cider. Perhaps it is this diet which preserves George's stringy, martial figure. But the life is so unnatural that he who follows it is an everlasting affront to the marital norm, especially in a country with its full share, perhaps more, of spinsters who would really enjoy 'doing for' a man. Especially a handsome, oldish fellow like George, who wears the neatest moustache in the township and who manages, by some miracle, to look distinguished in any attire. Perhaps his charm is that he always wears gloves and never overalls. He remains single, independent, unassimilated, and relatively dudish.

Moreover, he glories in his differences. He is forever flaunting his native State in our faces. The first time he cut our hay on shares, I encountered this Jerseymania. When the long rope passed the corner of the hay barn, a roller had become dislodged and the rope rasped on the building. After the first trial George looked with disgust at that corner and said: 'Oh boy, we do some better than that in Jersey.' I replaced the roller, and we proceeded, but I noticed that the native son who was handling the team swung those patient brutes around at a lively pace, so that George, who was working the loader, had to keep pegging. Still, on the way back and forth from the field, George always found breath for a few words on the excellence of Jersey. One of these remarks seemed to me singularly inept. 'Oh boy,' said he, as he slapped his neck, 'you ought to see the horseflies in Jersey.'

In the course of this haying operation George used our rake, and when our own fields were clean he went on haying half the countryside with it. Not that this mattered, for the rake is practically indestructible. It came to me with the place years ago, and my researches on its frame indicate that it has been doing duty more than forty years.

Still, a venerable object like that deserves consideration; it is something to be able to say, in our conservative neighborhood, that one owns the oldest implement in the township. Therefore I resented George's taking our equipment home with him for the winter.

One day in early spring, when a late thaw had hardened the road in that direction, I drove up after it. 'George,' I said sternly, 'you have lived here

long enough to know that we respect property rights, no matter how they do in Jersey.'

George was offended, not by my heat against him, but because of the slur cast on Jersey. His moustaches bristled.

'Son,' he said, 'I admit I'm in the wrong about that shaky old rake, but it's been a hard winter and I've had the lumbago ever since Thanksgiving. Hardly crawl to the woodpile and back again. Oh boy, we don't have no such winters down in Jersey.'

I had nothing to say to that, so he rolled on.

'No such winters and no such lumbago. And no such consarn over a rusty old rake.'

'Jersey justice,' I said, 'is famous for its attention to detail. A man reared in Jersey should set a good example to his benighted brethren. You've been here twenty years longer than I have, but I had not been here a month before I understood that there is one thing these people insist on. Any man here will lend any tool he owns, but he insists on having it back. I'm here for the rake, not because it is worth a dollar or two, but to keep the countryside safe for lenders and borrowers. I figure we'd all be worse off if we could n't borrow from one another.'

'That's true,' said George, 'but down in Jersey —'

'George,' I asked, 'would you mind telling me why you don't go back to Jersey? You're not getting anywhere here. Everyone's against you, and a year or so on a farm seems to be your limit.'

George swore beautifully and at some length to the general effect that it was none of my business. At length he tamed down to this: 'If you knew, you'd tell.'

'No,' I said, 'I would n't tell, but I might give you the carfare back to Jersey if that seemed worth while.'

'It would n't. . . . You want to know why I left Jersey. All right, I'll tell you; it's nothing ornery. I left Jersey because there was n't any horse farming in my part of the country any more; it all ran out to truck and wops. I landed here among these damnation Yorkers. This is good country for grass; it is, you know. I like the country and the horses and everything except the people — and maybe I like them better than I seem to. Only' — here his fine gray eyes glinted gayly — 'I keep 'em at arm's length. Maybe they're better than I am; but they're not my kind. Dutchy. Thrifty. Always remembering what's theirs. Everyone married or thinking about it. . . . But horses — horses is the same everywhere. Go or come, I always got a couple of good teams. I don't need much else. . . . But that Jersey talk of mine is just to keep up my spirits. At my age a man gets to thinking — he gets to thinking about things he should n't. So I rouse myself that way.'

I apologized over a glass of shockingly strong cider, fizzed up with something or other.

The next time I saw George he was inspecting a garage built by one of our most careful workmen. 'Oh boy,' snorted George satanically, pointing to a two-by-four, riddled by knots, 'you could n't get away with that down in Jersey. They've got building inspectors down there.'

The carpenter replied belligerently, and George retreated, occasionally turning to loose a Jersey jeer — an old, lonely man, but with his flag flying. He will probably go on flying it after he reaches the poorhouse, which seems predestined to be his last abode but one.

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A Guide to Good Books

'In every fortunate book season,' writes Dr. Canby, 'at least one book of extraordinary freshness appears. *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* (notice the "lives") is such a book.' Major F. Yeats-Brown, the author, was educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and began his service on the proving ground of the British regular, the Indian frontier.

Home on leave at the outbreak of the war, Major Yeats-Brown was immediately assigned to duty across the Channel, where he served in those first crucial months. Thereafter, being transferred to the Mesopotamian Flight of the Royal Flying Corps, he was twice mentioned in dispatches; he was captured, but escaped to patrol Constantinople in disguise, and was awarded the D. F. C. for intercepting the Turkish communications between Bagdad and Feluja. After the Armistice he was ordered back to his first love, India, where, above the polo and pigsticking which he fancied, he grew absorbed in a spiritual quest in Yoga. Retired on a pension in 1924, he has since devoted himself to letters and journalism.

In the breadth of such a career there is the timber for a dozen books. To appraise the volume we have been happy to call on Captain A. W. Smith, who served in the Indian Army directly under Major Yeats-Brown.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

MAJOR F. YEATS-BROWN

The Lives of a Bengal Lancer

[Viking Press, $3.00]

MAJOR YEATS-BROWN had apparently no motive in writing his book other than telling a good story. This alone is refreshing in a time when India is a continual source of argumentation. Commissioned to the 17th Cavalry of the Indian Army some twenty-five years ago, the author traces his career until his retirement, a fe years after the war. The result is something approac ing an autobiography, and a book of great charm a fascination.

Major Yeats-Brown joined a regiment of a ty which has vanished from the Indian Army list. Th stationed on the turbulent Northwest Frontier, he e perienced that state of semi-war endemic in those par Regimental life suited him, for he is a man of wide sy pathy.

He has no sneer for the clerk who overwhel him with files and precedent and order, and there none of that conventionalized tyranny of which much has been made in recent books on India a which experience of the country tells one does n exist.

Major Yeats-Brown's descriptions of sport in Ind have no equal. He shares with the reader his dism feelings while knocking the polo ball around before polo final, and his forebodings when riding to pig, th most exciting of all dangerous sport. Crack polo playe first-rate spear cavalry officer, he is not the man o would suspect of leaning toward the contemplative lif but hard bodily exercise merely formed a basis for e cursions into philosophy.

Feeling that there was more in India than sport a soldiering, he set himself to investigate that aspect Hinduism known as Yoga. He set about his quest of th ideal without affectation and with simplicity and friend liness.

He journeyed in pilgrim spirit to Benares an there took up his task in face of the suspicion that h sought a purely subjective exaltation as an end in itsel This suspicion will always attach itself to the Wes erner in search of this knowledge. Domination at the back of his mind and the objective is foreig to it.

The war broke in on the author's studies and it wa not long before he found himself a prisoner in Turkey There he practised what little he had learned of Yoga, — breathing exercises and the like, — and achieved som measure of spiritual and mental removal from the body In the meanwhile he formulated plans and succeeded i very practical escape which resulted merely in his lif being transferred to a cellar in Constantinople.

After the war, Major Yeats-Brown was able to renew his researches in Yoga. How much exactly he achieve is not precisely stated, but at least he got into deepe water, one would imagine, than he cares to admit. Th book ends on a somewhat indefinite note, and one is lef with a feeling of disappointment. One would like t journey further with him and to enjoy vicariously hi carnal sports and his spiritual exercises without thei very definite discomforts and disadvantages. There ar few who would care to try sitting in the hot weather i the dust and smell of Benares in the cross-legged positio or to perform with one's body any other of the painfu physical antics necessary to complete spiritual detach ment.

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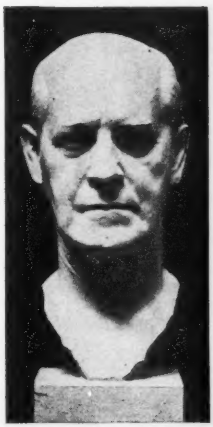

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The BOOKSHELF

The book has rare qualities of wit, humor, and unusual knowledge for anyone to enjoy, but for one who had the honor of being shouted at by the author in the mud-walled riding school of the 17th Cavalry in Rawalpindi, it has more than mere enjoyment. To the junior officer the author presented little of the yogi. To us he was squadron leader. Whatever he made of the other world, he has done much with this.

A. W. SMITH

ENGLISH and American novels — here are two of each to show in detail the patterns and people of contemporary society.

FICTION HERE AND ABROAD

NEW YORK in a nutshell might have been the formula on which **Louis Bromfield** bases his ***24 Hours*** (Stokes, $2.50). It is as brisk, as exhilarating, as cleverly compounded of balanced diversities as that peculiarly American institution, the cocktail. Seven people meet at dinner on Sutton Place and four of those seven at tea the next day on Murray Hill. Through the interval, in interlocked circles which touch these lives, there have been murder and birth and marriage, the patching of old wounds and scandals and the making of new. Wealth and squalor have brushed elbows; gunman and night-club singer have crossed the path of patricians; a new reigning house of wealth and power has been founded as the older pillars of society watched their foundations crumbling about them. This novel, I understand, was on its way to the movie screen before the ink had fairly dried on the printed page. It has the assurance of movement and change, the crisp finality of gambling chances lost or won, that seem especially satisfying to the American temper. While the game is on, it has all the excitement of going somewhere and getting somewhere; only when it is over does a sober afterthought query, 'Where do they go from here?' But undoubtedly afterthoughts and aftertastes are not the qualities that one prizes in a cocktail.

Equally American in its setting but very different in its tempo is **Booth Tarkington's** Maine story, ***Mirthful Haven*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00). Here, too, there is no lack of swift and colorful action, but the drama is the almost imperceptibly slow erosion of city ways upon the granite of old New England pride and self-reliance. For two or three months in the year the cove echoes with the honk of insolent rich motor cars, the laughter of youngsters on holiday, the admiration of the city people at its scenery and their uncomprehending astonishment at the 'natives.' The real Mirthful Haven cares little to be admired, still less to be improved. As the winter shutters go up on the cottages, the town draws a long breath and resumes the life that went under cover the preceding June. Within this conflict of rooted stability and change runs the love story of Edna Pelter, outcast of the village yet of its blood, and Gordon Corning, a son of the summer people. In the final struggle between Mirthful Haven and the outlanders, each side stands loyal to its own.

Perhaps because he knows the Maine coast so tellingly, Tarkington has endowed this book with a robust theme and a characterization headier than any we have had from him since *Alice Adams*.

To turn from these two stories of American life to two which deal with British contemporaries is to enter a spiritual climate as different as the sharp clarity of the eastern American coast is different from the soft mellowness of southern England. Like the earlier work of **Francis Brett Young, *The Redlakes*** (Harpers, $3.00) is rather grandiloquently a romantic tale — in this instance the story of a little boy who passed unscathed through misfortunes in childhood, the villainies of scheming relatives, the lure of beauty and riches, to inherit finally the fortunes of a distant branch of the house and marry the suitable playmate of his youth. In an interlude in which he tells the story of Jim Redlake in Africa during the war, Mr. Young escapes the romantic halo and writes vigorously of a hard reality. For the rest, this is the soothing kind of romance in which the brave and the good win here and now and live happy ever afterward, the evil are punished, and the world runs on smoothly in a moral orbit. There is, it would seem to be assumed, a continuing social pattern of class, family, hereditary fortune, into which the successful are supposed to 'settle down,' quite different from the American kaleidoscope where there is assumption of change and novelty.

Though **Anne Douglas Sedgwick** is natively American, her sympathies and interests run more deeply with the older civilizations among which her lot has been cast. Her new story, ***Philippa*** (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), is laid in England. In many ways Philippa is an English analogue of Alix of *The Little French Girl*, a modern child feeling her way through the conflicts of feeling and emotion that arise in disrupted family life.

Aldous Wyntringham leaves his wife and his adored young daughter for a middle-aged romance that ends in the disruption of his ties to all three women. A situation which might have been devastating to the child is saved by her own wise ruthlessness. Miss Sedgwick tells the story with the subtle discrimination and nicety which her readers will anticipate, but not, I think, with the same warmth of sympathy that she put into the conflicts of the more realistically-minded Madame Vervier and Alix. It seems hard for her to be wholly patient with the misty emotions of this man who for the moment counted his world well lost to satisfy a simple passion.

MARY ROSS

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The BOOKSHELF

WHETHER you love dogs or fine writing, and certainly if you love both, it will be entertaining to compare the canine portraits which have been done by two of our leading novelists this year.

DOGS AND PEOPLE

FEW things in life are better for the soul than the love of a dog. The one who does not know this is unfortunate. I should hesitate to ask a man if he has never owned a dog. If it were true, I should be reluctant to have any serious dealings with him. Many people have written well and sympathetically about the dog. The fondness for several shepherds I owned as a boy was made richer by *A Dog of Flanders* and two books by Jack London. The charm of Axel Munthe's last pages is deepest when he is figuring the portraits of his animal friends. Of the gentle, inquiring philosophy over the canine world, and of its superb relationship to man, too much cannot be set down.

Something permanent and vital has been done in **Mazo de la Roche's *Portrait of a Dog*** (Little, Brown and Atlantic Monthly Press, $2.50). In ultimate concern with pure understanding, her book has probably not been surpassed. Few readers will last through it unmoved. In its small deliberate way, this portrait is the work of a master. It is easy to believe that the subject remains strictly autobiographical. It is especially easy to infer that the book was not completed without that pain which attends every honest surrender of an experience of self. If we loved them, it is hard to speak of the dead. I have seen, inside the walls of the old castle at Edinburgh, a hidden graveyard of soldiers' pets. The guide will tell you the story of one of the dogs buried there who was largely responsible for his master's winning the Victoria Cross during the Boer War. The present story is not less heroic, not less real.

It begins and ends on Christmas; and although we are given only a taste of them, the years between are measurable and full. Adventure, to be interesting, may still be small. And small adventure, with adequate telling, may seem quite large. Observation and understanding have crowned this book. A dog lives again: his play, his temper, his love, his 'grand little body,' his spirit which transcended the blindness of his last days, his sex — which was feminine. 'It was night when you came out, exhausted but happy, your sides almost touching with hunger. You came out in a rowdy, headlong gallop straight to the door and barked to have it opened. With me I carried a brown bowl of bread and milk and set it on the grass before you. It was new milk and you put your muzzle into it, eagerly drawing up the bits of bread with a convulsive movement of your sides. You did not pause until the bowl was emptied, then you licked round and round it for every possible crumb, moving it along the grass before you. It turned upside down and you licked the bottom, then looked up at me with an air of triumph as though you knew what life meant — a hun great perils met and overcome, hunger, repletion, an rest. You raised yourself feebly on your hind legs an lifted two wobbly forepaws to be taken up.'

A second, and less successful, book is **Thomas Mann *A Man and His Dog*** (Knopf, $2.00), translated fro the German by Herman George Scheffauer. This is th kaleidoscopic story of Bashan (a he-dog, by the way more psychological, but less poignant, than the Can dian's. The whole suffers somewhat from translatio and is impressively tenuous throughout. A discursiv author, Mann has found a place for *locale* adequate to pack of Bashans. Where Miss de la Roche is shy in re gard to 'house-corners, impregnated with the essence of old adventures,' Mr. Mann is not. I should conclud that one is a portrait, and the other, with a German eagerness for *Quellen*, remains somewhat in the natur of an introductory study to the intelligent behavio of a dog.

DAVID MCCORD

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE, Lighthorse Harry Le Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stuart — here are Ameri can names any one of which will conjure up personality and a scene worth reading about.

'RODE THE SIX HUNDRED'

WRITTEN with gusto, ***Jeb Stuart***, by **Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.** (Scribners, $5.00), gives fascinating picture of the man who, a major general a twenty-eight, seized those unparalleled opportunities for vigorous cavalry action which the apparently les agile North so continually and conveniently offered He was accompanied everywhere by his personal trouba dour, Sweeney, of the banjo, late of a minstrel show, fo song and laughter were essential to Jeb. Not that his discipline was ever less strict or his principles relaxed Loving husband and father, total abstainer, essentially religious, there was nothing loose or promiscuous in his character.

With his ostrich feather and his white buckskin gloves, his gold lace and his red-silk-lined cloak, he was to the girls of Richmond the *beau sabreur;* to the Federal North he meant broken nights and a trail of smoking dumps. It is said of him that he never made a tactical error. Lee said he never sent back any misinformation.

Such praise may be more than human, but it seems to skirt the truth. Stuart's sins were venial and of omission rather than commission. He failed to maintain touch with Jackson during the first phase of the Seven Days' Battle and he repeated the offense at Gettysburg. In each case he failed in the duty of a cavalry commander. Tactically, he made an error in encircling McClellan's army and putting that cautious commander on his guard. One might quarrel, too, with the policy of raiding behind the army lines. Unless there is some very definite object in view, unless numbers are in favor of the raider, it can but be overwearing to men, and, more

CHRISTMAS NOTES—

Once again Christmas is here with only a few weeks left to "do our shopping early." And when we say "shopping," we mean buying good books.

The three titles listed to the right of this column are worth consideration. Among your friends are many who would keenly enjoy any or all.

Let us also suggest Halidé Edib's remarkable book, *Turkey Faces West*, now in its second printing. As a Christmas gift it might well constitute a delightful "find" for some friend who is interested in the emancipation of women or the social changes in the Far East.

Try as we will, it is impossible for us to understand why any one gives anything but books for Christmas. The selection of a good book as a gift affords a pleasure to you and a permanent satisfaction to your friend. The potential *per capita* enjoyment in one good book is greater, we believe, than in any other object comparable in price.

Moreover, you can select books quietly at home before the fire with a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly* or the publisher's catalogue to guide you. A bookstore will do the rest. Yes, you really should give books this Christmas.

In fact we are so thoroughly "sold" on this idea of giving books that we are going to start in ourselves and give a book—a very good book—to the first two hundred and fifty people who answer this column before Christmas. The volume goes with our compliments and the season's greetings (there is no catch—nothing concealed in our sleeve). We just feel in the giving mood. Send your name to Dept. NVD, Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut.

But, *mirabile dictu*, we are not able to give away all of our books. In a sly sort of way we rather hope you will decide to give some of them away for us.

May we suggest Marjorie Hope Nicolson's collected *Conway Letters: The Correspondence of Anne, Viscountess Conway, Henry More, and their Friends, 1642-1684* ($6.00) — delightful reading.

There is also André Siegfried's *France: A Study in Nationality* ($2.00) in its third printing and Vernadsky's new edition of *A History of Russia* ($4.00), Bernhard Berenson's new volume *Medieval Painting* ($15.00), Frederick A. Pottle's war story *Stretchers* ($3.00), and *Belief Unbound*, by Wm. Pepperell Montague ($1.50).

But the list is too long to quote here. If you are interested, and we hope you are, let us send you our holiday suggestions. Then adopt our slogan—"Out of Depression by Christmas"—with Yale Books. If you have come this far in the column, you know what to do next.

Y.U.P.

YALE

SCULPTURE AND SCULPTORS OF THE GREEKS

By Gisela M. A. Richter

This, in our opinion, is the perfect Christmas gift book. Through the seven hundred and fifty splendid illustrations one gains access to all the most important Greek sculpture, much of which is happily familiar to those who have travelled abroad or visited our own art museums. Miss Richter's comments and illustrative text are thoroughly readable and highly illuminating. We recommend this book without reserve.

Illustrated. $12.00

PILGRIMS OF '48

One Man's Part in the Austrian Revolution of 1848 and a Family Migration to America

By Josephine Goldmark

The "Forty-eighters"—exiles from Austria and Germany after the liberal revolutionary movement of 1848—were pilgrims for political freedom as truly as the first New England colonists were pilgrims for religious freedom. Here is the dramatic narrative of this American heritage—the Spirit of '48.

Illustrated. $4.00

MRS. SIGOURNEY

The Sweet Singer of Hartford

By Gordon S. Haight

This charming biography of a famous poet of the 40's is full of keen wit and sympathetic humor, rich in quotation from her fifty doleful volumes, and deeply penetrating as a study of the spirit and life of those times. We believe it will bring joy and delight to many a reader during the coming season.

Illustrated. $3.00

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CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST

The BOOKSHELF

important, to horses. But one cannot quarrel with Stuart's grasp of shock tactics. When he charged, he did so in depth on a narrow front, and with a brilliance and spirit which shook the North.

The author is admittedly partisan and his heart is with Jeb Stuart, gayly leading the elegant, sporting young gentlemen of the South. We are not, however, allowed to miss the full tragedy of the situation, for tragedy it undoubtedly was. Jeb himself was good enough soldier to know the extremity of the South even in the resounding successes of the early days. It is well that he was spared the last act, the bitter months of the siege of Richmond and the terrible days culminating at Appomattox. He was fortunate as always. Jeb was killed leading his men in a charge in the May of 1864, when in men's minds there was still the hope of victory.

Dashingly, as cavalrymen should, they ride through the pages: Jeb Stuart, huge Von Brocke, with his terrible sabre, expert arranger of parties, and gallant John Pelham of the Horse Artillery, unfortunately killed taking a busman's holiday at Kelly's Ford. There is a glamour in *l'arme blanche*, an exhilaration in a charge of cavalry known only to those who have experienced it; but, as Lee said to Longstreet at Fredericksburg, 'It is well that war is terrible — if it were not, we should grow too fond of it.'

A. W. Smith

The Making of History

If it be true that the events of history are inspired by energetic individuals, and even more true that these events are experienced by simple, separate persons, then it should follow that the truest and at the same time the liveliest way to record history is a description of the lives of persons. Three new books support this thesis in their several ways. Two of them — ***Pre-War America***, a further volume of *Our Times* by **Mark Sullivan** (Scribners, $5.00), and ***The Great Crusade and After*** by **Preston William Slosson** (Macmillan, $5.00) — prove that biography is more interesting than generalized statistics by giving us what will seem to many readers an overdose of tabulated facts. The third, the ***Portrait of a Diplomatist*** by **Harold Nicolson** (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00), enforces our thesis more positively by allowing us to watch world events through the eyes of a man at once wise and sensitive, who had a part in shaping modern history. As an added gift we are told much and allowed to divine much of the wise man's biographer, who is also his son; to draw a contrast, not so much between their acts as between their moods — on the one hand Victorian earnestness, on the other the somewhat resentful superiority of the present day.

Mark Sullivan begins well. The first two words of his book, 'Theodore Roosevelt,' at the very outset strike the personal note, fixing our attention on an individual who, as Mark Sullivan might say, was invariably first-class copy. The story of the Damon and Pythias friendship is related once again. There is some muting of the strings when we come to President Butler as champion of simplified spelling; even this crusade is a chapter in Roosevelt's history, since with young enthusiasm he insisted on imposing it upon the government printer. In the same way Roosevelt absorbed in his vigorous individuality Senator La Follette's Progressive campaign and the exciting pursuit of the nature fakers.

The narrative enters a different movement with the chapter which the author calls 'An Emancipation,' a profoundly interesting account of the pursuit and ultimate capture of the hookworm, with immense benefit to the Southern States. The story is admirably told, as is also the war waged by Charles Evans Hughes against the great life insurance companies, the first act in a steadily growing reputation. But in the later chapters one is constrained to wonder whether Mark Sullivan did not incur some danger in his detailed treatment of 'the germ of laziness'; perhaps suggestion proved unexpectedly strong. For in these chapters the author contents himself with going over old newspaper files and making notes on the more startling items. The hapless reader is left to do his own digesting and synthesizing.

One is conscious of a like change of tempo, a transition from the concrete to the abstract, in Professor Slosson's *The Great Crusade and After*, a careful and accurate chronicle of the part played by the United States in the World War and of the period which followed, up to the year 1928. The personality of President Wilson of necessity dominates the earlier chapters, which are therefore to a certain degree biography. One misses, perhaps, a full record of the higher spiritual level reached by Americans during the war, the generous sense of heroic endeavor, of sacrifice, of high issues in which great masses felt that they had a share.

'The war,' Professor Slosson quotes an army proverb, 'will last a hundred years — five years of fighting and ninety-five of winding up the barbed wire.' One is reminded of this proverb in reading Professor Slosson's book; through one seventh of its length he records the participation of this country in the World War, and then in the remainder he winds up the barbed wire. One is full of admiration for the penetrating and painstaking care with which he assembles and chronicles the facts of the post-war period, beginning with the first experiment in war-time Prohibition and ending with the latest aeroplane flights and scientific triumphs — for an account of the latter he is indebted to the pen of his gifted and versatile father. This volume is rather a book to be referred to than a book to be read, and it is probable that its author so intended.

Harold Nicolson's biography of his distinguished father takes us back, by its method, to the stately lives of an earlier day — let us say, to John Morley's life of Gladstone. But there is a difference in spirit. It was not

We Selected these Books for Your Boy and Girl this Christmas—

From our finest list in 49 years of publishing!

THE TWILIGHT OF MAGIC

By Hugh Lofting

A glamorous tale of the Middle Ages in England by the creator of "Doctor Dolittle." A delightfully original story, altogether different from any of his previous books in subject and style, but like them in quality and charm. *Illustrated by Lois Lenski. $2.50*

THE MARCH OF IRON MEN
By Vernon Quinn

A tale of glorious deeds and high adventure in the time of the Crusades. By the author of "The Exciting Adventures of Captain John Smith," etc. *Illustrated. $2.00*

FRAWG
By Annie Vaughan Weaver
Afterword by Hugh Lofting

The delightfully funny everyday adventures of a little Alabama colored boy. It is chock-full of very funny pictures by the author. *$1.50*

TWO BROTHERS and Their Baby Sister
By Lois Lenski

The adventures of fat Frederic Philip and thin Jonathan Joseph and how they took care of their tiny sister. *Inimitably illustrated by Miss Lenski. $1.50*

GRANDMOTHER'S COOKY JAR
By Helen Fuller Orton

The story of three ever-lastingly cooky-hungry children, and their lovable old-fashioned grandmother. *Illustrated. $1.50*

TIMOTHY AND THE BLUE CART
By Elinor Whitney

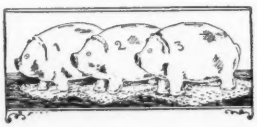
Real country and real fun are in this story of three children who spend their summer on Holiday Hill. *Illustrated by Bertha and Elmer Hader. $1.50*

ANIMAL PICTURE TALES FROM RUSSIA
By Valery Carrick

A collection of humorous picture folk tales of peasants and animals of Russia. *72 illustrations in black and white by the author. $1.50*

GRESHA AND HIS CLAY PIG
By N. Grishina

The story of Gresha, who went out into the world to seek his fortune. *Illustrated. $2.00*



THE BLUE BANDITS
By Lucile Morrison

The story of a summer's fun and adventure enjoyed by a band of lively children in California. *Illustrated. $1.75*

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The BOOKSHELF

the fashion in that earlier day — it simply was n't done — to enlarge on the faults of one's grandfather, or to publish the tragic fact that one's grandmother took to drink. But Harold Nicolson may plead that, in making these sorrowful disclosures, he is moved by filial piety; his father suffered much hardship in his early years. Thereafter much of the spirit and color of the early biographies is captured, though it is not likely that John Morley would have written: 'Lords Salisbury and Beaconsfield returned to London (in 1878) bringing "peace with honour."' Disraeli was leader of the British delegation at the Berlin Congress, at which, by the way, Bismarck is credited with a judgment on the two men: 'Lord Salisbury is a lath painted to look like iron, but the old Jew means business.' On the same page the name of the Pan-Slavist leader Aksakoff is misspelled, and a few pages later we are introduced to 'mingey cypresses' at Constantinople, leaving us in doubt whether we are in the presence of a new botanical fact or whether, as a note of modernity, Arthur Nicolson really wrote 'mangey cypresses.' The chapters in which Lord Dufferin plays the leading part, at once vigorous and charming, are among the best of the book.

The dispatches and letters of Sir Arthur Nicolson shed much light on two points that have been often canvassed of recent years: first, he shows conclusively that the German fear of the 'policy of encirclement' was a complete delusion, if it was not a pretext; second, the steady resistance of Germany to England's repeated endeavors to slow down naval construction is made exceedingly clear. But there is no reference to Bernhardi, whose books so clearly foreshadowed the German plan of *Weltmacht*, the plan which was so soon to be tried and to come so near success. The book is excellently written; the intermittent notes of post-Victorian sad superiority add their element of spice.

CHARLES JOHNSTON

IT is a pleasure to print in this issue the critical opinion of Anne Carroll Moore, adviser in the Juvenile Department of the New York Public Library.

DISTINCTIVE CHILDREN'S BOOKS

THERE are pictures out of fairyland itself among the best illustrated books of the year. **Ferdinand Huszti Horvath's** drawings for **Ruskin's *The King of the Golden River*** (William E. Rudge, $6.00) belong to that order and assure this edition of a well-known classic a place in the memory of the children who are fortunate enough to own it as well as on the shelves of lovers of fine printing. Ruskin, who paid his score to the Brothers Grimm and to Cruikshank's pictorial interpretation of their tales, could ask for no finer tribute after eighty years than Mr. Horvath and his publisher present in the six drawings which interpret his fairy tale.

The variety and range of Mr. Horvath's work are to be found also in a book calling for heroic measures. **Kenneth Morris's *Book of the Three Dragons*** (Longmans, Green, $5.00) is a new treatment of the Mabinogion. Written in lyrical prose and given an impressive format, this stirring legend will be the more clearly remembered because of the artist's realization of its dramatic power. We could wish that Mr. Morris had made a clear statement of the liberties he has taken with the old Welsh tales and that a bibliography of sources had accompanied his story. It is only fair to young readers as well as to older ones to insist on such accompaniment in dealing with source material.

There Was Magic in Those Days (Stokes, $2.00) is the alluring title given by **Norreys Jephson O'Conor** to his admirably retold story from Irish folklore. There are interesting resemblances between the King of the Leprechauns' Journey to Emania, as the old tale was called, and Swift's voyage to Brobdingnag, Mr. O'Conor points out, but he is careful to state that no proof has yet been found that the story was known to the author of Gulliver. ***J. Gower Parks,*** in a series of line drawings in color, has given a pictorial interpretation in harmony with the text.

Out of his own boyhood memories of communion with fairies in Ireland **Arthur Mason** has spun stories which to some readers may seem over-Irished and to others entirely delightful in their rendering. ***The Wee Men of Ballywooden*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is accompanied by clearly drawn imaginative illustrations which have the true atmosphere of Ireland. The book is one for all ages.

Dhan Gopal Mukerji has turned from tales of the jungle to retell India's epic poem, the *Ramayana*, for boys and girls. In ***Rama, The Hero of India*** (Dutton, $2.50), Mr. Mukerji has made a living story of the Hindu classic which he assures us is more alive in the streets of India to-day than the *Iliad* is in Greece.

Concerning adaptations and rewritings of the classics there will always be differences of opinion. In my own experience, when competently done, they have led to an enlargement of reading interests which seems highly desirable in the period bordering on the teens. I have had a reservation with respect to the *Canterbury Tales*, however, remembering the delight of first exploring them in Chaucer's English. But **Eleanor Farjeon's** prose rendering and adaptation of the whole fellowship, giving every tale its place and in Chaucer's phrase, delight me. The road leads, if not to Chaucer in the original, to the very heart of his jolly old England. ***Tales from Chaucer*** (Cape and Smith, $3.00) reflects a rare assimilation of old tales and times on the part of one of the best of the imaginative writers of England.

Two illustrated books, although utterly different in form and content, remain outstanding among books of the year. If ***Tranquilina's Paradise*** (Minton, Balch, $2.50) owes its distinction to the beautiful decorative

Christmas Books for Boys and Girls

RING-A-ROUND

A Collection of Verses for Boys and Girls

By Mildred P. Harrington
Illustrated by Corydon Bell

An anthology for really young readers, carefully selected from new and old sources and helpfully arranged according to subjects. There are pictures on nearly every page, three in full color. The gay jacket and beautiful binding are as lovely as the inside. The best selection to read aloud to those under six. $3.00

STARS TO-NIGHT

Verses New and Old for Boys and Girls

By Sara Teasdale

Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop

A famous poet has written lovely poems especially for boys and girls. Here are charming new verses about the sea, stars, spring, and winter, all illustrated by a favorite artist.

Limited edition, signed by author and artist, $7.50
Regular edition, 2.00

THE CAT WHO WENT TO HEAVEN

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

An artist, a cat, and a devoted cook are the main characters in this unusual story of Japan. Lynd Ward has made many wash drawings. $2.00

HITTY

Her First Hundred Years

By Rachel Field
Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop

This autobiography of a "doll of parts" was awarded the Newbery Medal in 1930 as the best book for boys and girls of the year. Here is a picture of American life that can be enjoyed by grandparents and children alike. $2.50

THE TALKING BIRD

By Idella Purnell and John Weatherwax

Stories from old Mexico, each introduced by a short sketch of life there today. Little Paco and his grandfather are just as the author knew them in a Mexican town. $2.25

WHEN I WAS A GIRL

By Helen Ferris

Five famous women tell of their girlhoods, Janet Scudder, Jane Addams, Marie Curie, Madam Schumann-Heink and Madam Sugimoto. Each autobiography is introduced by a short sketch by the editor. $2.50

THE WONDER ROAD

Book I, Familiar Haunts. Book II, Enchanted Paths. Book III, Far Horizons

By Edwin L. Starbuck and Frank K. Shuttleworth

Three volumes of fairy tales, starting with old familiar material and ending with interesting modern stories. Many pictures. Each $2.50

PLAYING AIRPLANE

By John McNamara

A father-aviator tells just how to make a play plane and how to pilot it. $2.50

HOW THE DERRICK WORKS

By Wilfred Jones

Striking pictures and clear interesting text about one of the most useful of modern machines. $2.00

THE BLACKSMITH OF VILNO *By Eric P. Kelly*

A thrilling adventure story of Poland by the author of The Trumpeter of Krakow which received the John Newbery Medal in 1929 as the best book for boys and girls of that year. $2.50

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The BOOKSHELF

drawings of **Thomas Handforth,** it owes its intimacy with Mexican life to **Susan Smith,** who in this charmingly rendered story and in her ***Made in Mexico*** (Knopf, $2.00) gives remarkably clear and interesting impressions of that country. ***The Cat Who Went to Heaven*** (Macmillan, $3.00) is **Elizabeth Coatsworth's** legend, and a very poetic and unusual story it is, with Japan for its background. **Lynd Ward's** portrait drawings are interesting, but by no means as satisfying as the legend itself. It is, we think, the best thing Miss Coatsworth has done in prose.

Lynd Ward has also made a picture book of fine imaginative quality depicting an adventurous motor car in communion with itself. ***Stop Tim!*** (Farrar and Rinehart, $1.50), for which **May McNeer** has written the text, will go to the heart of any driver.

Of several new books of verse for little children, I like **John Farrar's** ***Songs for Johnny-Jump-Up*** (Richard R. Smith, $1.50) best. The lines,

> I want to escape all alone
> With nobody spying about,

give a clue to the charm of this interpretative little volume, which reflects clear childhood memories and delight in a child's daily companionship. One feels the verses have not been done to a pattern.

Children are full of surprises and no one knows this better than **Walter de la Mare,** whose ***Songs for Childhood*** (Longmans, Green, $2.00) should have a place in every household as the first signpost in twentieth-century exploration of the child's mind.

For older girls and all lovers of the stars, **Sara Teasdale** has made a critical selection from her new and old poems to which she has given the expressive title, ***Stars Tonight*** (Macmillan, $3.00). For this book **Dorothy Lathrop** has made illustrative accompaniments of rare beauty and imaginative appeal. One feels the artist was set free in space.

Early Moon (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00), **Carl Sandburg's** selection from his own poems, presents an interesting contrast both in selective principle and in the manner of illustration. **James Daugherty's** interpretative decorations vary considerably in significance, and the number of drawings might well have been reduced. 'What can be explained is not poetry,' Sandburg reminds us in a characteristic introduction to a volume which contains meat and drink for all modern educators of children, as well as beauty and wisdom for boys and girls in the teens.

ANNE CARROLL MOORE

NEW volumes by two poets of reputation are here reported on by one who is himself both poet and critic.

TWO AMERICAN POETS

FOR a long period, marked by innovations and experiments which seem in large part to have run their course, narrative poetry stood in danger of total eclipse. **Edwin Arlington Robinson** preserved an area from which light continued to stream, albeit at times with a somewhat ghostly glitter. In a steady succession of volumes he kept alive the broader heritage of poetry, dealing with characters and experience, and presenting stories charged with destiny and spiritual problems. For this he should have a full measure of honor and respect. His new volume, ***The Glory of the Nightingale*** (Macmillan, $2.00), is not, however, a fortunate example of his accomplishments. The story is melodramatic and forced; to be made significant, it would require a full outpouring of his gifts at their best. Instead, less rather than more of his usual inspiration is present, and without diminution of his familiar mannerisms. It is peculiarly melancholy that the Nightingale of the title turns out to be not the selfsame bird that sang through the sad heart of Ruth, but plain Mr. Nightingale, one of the characters.

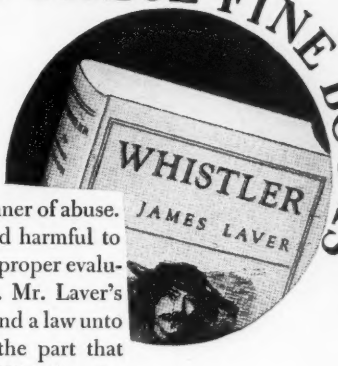
Robert Hillyer, in ***The Gates of the Compass*** (Viking, $2.00), continues the ripening and enhancing of his always beautiful work which those acquainted with his poems cannot have failed to notice in *The Halt in the Garden* and in *The Seventh Hill*. He has been master of poetic form and expression from the beginning; his later books have been marked by an increasing simplicity of diction, by an increasing originality and sharpness of thought in the sonnet and in stanzas of his own devising, and finally by an advance at once in reserve and in exaltation of meaning. Why has his work never received more attention, or been more widely read? Some fault lies, no doubt, with the public and some with the poems themselves. It is not to be denied that they are often tenuous, that they require a reader specially attuned, that by reason of their very reserve and simplicity they are frequently enigmatic and do not easily yield up their value. On the other hand, it would seem as though Mr. Hillyer's poems were so purely adapted to give the pleasure of beauty, if nothing else, that they would be widely treasured. Attentively read, they yield more than this; they yield a consistent attitude and meaning the value of which grows with the reader's perceptiveness.

Both his accomplishments and the qualities that have kept him from a wider audience are illustrated by his new book. 'The Gates of the Compass' goes far beyond his previous long poems in both substance and expression, yet it would be far more compulsive if it too did not hang shimmering between tenuity and vitality. Among the shorter poems, 'In the Tidal Marshes' stands as one of the moments when Mr. Hillyer completely and triumphantly expresses himself, and when with no reservation one can speak of him as poet and seer.

THEODORE MORRISON

GIVE THESE FINE BOOKS

A NEW RECKONING FOR *Whistler*



During his lifetime, Whistler was assailed with all manner of abuse. Later, he was the object of adulation equally hasty and harmful to his reputation. A sufficient time has now elapsed for a proper evaluation of this great artist and fascinating personality. Mr. Laver's Whistler is a gorgeous character—part actor, all artist and a law unto himself. The riddle of his life is not forgotten, nor the part that women played in it. But preeminently it establishes a Whistler who will always persist as a legend and an inspiration. Mr. Laver is the eminent young British critic and poet, connected with the Victoria and Albert Museum of London. *Illustrated,* $5.00.

WHISTLER *by* JAMES LAVER

EVERY MOTHER'S SON
by Norman Lindsay

The great novel of adolescence—full-blooded, honest, vital. "Probably the most important novel of the year... earns shelf-room alongside *Old Wives' Tale* and *Of Human Bondage.*" BURTON RASCOE. $2.00.

HAYM SALOMON *and the* REVOLUTION
by Charles Edward Russell

The biography of the Jewish patriot whose financial genius was so vital to the success of the American Revolution, revealing the hazardous days of our early freedom. *Illustrated,* $3.50.

History in terms of YOU and ME

THIS HUMAN NATURE

By CHARLES DUFF. A survey of what mankind has been like throughout the ages. It examines the whole scope of human development; it traces the origin of the thoughts, emotions and principles that humanity has held as vital and important; above all it does not hesitate to show how ludicrous they have often been. A stimulating new interpretation of our personalities by a brilliant young Irishman, already compared to Swift and Shaw. $4.00.

OWN THESE FINE BOOKS

COSMOPOLITAN BOOK CORPORATION

The BOOKSHELF

I HEARD recently of a woman who was attempting to plot the cycle of popularity of war literature, historical novels, mystery plays, and so forth. She believes, I understand, in a seven-year interval between the peaks of enthusiasm. I shall be sorry if this means any shortcoming of interest in ***Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*** by **Siegfried Sassoon** (Coward-McCann, $2.50). This war narrative, based in some measure upon the author's service in the Welsh Fusiliers, is a rare example of restrained yet beautifully articulate writing. The story carries on with George Sherston, the central figure in Sassoon's first novel, *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*. I am frank to say that my respectful but tepid interest in the early book has given place to a warm liking for the second. It is so easy to identify one's self with Second Lieutenant Sherston, and the phases through which he passed: the early glamour, the unwitting recklessness in attack, which results in a ribbon; then the mingled exhilaration and shock of the Front giving way to nervy apprehension, the brooding convalescence from wounds, the dread of returning, leading finally to the bitter protest against the continuance of such needless and agonizing sacrifice. Either in reality or in mind every veteran touched on these experiences and will know them for the truth. I believe that real identities are disguised by the book's pseudonyms, but the only one I could recognize was 'David Cromlech,' who is, they say, Robert Graves.

THERE are some volumes of short stories worth picking up this fall: Scribners have reissued **Ernest Hemingway's** first stories, ***In Our Time***, with a stimulating introduction by Edmund Wilson. Though I find it hard to attribute to them so conscious a design as does Mr. Wilson, I do agree when he says that these sketches and stories are 'early experiments with almost all the themes which he [Hemingway] has since treated more elaborately.' 'A Very Short Story' is, indeed, 'a sort of scenario for *A Farewell to Arms*.' But not all is experimental. 'My Old Man' and 'Big Two-Hearted River' are as fine and finished stories as this original writer has ever published. Incidentally, the first edition of this book (Boni, Liveright) will be worth keeping.

Secondly, there is **Dorothy Parker,** whose ***Laments for the Living*** (Viking, $2.50) has run through several editions to satisfy the New Yorkers. Nobody writes better patter, whether it be sober or alcoholic, and I tip my hat to the lady for her satire, which has grown sharper and more telling since the *Vanity Fair* days. For me the stories are distinctly lacking in three dimensions, but their voice is certainly entertaining.

Finally ***On Forsyte 'Change*** by **John Galsworthy** (Scribners, $2.50), which, if you value the *Forsyte Saga*, you will read. Rather looser in form, perhaps, than the best of his tales in *Caravan*, these episodes and stories fit like mosaic into the fissures of Galsworthy's finest novel. Here are old Jolyon and James, Swithin, Timothy, and George — to me so roundly drawn, so individual, and so familiar that they people my mind as though past members of my own clan. Galsworthy writes with an animation singularly his own and singularly satisfying. To see what I mean, compare his 'Dog at Timothy's' with Mrs. Parker's 'Mr. Durant.'

GIFT books should be much in evidence this economical Christmas. For the generous purse I might suggest the Peter Pan Edition of Sir James Barrie which Scribners have printed so handsomely in fourteen volumes ($140 the set). . . . For the gay there is *Hullabaloo*, a second volume of Peter Arno's illustrations which Liveright is bringing out (limited, $20.00; trade edition, $3.00). . . . For the odd-fancier there are Swift's *A Tale of a Tub*, tastefully republished by the Columbia University Press ($3.00), and *American Broadside Verse* ($15.00), whose many reproductions do credit to the Yale University Press. . . . For the theatregoer, *Green Pastures* by Marc Connelly, with illustrations by Robert Edmund Jones, published by Farrar and Rinehart (limited, $25.00; trade edition, $5.00). . . . For the art lover William E. Rudge offers a charming monograph on *Hokusai*, with eight delicious reproductions ($2.25). . . . Finally, for those who need cheer, there are the limited edition of *A Tourist in Spite of Himself* by A. Edward Newton (Little, Brown and the Atlantic Monthly Press, $10.00), and the regular edition of *The Treasurer's Report* by Robert Benchley (Harper's, $2.00), both volumes made the more enjoyable by Gluyas Williams's illustrations.

Edward Weeks

THE BOOKSHELF'S List of prominent books in 1929–1930 will be sent free on request to the Editor